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By Nancy Jo Sales

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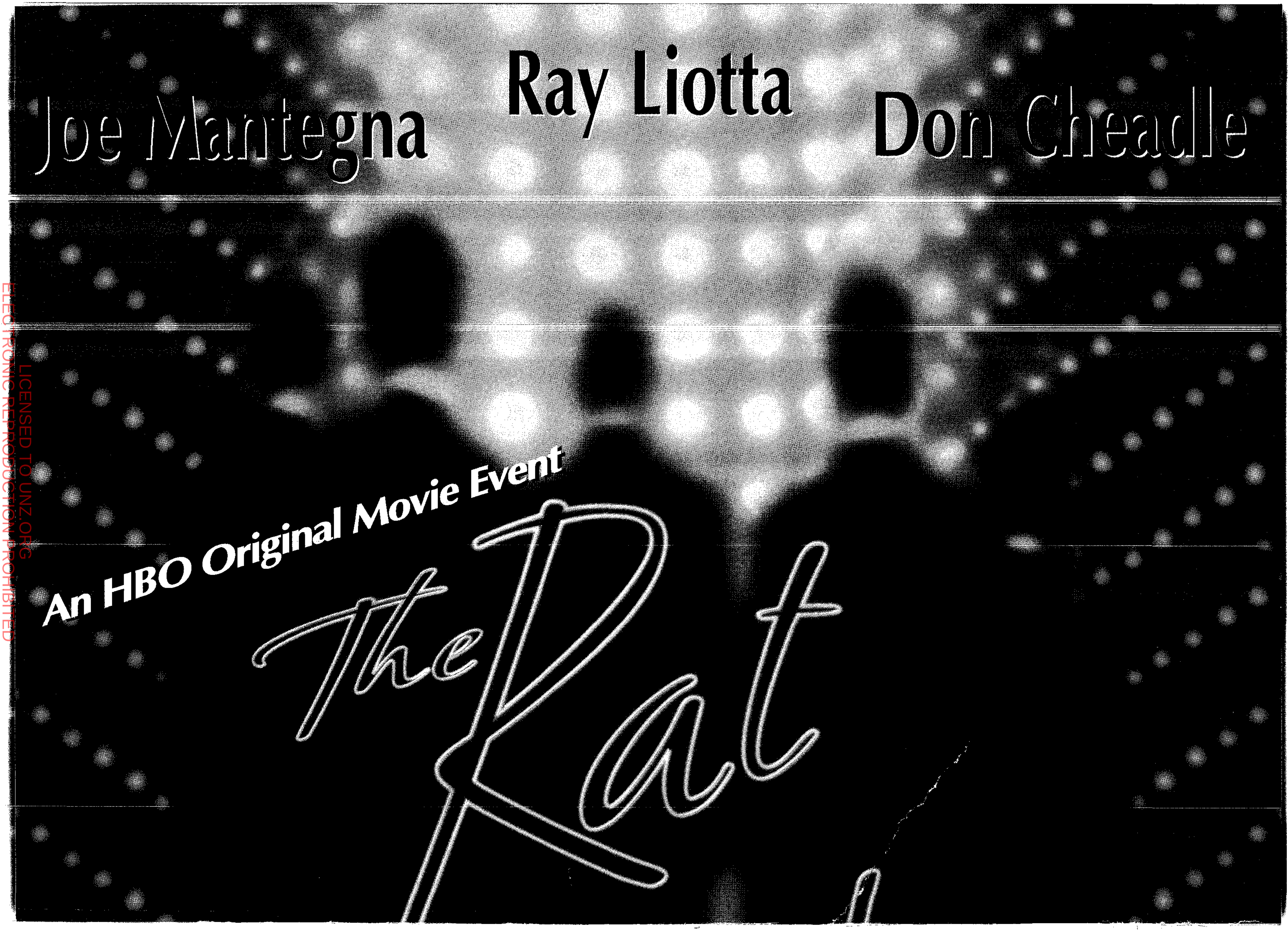
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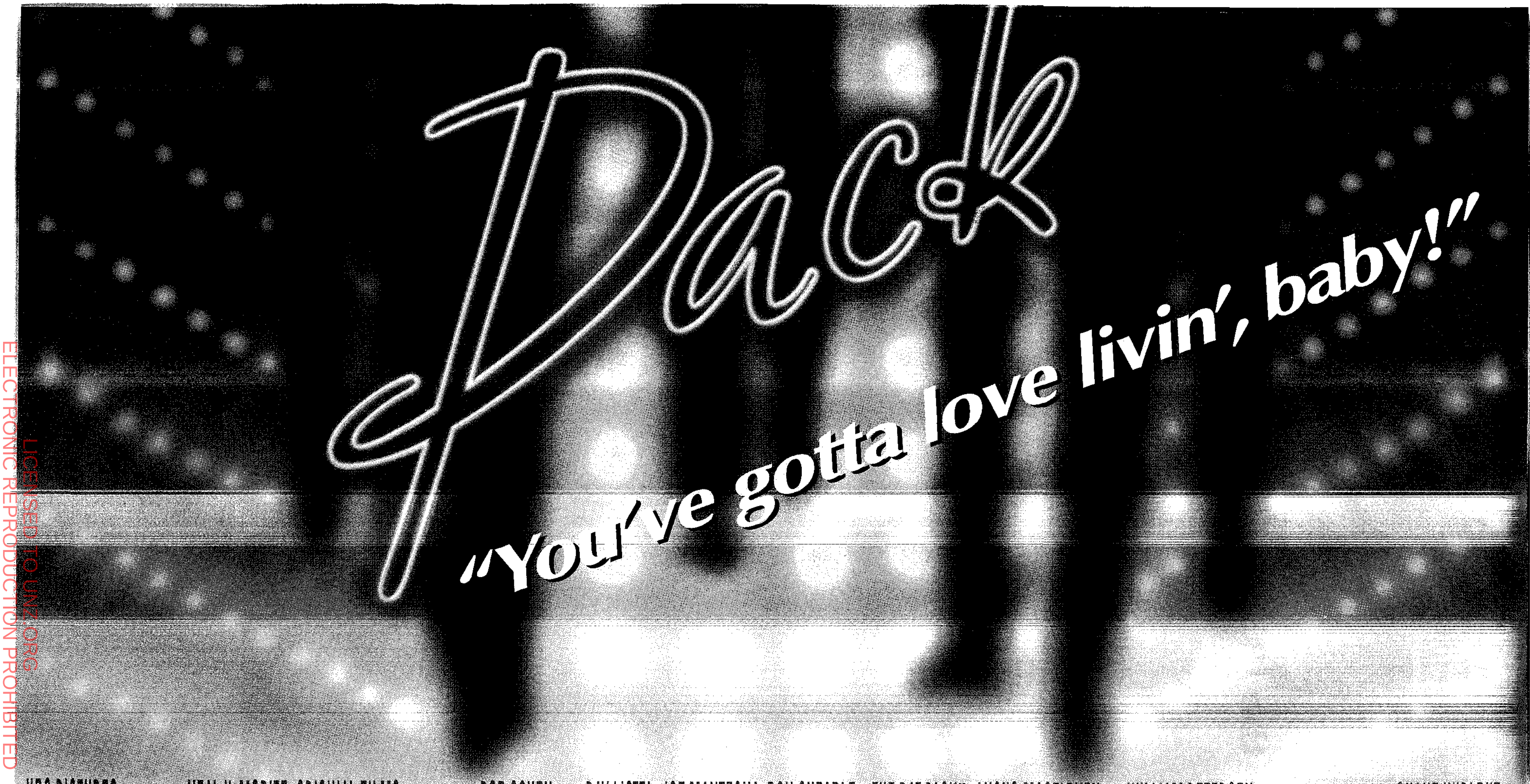
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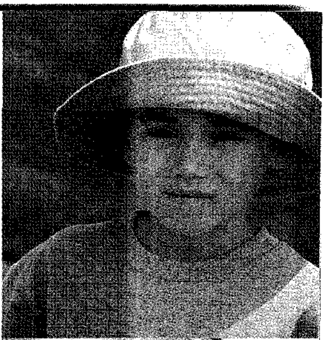

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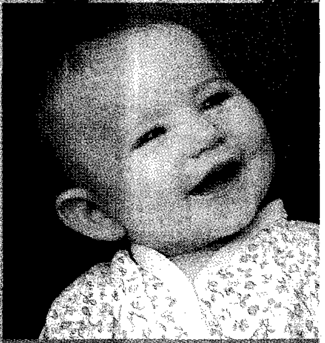

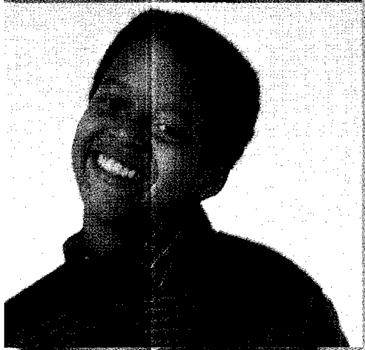

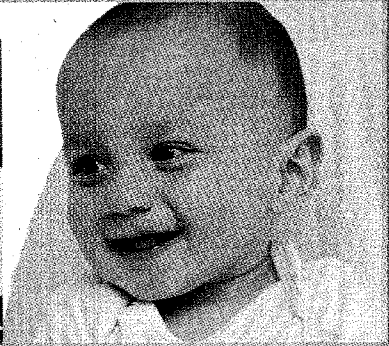

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> *we can make our own shit and sell it ourselves?"*
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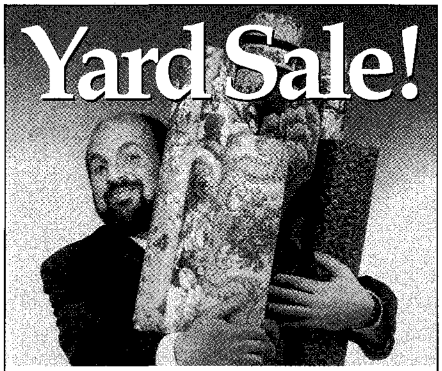

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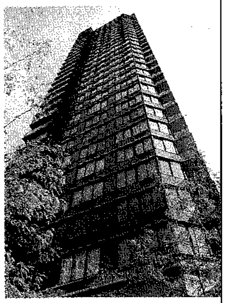

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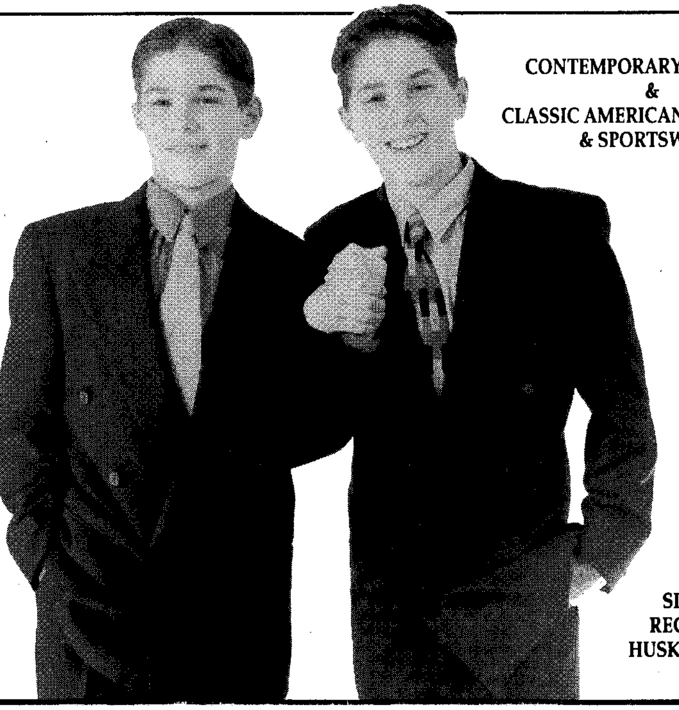

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Walking behind her on our wedding day. Princely thing, you know. She was 13 and I was 18, when we met. Eight years later, after the war, we wed. Extraordinary, when you consider I came from a broken family. And she was royalty. Those early times were fun. We had a place of our own and my navy career was blooming. But her father's death changed everything. We had to move into the palace. Good-bye, navy and privacy. The kids get her name. I'm named duke. Still a step behind the woman I love. See why Monday night, August 31, at 8pm ET on A&E's Biography.®

A&E

LETTERS AUGUST 24, 1998

Beach, Beach, Beach

Reactions to the Clintons-visit-the-Hamptons package run the gamut: envy, delight, disgust, curiosity, and callow consumerism.

WHAT THE HECK KIND OF VACAtion involves worrying about arriving on the right helicopter, being seen at the right restaurant, attending the right parties, sporting the right cell phone, displaying the right shrubbery ("ooh, love your Japanese zelkova trees!"), occupying the right address, and having the right telephone exchange ("283" indeed!) ["Hamptons Heat Wave," August 3]? Sounds more like work than working to me. Give me Rhode Island, ocean, beach, chair, book, sunblock. And please, Hamptons power elite, kindly keep your frenzied status-mongering to a manageable din; I'm trying to read over here.

Al Quaglieri
ALBANY, N.Y.

AS SOMEONE WHOSE FAMILY HAS OWNED A house in the Hamptons for more than 30 years, I resent the constant attention that the media places on this once peaceful hamlet. I long for the East Hampton of my youth, where breakfast was a blueberry muffin from Fromm's, dinner was at Ma Bergman's, and dessert was ice cream from the Fudge Company. There was no traffic, Mecox was a duck farm, "Barefoot" was the post office, and Gordon's was the only restaurant that required a tie and jacket. The Jitney was a van and not a coach where shallow individuals spend three hours on their cellular phones bragging to everyone they know that they are "on the bus to the Hamptons." I pray every winter that this will be the year that the Hamptons fall out of favor with the nouveau riche crowd and that civility will return.

Susan Friedland
MANHATTAN

LOVED THE HAMPTONS STORY IN YOUR AUgust 3 issue. But how about giving some credit to Westhampton? It's a great beach town with a brand-new theater that has featured, among others, Alan King. Westhampton is a Hamptons town and should be mentioned more often. It is actually a better Hampton than East or South because it's the first exit off Sunrise Highway. No Route 27 hassles, and I can make it there in one hour from Great Neck!

Adam Butler
GREAT NECK, N.Y.

YOUR HYSTERICAL COVERAGE OF THE EAST End reminded me of the mania for building exotic houses in potato fields around Wainscott, where I lived very happily as a middle-class kid in the sixties and seventies (on Whitney Lane, if anyone cares). I'd ride my bike past the latest crop of space-age wonders and think, *Jesus, they drop a half-million on imported-stone patio walls and the craziest, dopiest angles, and every damned place looks the same.* Next time you scope the East End, tell us what makes the area special, like the incredible beauty of the land and the decency of the natives.

Geoff Gehman
ALLENTOWN, PENN.

AS THE NEW POSTER GIRL FOR THE POWER-lesbian set (second from right, Armani socks), I need some clarification on Ariel Levy's "Ladies Mile." Are we power lesbians because we wear nice bikinis and matching Gucci loafers? Or is it because we have our calluses professionally removed and give birthday parties for our Chinese babies? Or is it simply because we have the good sense not to summer in Provincetown with those other lesbians in sports bras? The prevailing image from Levy's article is that we—the power lesbians—care most deeply about our hairdos.

As one who attended the tea dance with the "clones," I can assure you that it was Grethe Cammermeyer they were striving for, not Bianca Jagger.

Joan Schmidt
EAST HAMPTON, N.Y.

I JUST READ VANESSA GRIGORIADIS'S ARTIcle on Randy Schindler ["The Power and the Glossy," August 3], and, as his ex-wife (the one who knew him before cosmetic and lifestyle makeovers), I find Randy's attempts to rewrite history comical but the presentation of Randy as dutiful dad incredible. Randy Schindler's daughter, Ursula, turned 20 last week. Her life has been a ride on a seesaw of Randy's disapproval and lack of attention. He neglected to pay child support, claiming he "didn't have the funds," but would spend thousands on parties, trips, and clothes for himself. The child support in question ranged from $325 to $700 per month. Not quite out of reach for someone who has "built a $3 million–a–year empire."

Any objections I raise now will simply be seen in the light of a woman scorned (I wasn't: I left) or one who made a poor business decision (I walked away from the magazine with nothing financial to show for it). After my marriage to and parenthood with Schindler, perhaps my mantra is understandable: "Some mistakes we never stop paying for."

Roberta Friedman Schindler Stryhas
EASTON, CONN.

WOULD MARTHA STEWART SETTLE FOR ANYthing less in her choice of motor scooter than Italjet's Velocifero ("Mogul Operandi")? Of course she wouldn't. Her scooter choice was incorrectly listed as a pistachio Vespa, when she is in fact the proud owner of a seafoam-green Velo, which perfectly matches the trim on her beautiful home. Anyone with Martha's style rides in the fast lane with other members of the growing legions of Hamptons Velo owners such as Sean "Puffy" Combs (four Velos, at last count) and Billy Joel. Is there a scooter gang in Easthampton's future?

Susan Sacher
President, Italjet USA
MANHATTAN

WHILE READING YOUR AUGUST 3 ISSUE, I started counting the number of times Sean "Puffy" Combs's name or picture appeared. It reminded me of counting the NINAS in an Al Hirschfeld caricature. However, at least Mr. Hirschfeld gives the number of NINAS to be found. In your issue, there was no clue as to the total number of times Mr. Combs appeared. What was the number?

Ruth Harvey
VERONA, N.J.

Editor's note: Twenty-two.

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, or sent via e-mail to NYLetters@aol.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

Wolff at the Door

WHAT MIGHT THE RÉSUMÉ OF an ideal media columnist look like? To start with, it would probably include an early stint at the New York *Times*—long enough to learn the mores of the newspaper of record, but not so long that the *Times*'s thought patterns become ossified. It might include some attention-getting, beautifully written magazine pieces for the likes of *The New York Times Magazine* and *New Times* in the seventies. Running a magazine, of course, would be a highly desirable qualification, as would running a book-packaging company. Finally, the résumé would include major-league explorations in new media, trying to make a killing on the Next Big Thing.

In an instance of what might be called inadvertent synergy, this curriculum vitae arrived in our office a couple of months ago. It came in the form of a piece (by *New York*'s financial columnist, James Surowiecki) about a man named Michael Wolff, whose remarkable book about his experiences as an Internet entrepreneur, *Burn Rate,* was beginning to cause a stir on both coasts. The book, which chronicles Wolff's adventures trying to turn his company, Wolff New Media, into an Internet powerhouse, displays an easy command of the well-turned anecdote, an ear for the distinctive, airy patois of today's media deal-makers, and a columnist's instinct for pulling no punches, come what may. And unluckily for Wolff but luckily for us, he didn't make his Internet megamillions—which meant that he wasn't priced out of our market. Hiring him was, as they say, a no-brainer.

As our media columnist, Wolff plans to continue in the vein of *Burn Rate,* using his insider's knowledge to tell an inside story. "It's not going to be media criticism," says Wolff. "It's going to be written out of my own experience of living in this business."

The "media neighborhood," as Wolff calls it, is where most of the world has come to live, in one way or another. In Wolff's column (see page 18), you'll meet your neighbors. ▬

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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

BARNEYS COUPLE WON'T PRESS ON

It looks as if **Bonnie** and **Gene Pressman** have parted ways in more than just a business sense. According to sources close to the Pressmans, the statuesque former model, who left as executive vice-president and director of women's fashion at Barneys earlier this month to become senior vice-president and women's fashion director at Polo Ralph Lauren, is separating from the former Barneys co-chairman. "They've been wanting to do this for some time, but there were complications," says a friend of the couple, who have been married ten years. Gene, now a consultant to Barneys as a result of the store's post-bankruptcy restructuring, has left their Larchmont home—and Bonnie and their two children—and moved into an apartment in SoHo, according to an associate. "Part of the problem," adds the source, "was that Gene likes to stay out late at night. The guy still thinks it's 1986." Neither Pressman returned calls.

Bonnie and Gene Pressman: A second split

WITH MORGENTHAU, IS IT THE COHIBA TEN?

The thick haze of cigar smoke is making it harder and harder to tell the prosecutors from the criminals. No sooner had federal agents charged nine New Yorkers—including Patroon's **Ken Aretsky** and the Racquet and Tennis Club's **Robert Gressler**—with trading in illegal Cuban cigars than law-and-order types started blowing smoke about other prominent New Yorkers with a taste for the cigars. Such as Manhattan's longtime district attorney, **Robert Morgenthau,** who, like most other cigar aficionados, is said to deeply appreciate the Cubans. One of Morgenthau's deputies, **John Moscow,** bragged about the boss to a London paper some years ago: "He's dedicated to the seizure of contraband. He feels he should destroy all Cuban cigars by burning them. Personally." Other sources confirm that they've seen Morgenthau smoking Cubans. But don't make a federal case out of it. U.S. Attorney **Mary Jo White** is prosecuting the Cohiba Nine because it's illegal to trade Cuban cigars, but it's apparently not a crime just to smoke them. Morgenthau was out of town but sent word that he's not worried about getting busted: He's not smoking on vacation.

REMNICK'S SPECTER; GERRY'S CALLER I.D.'D

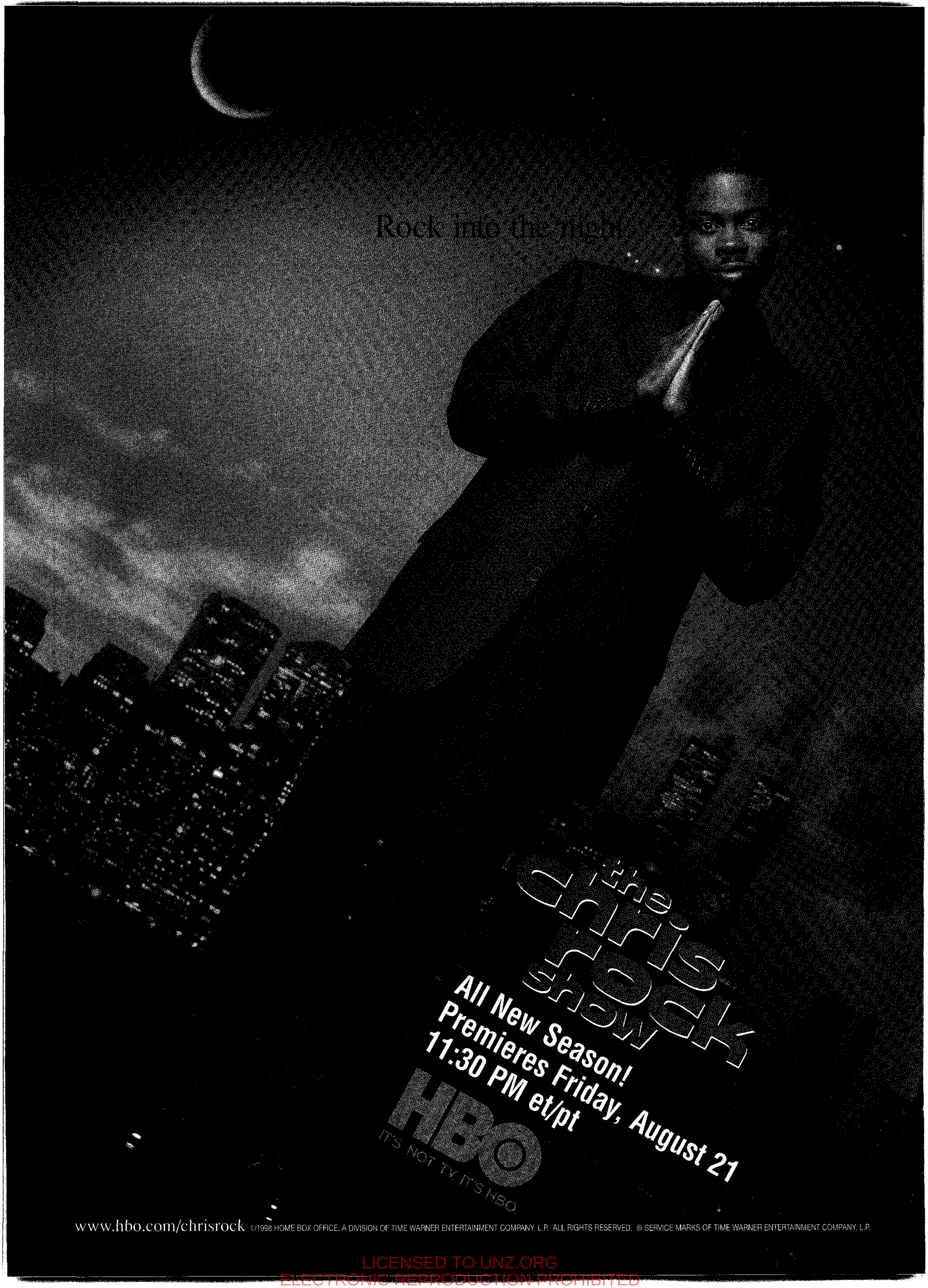
WHOSE **FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENT?** *The New Yorker*'s new editor, **David Remnick,** has just made his first hire, snatching **Michael Specter** away from the New York *Times*. Remnick and Specter worked together at the Washington *Post* and are close friends, according to magazine sources. Specter, who is married to the *Times*'s Rome-bureau chief, **Alessandra Stanley,** and has covered everything from Africa's AIDS crisis to genetically altered food in Switzerland, will remain in Europe as a foreign correspondent.

GERRY'S GAL: Geraldine Ferraro has called for a clean campaign in the Democratic Senate primary. But her research director, **Amanda Fuchs,** was just accused of dirty campaigning—albeit in Iowa. Earlier this month, the Des Moines *Register* reported that Fuchs, while working for Iowa's Democratic gubernatorial candidate, had called his Republican opponent and identified herself as a local supporter to get his schedule. At least, that's what the candidate's wife told the paper—and she's the one who answered the phone, refused Fuchs's request, and then used Caller-I.D. to discover that the call had come from New York. Fuchs's boss insisted that she hadn't misrepresented herself. Ferraro is also standing by Fuchs. "Amanda is doing a phenomenal job," says Ferraro spokesman **Stephen Gaskill.**

TOMMY LEE'S ACTIVE CELL PHONE

Don't count on **Pamela Anderson** and **Tommy Lee**'s marriage being kaput. Yet. Despite the bottle blonde's declarations that her divorce to the oversize rocker is practically a done deal, sources close to Lee, currently cooling his tattoos in prison for beating his wife while she was pregnant, say the couple has been speaking at least three times a week. According to our source, Anderson is "screwing with his emotions and sending him notes saying how much she loves him." She reportedly wrote him and accepted responsibility for the furor (she blamed it on her postpartum blues), and even left messages on his home machine from her Necker Island vacation to say she wished he could be there to watch their children in the water. For his part—because it's really all about compromise, isn't it?—Tommy agreed to weekly consultations with Pamela's shaman to exorcise his demons. But Tommy also talks to others (he's said to be on the phone constantly), and when word filtered between the bars that Anderson was spotted getting cozy with an old beau, champion surfer **Kelly Slater,** Lee changed his tune. Says the source, "She's still his wife, and he is so bent out of shape that she would publicly display affection for this guy that he's changed his number and asked his lawyers to keep her away from him." The status of the shaman visits is unclear. Representatives for Lee and Anderson did not return calls.

Photographs: top, Rose Hartman/Globe Photos; bottom, Benainous/Dulcos/Gamma Liaison.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MORE SOPHISTICATION AND LESS SENSE . . . THAN ANYWHERE ELSE—*DON HEROLD*

GOTHAM

Top of the Class

Is a program to fund special education a special boon to rich New Yorkers?

GAIL E., A SINGLE PARENT and a public-school teacher, well knows the benefits of free education. But she also knows that her 17-year-old daughter, who has a learning disability, couldn't enjoy them. She needed special attention—smaller classes, and curricula designed to help her overcome her difficulties. Keeping in mind her limited budget, Gail decided to send her daughter to Winston Prep, a specialized school for disabled kids on the Upper West Side. "She's a different person," says Gail. "They've really made her feel like she can learn." As recently as a few years ago, parents like Gail would have had to shoulder the cost of such specialized education themselves, or make do with whatever programs their local public schools happened to provide. But because of a 1993 Supreme Court ruling, localities are now required either to provide adequate education for students with physical or developmental disabilities or to pay for the students to be schooled elsewhere—at up to $20,000 per student per year.

In New York, 500 students are covered by that program, known as Carter (after the case, *Florence County School District Four* v. *Carter*). And though some parents apply the money toward specialized schools, many parents use it to underwrite education at high-profile general education schools, such as York Prep, Dwight School, and Robert Louis Stevenson. This year, the arrangement cost the city $9 million and the caseload is growing.

Board of Education officials are now beginning to complain about a fact that had previously been an open secret in New York's wealthier communities: Carter funds are available not only to underprivileged families, but to all kids with disabilities—regardless of the severity of those disabilities, and regardless of the financial standing of their parents. The greatest increases in Carter cases in the past two years, these officials are quick to point out, have occurred in Districts 2 and 3 in Manhattan and District 15 in Brooklyn, which encompasses neighborhoods like Brooklyn Heights and Park Slope. "My gut tells me that certain parents want their kids in certain private schools," says superintendent Francine Goldstein, the executive director for student support services for the New York City public-school

(continued on page 12)

SCRAPBOOK

For *Rent*

● It was probably only a matter of time until something like this happened, but there it was, right in the middle of last week's *Village Voice* real-estate listings: SOHO/JONATHAN LARSON'S APARTMENT 2BR/5 RMS. NO FEE. That's Jonathan Larson, the playwright whose *Rent* immortalized the plight of the overpriced-tenement dweller, being used to justify a $3,000-a-month price tag.

● His old apartment still overlooks a construction pit on one side and the Sanitation Department on the other; its gray metal door is brightened (somewhat) by a small window with a metal grid over it. His old refrigerator—with a *Rent* bumper sticker—still has a jar of jam and some half-used mayo in it. The floors are still rotten, the sink is still rusty—indeed, pretty much nothing has changed, except the market and the unfortunate fact of Larson's death, to justify the 150 percent increase over what he paid a mere two years ago.

● But if landlord Dino Evangelou worries about bad karma, he's not showing it. "They won't stop calling," he reports, with a smile.

KEVIN GRAY

CAMEO

The Great Gartharino

THAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BEING A BIG Broadway producer and being a big professional wrestler. When you're a big Broadway producer, everybody's always looking over your shoulder, and everybody wants you to be upright and honest. When you're a big professional wrestler, everybody's always flipping you over his shoulder, and nobody—not your opponents, not your promoters, and definitely not your fans—wants you to be anything other than utterly fraudulent. That's the fun of it. Theater impresario Garth Drabinsky learned this painful distinction last week when he was suspended for possible massive accounting fraud. Just the week before, he had prevailed on the city to reject the World Wrestling Foundation's plans to open a Wrestlemania Cafe theme restaurant in Times Square. At that moment, Drabinsky was probably delighted to be on the side of decency and probity. Wonder if he's gotten over that.

Photographs: top, Michael McGovern/nonstock; bottom, Frances M. Roberts.

Special Ed *continued from page 11*

system, "and Carter is a way for those parents to get the Board of Education to foot the bill."

Carter funds are reimbursals, meaning that parents must first pay tuition out of their own pockets. Even the program's defenders concede that it ends up favoring wealthy parents—not only those with the money to hire top-flight lawyers but those with the connections to get school administrators and well-placed educational consultants on board for the arbitration hearing that each child must undergo.

Donald Lash, a lawyer who represents low-income parents with learning-disabled children, says, "The only time I've done [Carter cases] is when the school is motivated and has some scholarship fund to make a loan to the parents." Otherwise, he steers clients toward approved programs within the public system.

As one woman from a top tax bracket whose two sons have severe learning disabilities says, "Look, we can afford the tuition ourselves, so I just give the money back to the school. Most families need help and I think it's our duty to get as much money to the school as possible."

Neal Rosenberg, a lawyer who frequently handles such cases, adamantly points out that no reasonable person would use their children as pawns in a money-saving scheme: "I don't have a single parent, rich or poor, who wouldn't trade having a child with no disability for paying the tuition themselves."

Nevertheless, the Board of Ed is implementing a new plan to make it harder for children to win Carter classification. And the first thing that entails is preparing for arbitration hearings, which often go uncontested simply to avoid the risk of incurring the parents' legal fees. "As we start to prevail in these cases," says Goldstein, "some [parents] will be less likely to take a chance because they might get stuck paying themselves." But the bigger problem—that some wealthy parents believe their own needs take precedence over the public agenda—may be greater than these administrators can address.

REAL ESTATE

Seventh On Sale

Barneys's old home goes on the block.

Barneys's Chelsea building is up for auction.

FORGET THE WAREHOUSE Sale; Barneys's last sale of the season is coming up. And it's a doozy.

On Thursday, the retailer's original home at Seventh Avenue and 17th Street will be auctioned off in federal bankruptcy court at the Custom House. Like Barneys itself, the auction is open to the public but accessible only to the wealthy: Qualified bidders must bring a certified check for $2.3 million. That's 10 percent of the $23 million floor that Aetna, which holds the building's defaulted mortgage, reportedly has set. (Aetna refused to comment.)

On July 22, Argent Ventures signed a contract for that amount—including a $550,000 "break-up" fee in case of a "higher better" bid. Argent has pulled out, but Andrew Penson, its managing director, says the firm will attend the auction.

According to Marvin Bloom, of Keen Realty Consultants, who is overseeing the auction, nearly 200 parties have inquired about the property. The Witkoff Group's Steven Witkoff says he's "looking very hard at the site." David Goldstein, of Julien J. Studley, will bid on behalf of an unnamed university. Bruce Eichner, of Continuum, is considering the site. And sources at Vornado report that the secretive real-estate-investment trust will also bid. "The problem," says Witkoff, "is there's a whole gamut of potential uses for the site, and we haven't figured out which is the best one."

Right: *potential.* It's actually a warren of five-to-seven-story buildings totaling 109,000 square feet of space. At $23 million, that comes to $200 per square foot—inconceivable only a year ago. "For the right scheme of lofts," says Ron Cohen, of Insignia-ESG, "$500 per foot is now possible. But $200 is tops for raw space." Still, some are still guessing the property could fetch a heady $30 million.

Furthermore, the Planning Commission—in a compromise to preserve west Chelsea—will be "upzoning" the area east of Eighth, allowing a new owner to expand the building's floor space up to 25 percent.

But can such a big purchase turn a profit? "At $200 a foot starting," says Leslie Himmel, a partner at Himmel and Meringoff Properties, "unless you can put a big-box retailer in there or do residential conversion, I don't really think you can make it work." "Redevelopment is a fairly costly endeavor," warns Robert Skolnick, Jack Parker Corporation's vice president, "and I'm just not sure there's enough square footage to make it work out."

Worse, perhaps, is the much-discussed possibility that the current real-estate market will soon sour, as it did in 1987 (though, as Julien Studley notes, "this cycle is different from others. In 1987, offices and apartment buildings were in oversupply, and the banks were loaning improvidently").

But even storm clouds on the horizon may not darken the prospects for such a prized property in such an overblown market. For as anyone who's ever gone on a shopping spree at the 61st Street store—and awakened the next day with a headache and a sore credit card—can attest, a dazzlingly high price can sometimes overwhelm a shopper's better judgment.

PETER HELLMAN

COMMUNICATIONS

Wittgenstein, please? A residence in Manhattan?

NEW YORKERS HAD A HARD TIME GETTING through to directory assistance during Bell Atlantic's recent strike. Some had an especially hard time. Below, one reporter's attempts to get the 411 on the future of information.

Bell Atlantic: What listing, please?

New York: I read about the strike, that maybe they were gonna shut down 411, and—I kinda started to freak.

BA: It's okay. They won't shut it down.

NY: But you know when you say "aluminum" too many times and everything gets weird? I started to think what would happen if there was no information. In a philosophical sense.

BA: Bell Atlantic would be in trouble. They'd be sued or whatever.

NY: I mean in the cosmic picture.

BA: I couldn't even think of the bigger picture. They'd always have to have managers filling in.

NY: Imagine, a whole world without information.

BA: The other companies would probably be taking the business—MCI or the Internet or whatever else.

NY: I mean, if you think about it, everything is information, you know?

BA: That's correct.

NY: All of life.

BA: That's correct.

NY: Huh. So when do you think they're gonna fix this strike?

BA: Well, we hope soon.

NY: Okay. Well, thanks.

BA: Thank *you*, sir.

JOHN BOWE

Photographs: top, Jason Fulford; bottom, H. Armstrong Roberts.

R A T C I T Y

PERIODIC DISPATCHES FROM THE WAR ON VERMIN

On the Waterfront

THREE HUNDRED OR SO protesters are gathered in Red Hook's Erie Basin, singing and marching. A 9-year-old girl carries a sign that reads NO TOXINS. NO VERMINS. NO GARBAGE. A bespectacled man chants, "No garbage, no peace." From several feet above the crowd, a huge papier-mâché rat casts a cold gaze over the scene.

Set against the backdrop of a summer sky, the rat looks like a portent of doom, the outsize embodiment of our collective ecological fate. But to the protesters, rats are more than a metaphor—they are an everyday terror, one that residents blame on the area's concentration of dumps (or "waste transfer stations," as they're called by people who don't have to live or work near them). And now Waste Management, which runs one of the six that are already functioning, has submitted a proposal to open a new one, here in Red Hook, when Staten Island's Fresh Kills landfill closes in 2001.

Waste Management failed to return repeated calls, but local activists have plenty to say about the plan. They've joined forces with Brooklyn borough president Howard Golden—who recently helped Williamsburg residents delay another of the company's projects while the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation conducts a study of its environmental impact—and they're fighting the proposal in the courts and in the community. Most recently, Community Board 6 and Golden petitioned the City Planning Commission to rezone parts of Red Hook.

"We need a rational waste plan for the city," says David Herman, deputy director of public affairs for the borough president's office. "Each borough should share the problem."

"If nothing else," warns John McGettrick, of the Red Hook Civic Association, "the city should be careful about putting the burden of garbage on neighborhoods that are primarily minority."

The most visible symbols of that burden run scampering through Red Hook's streets at all hours of the day. The area has other obstacles to pest control—overgrown lots, construction in the housing projects, and proximity to the fetid Gowanus Canal. But a walk through the remote waterfront community suggests that they pale in comparison to the all-the-garbage-you-can-eat bonanzas. In the Red Hook Houses West projects, the residential zone near the dumps, the creatures are everywhere, even burrowed down in the grassy strips below the first-floor windows. "At night," laments one tenant, "they stand on your windowsills, so you can't open the windows even when it's hot out."

> **"At night [the rats] stand on your windowsills, so you can't open the windows even when it's hot out."**

"Of course there are hundreds of rats there," says Lou Sones, coordinator of Red Hook GAGS (Groups Against Garbage Sites); "[Waste Management] leaves trucks full of putrescible garbage out overnight. It smells terrible, and the rats love it."

That's not the only stench in the neighborhood. "I think the city was counting on the waterfront communities' turning on each other," says Sones. "Instead, we've all banded together to say the whole plan stinks."

KATE AURTHUR

THE SCENE

The Wet Look

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

Text by Vanessa Grigoriadis

IT'S POURING, AND THE PAPARAZZI at the *Slums of Beverly Hills* party can't figure out which shot's better: Tahnee Welch in a clingy wet T-shirt or Marisa Tomei gyrating in a bra and lacy skirt (and catching raindrops on her tongue). They've forgotten about the lady of the evening, neophyte director Tamara Jenkins, who is drinking long-necked Buds with Todd Solondz and Ed Burns. Though she keeps saying "This is the best night of my life," she's learning how to act like a properly jaded star. "I got this shirt at Calvin Klein yesterday," she says, "and when I went to put it on tonight, it still had the big plastic sensor on it! So I called them up and they said, 'Come on over.' But they should've paid for my cab, right?"

Mary Boone and Douglas Hannant at the opening of the designer's new showroom.

Actress Angie Featherstone and designer Sandy Dalal at Life, for *Jane* magazine's anniversary.

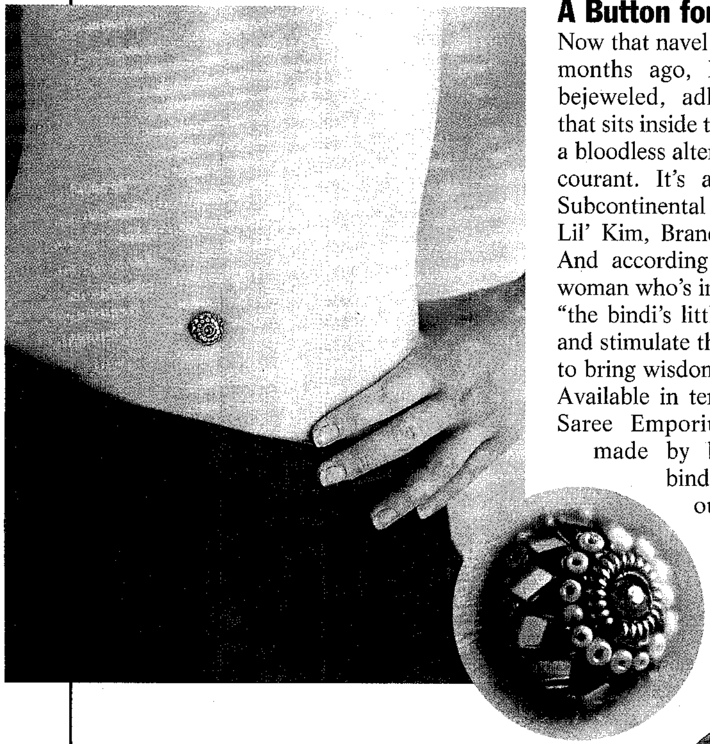
Marvin Traub and Jeffrey Banks at a party for the Carol M. Baldwin Celebrity Golf Tournament, hosted by Johnnie Walker Menswear.

Photographer Jean Pagliuso, Donna Karan, and Tom Cohen at Liz Tilberis's party benefiting the Ovarian Cancer Research Fund.

Marcia Mishaan, Robert Wilson, and Richard Mishaan at the Mishaan's home, to kick off the 1998 Watermill Center season.

China Chow and David Byrne celebrating the premiere of Fox Searchlight's *Slums of Beverly Hills* at B Bar.

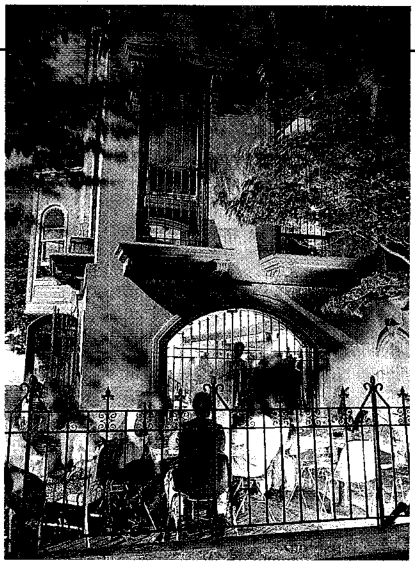
GOTHAMSTYLE



A Button for Your Belly

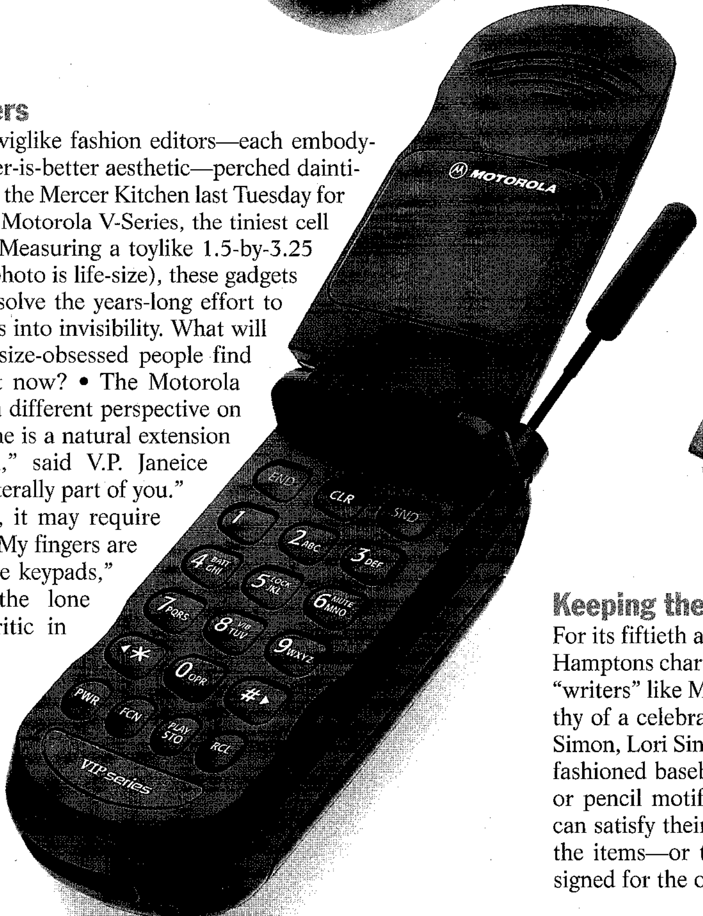
Now that navel rings seem *so* eighteen months ago, Navel Bindi Bliss—a bejeweled, adhesive-backed nugget that sits inside the belly button—offers a bloodless alternative that's utterly au courant. It's already brought some Subcontinental chic to the midriffs of Lil' Kim, Brandy, and Madonna too. And according to Melody Weir, the woman who's imported the tiny items, "the bindi's little mirrors attract light and stimulate the third chakra, known to bring wisdom, energy, and insight." Available in ten colors at Scoop and Saree Emporium (and supposedly made by blind Nepalese), the bindis fit both innies and outies. "And they're great if you want to hide a big belly button," says Weir.

India Landrigan



Wine, Roses, and the B.Q.E.

For all its turn-of-the-century grandeur, Fort Greene has few options for cocktail-hour elegance (other than those black-tie BAM galas). "You had Seller's, which is ghetto but old, like 60-year-old mack daddies," says resident Sydney Mack. "Or the Brooklyn Brewery, which is all drug-addicted tattooed Pratt students. We'd just end up going to the bodega to get a forty." No longer: Now local lights such as Chris Rock, Erykah Badu, and Wesley Snipes have discovered Brooklyn Mod, Adelphi Street's new "bistro and champagne bar." "There aren't that many places for young black professionals to meet," says NYU grad student Alondra Nelson. "Brooklyn Mod is mellow, but it still has that velvet-rope-esque feeling."



Size Matters

Two dozen twiglike fashion editors—each embodying the smaller-is-better aesthetic—perched daintily on stools at the Mercer Kitchen last Tuesday for a peek at the Motorola V-Series, the tiniest cell phones ever. Measuring a toylike 1.5-by-3.25 inches (that photo is life-size), these gadgets might just resolve the years-long effort to design phones into invisibility. What will competitive, size-obsessed people find to talk about now? • The Motorola people have a different perspective on it. "This phone is a natural extension of your arm," said V.P. Janeice Webb. "It's literally part of you." • Either way, it may require retrofitting. "My fingers are too fat for the keypads," whimpered the lone restaurant critic in attendance.

ARTISTS
WRITERS

Keeping the Sport in Sportswear

For its fiftieth anniversary, the Artists & Writers Softball Game—a Hamptons charity event that pits "artists" like Alec Baldwin against "writers" like Mort Zuckerman—has commissioned uniforms worthy of a celebration. Forgoing the usual T-shirts, players like Paul Simon, Lori Singer, and Jerry Della Femina will be suiting up in old-fashioned baseball shirts and embroidered black caps (paintbrush or pencil motif, depending on the team). Less blessed creatures can satisfy their style cravings and social ambitions by purchasing the items—or the limited-edition bottles that Coca-Cola has designed for the occasion—at the August 22 game.

Edited by Vanessa Grigoriadis

Photographs: clockwise from top right, Robert Wright; Michael Kraus (2); Amy Freeth (2)

ADVERTISING GRAPHIC DESIGN BROADCAST DESIGN EDITORIAL DESIGN TYPEFACE DESIGN TEXTILE DESIGN TYPOGRAPHY CAR DESIGN ILLUSTRATION CARTOONING COMPUTER ART DIGITAL DESIGN INTERIOR DESIGN WEB DESIGN CINEMATOGRAPHY FILMMAKING EDITING SOUND ENGINEERING LIGHTING DESIGN DIRECTING ACTING SCREENWRITING FILM HISTORY ANIMATION FINE ARTS SCULPTURE DRAWING PAINTING CERAMICS PRINTMAKING PHOTOGRAPHY HUMANITIES AND SCIENCES LITERATURE AND WRITING ART HISTORY ART EDUCATION ART THERAPY CRAFT ARTS PUPPETRY MASKMAKING JEWELRY DESIGN

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THE BOTTOM LINE JAMES SUROWIECKI

Hoarse Whisperers

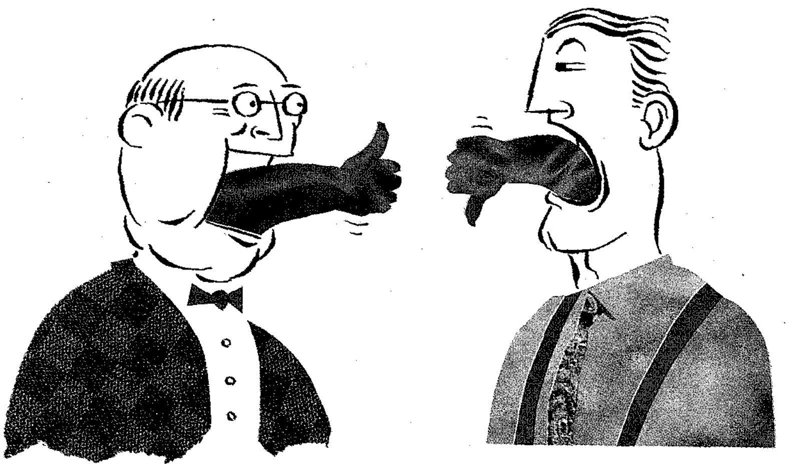
As investment bankers lose their grip on the market, why are so many indie investors obediently reacting to their pronouncements? And why are telco mergers being ignored?

IN A STOCK MARKET AS VULNERABLE and histrionic as this one has become, it's only natural that soothsayers should gain market share, and for this market the beneficiaries are the strategists at Wall Street's biggest investment banks and brokerage houses. If you're one of these select few, and you speak with conviction, investors will listen. Prudential Securities market analyst Ralph Acampora demonstrated this two weeks ago when his call of a bear market on CNBC sent the already shaky Dow spiraling downward. Acampora, of course, was a one-day wonder, with the market snapping back the next day. But even his momentary influence is telling. In a market dominated by large-cap stocks and program trading, it's the people who offer the big picture that investors are heeding. Forget stock-picking. Market-picking is the only game in town.

When it comes to that game, here are some of your basic brand names: Jeffrey Applegate of Lehman Brothers, Ed Kerschner of PaineWebber, Barton Biggs of Morgan Stanley Dean Witter, Ed Yardeni of Deutsche Bank Securities, and Acampora. In retrospect, the ascent of Acampora—who has been a raging bull for most of the past three years—to the front of the stage was a fluke, almost entirely the product of his public change of heart at a moment when the market was looking for an excuse to plummet. His moment in the sun couldn't last, though. Acampora is a technical analyst, which means that he concentrates exclusively on internal market indicators like the advance-decline line and 200-day moving averages. (This kind of entrails-reading is magnificent for explaining what has happened and useless for explaining what *will* happen, since what a stock has just done offers no reliable evidence at all of what it will do next.)

These guys are not really the true market movers on the Street, Acampora's star turn on CNBC notwithstanding. Which is to say that they're not the Fed's Alan Greenspan or Goldman, Sachs's Abby Joseph Cohen.

That may be overstating the case, but not by much. Just as Greenspan's comments are parsed in exacting detail for signs of what the Federal Reserve may do next, Cohen's utterances are scrutinized for evidence of where the market is headed. Each time the market has tumbled in the past year—October 1997, June 1998, and two weeks ago—Cohen has stepped in, reiterated the case for continued bullishness, and helped bring buyers back into the fray. *Business Week* called her the "Prophet of Wall Street," and she's now influential enough to make her prophecies self-fulfilling—at least in the short term.



Surprisingly, this mass supplication at the altar of investment-bank oracles, entrenched as it is in the current market, is a relatively new phenomenon. In previous times of market turmoil, investors tended to look for reassurance outside the halls of investment banks. In the twenties, the most important public figures were stock-market speculators like Arthur Cutten and popular soothsayers like "The Old Counselor," a University of Chicago professor with a radio audience in the millions. In the sixties, the key figures were the mutual-fund managers who sparked the go-go market. When the stock market crashed in May 1962, managers of the largest funds made publicly bullish comments and spurred what was then the sharpest rally in postwar history. In the eighties, Salomon's Henry Kaufman did ascend to bond-market guru status, and Shearson analyst Elaine Garzarelli momentarily became a market mover in the wake of her correct call of the October 1987 crash. But investors were as likely to heed the obscure murmurings of *Barron's* technical maven Joseph Granville and Elliott Wave theorist (don't ask) Robert Prechter as that of investment-bank strategists.

There's something paradoxical about the fact that only now, when more and more individual investors trade without the assistance of investment advisers and when the market is dominated by mutual funds, should analysts for investment banks become such key players. It's likely, after all, that Goldman, Sachs's client list in the twenties accounted for a much higher percentage of stock ownership than it does now. So it's curious that Goldman's chief strategist would be more, and not less, influential today. But individual investors are remarkably hungry for information, and the rise of momentum investing has magnified the impact of all market-moving news. Add the fact that market strategists' pronouncements are now publicly disseminated almost immediately—you can't underestimate the impact of CNBC, Bloomberg, and the Internet—and you have a recipe for a major power shift.

Illustration by Matthew Martin.

And while the concentration of power in the hands of so few people—even if you include that second tier of analysts—is troubling, Abby Cohen knows a lot more about the fundamentals of the American economy than Arthur Cutten or the go-go managers ever did. More importantly, you have to remember: In the long run, no one moves the market. The market moves itself.

LATELY, OF COURSE, WHEN THE MARKET does move (especially down), it chews up large chunks of mind- and media-share on an almost daily basis. As a result, news that one might expect to make a big splash is instead causing barely a ripple. Take, for instance, Bell Atlantic's $53 billion acquisition of GTE, which the market has greeted with a gaping yawn. The deal represents yet another step toward the reconsolidation of the telephone industry, and is the third-largest merger in U.S. history. But looking at the business press and investor sentiment, it'd be hard to tell. This deal, in fact, prompts the question: Does anybody care about megamergers anymore?

In buying GTE, Bell Atlantic (which just completed its merger with NYNEX last summer) will end up controlling 63 million phone lines in 38 different states—one third of all local lines in the U.S.—and it will also gain access to GTE's nascent long-distance network. The new company will automatically become a 300-pound gorilla in the wireless market and have phenomenal leverage in the exploding market for data traffic. (Not to mention the fact that Bell Atlantic–GTE will be the world's largest publisher of telephone books.) At a time when Bell Atlantic's revenues are barely growing, and when GTE's scattered collection of local markets and tiny long-distance customer base make going it alone a difficult prospect, the deal does have obvious upside potential.

How much potential, though, is far from clear. The companies promise $2 billion in "cost synergies" in the first three years, but this is a song investors have heard before. There's something about the inevitability of these telco mergers that makes them seem singularly unglamorous. It's as if we're all collectively resigned to the fact that there will only be six or seven major players in the industry by the year 2000. When Bell Atlantic and GTE or SBC and Ameritech merge, there's no magic, just a steady accretion of assets by companies that have yet to do anything dazzling with them. Four years ago, the proposed deal between Bell Atlantic and John Malone's TCI was heralded as the opening salvo in the digital revolution. Today, we're more likely to associate the Baby Bells with the broken promises of the Telecommunications Act of 1996.

What's most notable about the Bell Atlantic–GTE deal, in fact, is that the deal is a take-under, which means that Bell Atlantic offered GTE's shareholders less for their shares than their market value. That's a reasonable strategy in a late bull market, but GTE shareholders could hardly have been comforted by that thought. The lack of planned job cuts or restructuring, meanwhile, didn't really satisfy investors who prefer merger partners who bring their axes (or chain saws) with them. Finally, and not coincidentally, the deal was structured as a "merger of equals," which means in part that we're going to see Ivan Seidenberg and Charles Lee try to run the company as co-CEOs (good luck, boys). We've yet to see a case where power-sharing has worked as well as promised.

> *There's something about the* **inevitability of these mergers** *that makes them seem singularly unglamorous. It's as if we're all collectively resigned to there being* **only six or seven major telco players by the year 2000.**

The fact that the market has treated this merger as almost irrelevant suggests that no longer can you just whisper "synergy" and watch investors swoon. In fact, synergy may now be more of a red flag than anything else, especially in the telco industry, which right now is a collection of quasi monopolies figuring out how to keep competitors out of their own markets while expanding into everyone else's. Merger mania is as hot as ever in a year when $1.5 trillion in deals have already been announced. But the wait-and-see attitude investors have taken toward Bell Atlantic–GTE is something we're going to see more of. Remember: There was a reason we broke up Ma Bell. ▬

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MEDIA MICHAEL WOLFF

Fox Family Values

As his marriage to Anna unravels and his children sort out their allegiances (and News Corp. roles), will consummate control freak Rupert Murdoch start to lose his grip?

IN AN AGE AND AN INDUSTRY PROPELLED by gossip, it's been damn hard to get people to talk about the Murdoch divorce. "Whaddaya think is going on there? Wow!" I've been prodding News Corp. executives. "Rupert and Anna are just going in different directions" is the pat, if sheepish, response.

The Murdoch butler, Philip Townsend, is sharing household secrets in a soon-to-be-published tell-all, titled *Just Rupert,* now being serialized in *Punch,* the English satirical fortnightly. It's a particularly English kind of memoir, so dry that you might easily think it was a *Punch* satire of an English butler's memoir—imagine John Cleese as Murdoch. Judging by the memoir (and the embarrassed silence at News Corp.), you'd almost believe the Murdoch marriage will end without the emoting and public soul-searching we expect of celebrity divorces. Maybe so.

Split decision: Anna, Prudence, Rupert, Elisabeth, James, and Lachlan (from left).

But I can't help thinking there's something bigger here. Bigger even than what will certainly be the largest divorce settlement in history—considering the Murdoch holdings (the Fox television network and movie studio, one of the world's largest book publishers, a significant part of the British newspaper business, Asia's biggest satellite broadcasting system, Europe's biggest satellite broadcasting system, and control of big parts of the sports industry), plus 31 years of marriage and the community-property laws of California, where the Murdochs live and where Anna has filed for divorce.

No, I think we're at the beginning of the end of the Murdoch epoch.

My favorite Murdoch story involves this magazine and takes place 22 years ago. Murdoch, at 46, owned newspapers in Australia and in the U.K. and a paper in San Antonio, Texas. He had taken a summer rental in East Hampton, near the home of Clay Felker, the founder of *New York* Magazine, whom he invited to dinner, along with Felker's house guests, writers Aaron Latham and Susan Braudy (who told me the story). As the courses were served with the help of the Murdoch children, Elisabeth, Lachlan, and James, Felker talked about the unique position *New York* occupied in the city's social and media world and the remarkable talent the magazine had attracted. He mentioned, too, the increasing disputatiousness of *New York*'s board of directors. Murdoch confined his conversation to observations about the price of paper (telling Braudy the reason he was in the U.S. was to buy forests). Over the next several months, Murdoch first bought the New York *Post* (Murdoch was introduced to *Post* owner Dorothy Schiff by Felker), then, with Felker continuing to confide in him about the problems with his board, entered into negotiations with *New York*'s board members, who, over Felker's fierce protests, sold the magazine to him.

What a predator's instinct! What diabolical self-control!

Since that summer in East Hampton, Murdoch has not only built the world's premier global media empire (though he sold *New York* in 1991) but created the modern mogul. His mogul, unlike the more flamboyant version (from Louis B. Mayer to Robert Maxwell to Ted Turner), is focused to the exclusion of all other concerns on market dominance, and stands alone behind the curtain, working all the levers. With his imitators—Barry Diller, Sumner Redstone, John Malone, Michael Eisner—Murdoch has transformed the media business. It has become a business about control—of markets, of outlets, of platforms, of politicians. Murdoch's mogul—as the consummate control freak—has been a remarkably enduring character.

Until now.

The butler's memoir paints him as all too human—the lowbrow husband dragged off by the wife to museums and cultural holidays. News Corp. executives whom I count among my friends roll their eyes when they try to explain why the marriage ran aground and make Murdoch out to be just another workaholic nerd.

Since the separation, the official News Corp. line has been that it is an amicable parting, that Anna will remain on the board, and that she will continue to act in the best interests of the company.

Hello? It means something when rich people get divorced. After all, one of the big advantages of being rich is how easy it is to live apart without hassling over divorce—what's all that far-flung real estate for? If you don't want to remarry, why would you ever divorce? (Nobody is suggesting the involvement of a third party.) In addition, Anna Murdoch is a

Photograph by Gregory Pace/Sygma.

famously devout Catholic. So what's that about? Count on it: When rich people get a divorce, it means war.

Somehow, the most elemental part not only of Murdoch's personal life but of his business empire may have spun out of his control.

These are the questions financial analysts are asking: What does Anna control now? What will she control after they settle the California divorce? And with which parent are the children aligned?

> *It means something when rich people get divorced. After all,* **one of the big advantages of being rich is how easy it is to live apart without hassling over divorce**—*what's all that far-flung real estate for?*

Ahh, the children. Succession.

Concurrent with the breakup of the Murdoch marriage has been the introduction of the aforementioned table servers, Elisabeth, Lachlan, and James (his eldest child, Prudence, from an earlier marriage, is not involved in the company), into the Murdoch organization and to the general public.

Ideally, in a family succession, you want to create a sense of inevitability. But already there's been a behind-the-scenes reshuffling. Elisabeth, now 30, had been heir apparent. After her marriage to Vassar classmate Elkin Pianim, the son of a once-imprisoned opposition figure in Ghana, the couple went to L.A.; purchased, with Murdoch money, a television station in San Luis Obispo; displayed Murdoch-quality ruthlessness in cutting staff; and sold the station in 1996 for a handsome return.

The couple decamped to London, where Elisabeth joined her father's Sky TV as general manager (although Sam Chisholm, Sky's chief, continued to refer to her as "the Intern"). Husband Elkin invested the couple's profits from their television sale and put the money into a black-community London newspaper called *New Nation.* But 1997 was not a good year. Pregnant with their second child, her husband's business failing, Elisabeth was linked socially by non-Murdoch

(continued on page 68)

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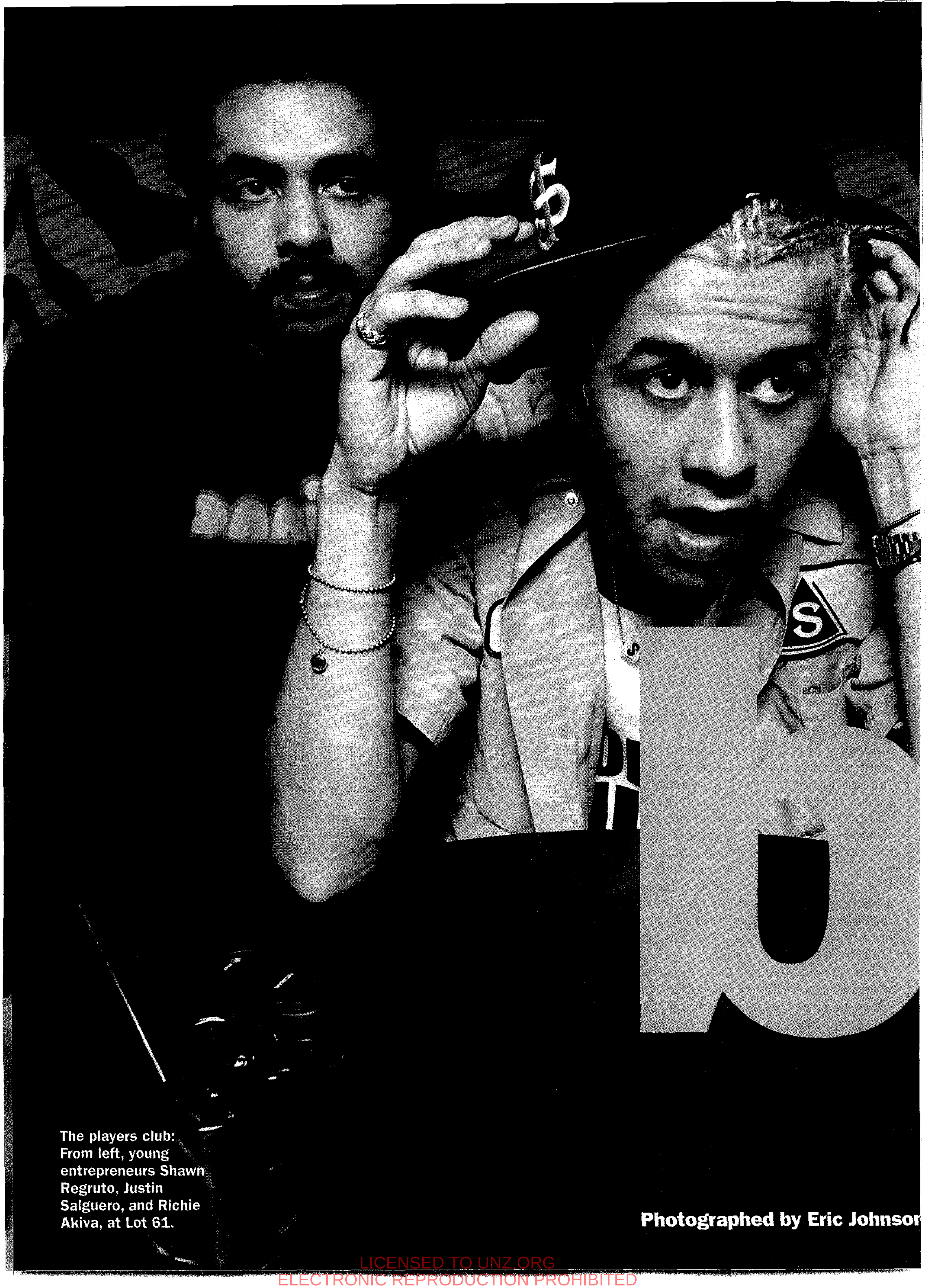


The players club: From left, young entrepreneurs Shawn Regruto, Justin Salguero, and Richie Akiva, at Lot 61.

Photographed by Eric Johnson

Hitting it big before the age of 25—the way Puffy did—is the new club-kid dream. And for these three guys, promoting New York's hottest parties is just a stepping-stone. "We're starting an empire," one of them says. **By Nancy Jo Sales**

PUFFY SWINGS INTO THE VIP ROOM OF LIFE AROUND 2 A.M., looking very *Fantasy Island.* He and Andre Harrell and their bodyguards are decked out in glowing white suits; the girl they've brought along to dance at their table wears white leather. Puffy looks around for a table, but there aren't any available. The VIP room's crammed with kids, all moving to his music: "*What you wanna do?*" Puffy's asking them. "*Wanna be brawlers, shot-callers, ballers—?*" Just then, out of the crowd comes a short, wiry young man with glasses. His name's Richie Akiva; he's just 21, but he's the host of this party, along with his partners, Justin Salguero and Shawn Regruto. They're the hosts every Friday at Life. This summer, people in nightlife started buzzing about "Justin-Shawn-and-Richie." Their parties are the ones winding

THESE KIDS ARE ABOUT TO OW

up in the gossip columns ("they never say *our* names," they complain), always full of people like Puffy and Mariah and Mark Wahlberg and Jennifer Lopez and Wesley and Leo.

Richie—a.k.a. "Little Richie" (Justin-Shawn-and-Richie are all rather diminutive)—places a hand up on Puffy's broad back, shouting, "It's all good, we can move those people—" He's suggesting they toss three kids out of a nearby banquette.

But Puffy says he'd rather take that table over there—that's Justin-Shawn-and-Richie's table, which just now has the look of a mini–New Year's Eve: At least 30 kids are thronged around, talking and gesticulating rapper-style and rapping along with Puffy; they're dancing, screaming. There are girls, models—the platinum beauty James King—and wannabe models, undulating on top of the banquette. It's like this every night of the week, out with Justin-Shawn-and-Richie.

"Yo, Puff—" Richie says, twitching a little. "I'm not gonna move all those people . . . !"

The three unlucky kids get moved out; Puffy and his entourage move in.

"Skee-*yoooo!*" Minutes later, Richie's calling across the club for Justin and Shawn, with the secret call of their crew, SKE (pronounced like "ski"—it stands for Some Kids Envy). "What was I gonna do? He was like, 'Move your table,' but I couldn't move all *our* people—"

They all look over at Puffy, a little nervous, but Puffy looks fine. He's perched on top of the emptied banquette, smiling slightly behind mirrored sunglasses; the room's full of kids unable to stand still to his music. Andre's dancing with one of Justin-Shawn-and-Richie's "girls."

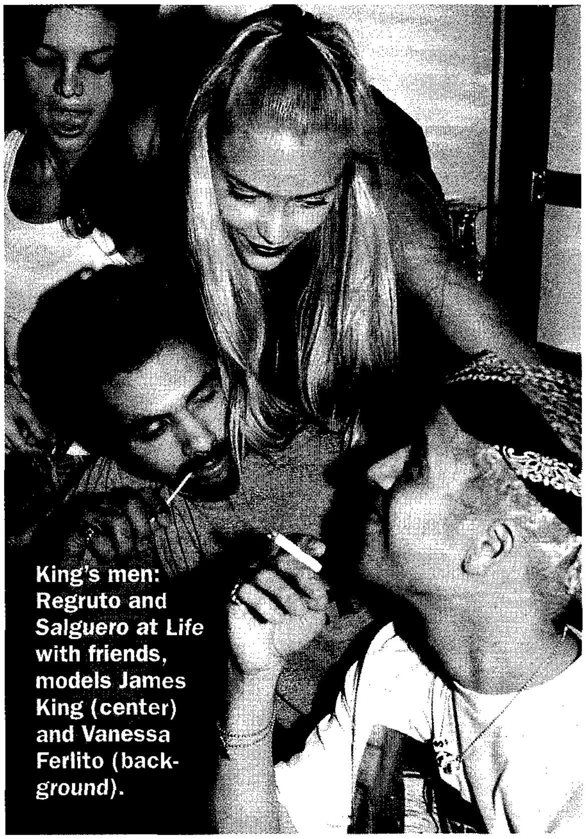
"Fuck Puffy," says Steve Ocevedo, a Dominican kid who's also part of the crew.

"Yo," Justin says, "we gotta show him respect." Their parties wouldn't be what they are without him; just six years their senior, he's also the epicenter of their dreams. "*It's all about the Benjamins, baby,*" Puffy's rapping now. Kids like Justin-Shawn-and-Richie are yearning to make his kind of "cream."

IT'S NOT ONLY FAMOUS PEOPLE WHO COME to Justin-Shawn-and-Richie's parties; it's famous kids, or kids with famous parents, or kids who are hell-bent on becoming famous. Their D.J. tonight at Lot 61 (the new club on West 21st Street that's become hot since Justin-Shawn-and-Richie started doing Monday nights there) is Mark Ronson, the 22-year-old rising hip-hop star and Tommy Hilfiger model. (His mom and stepdad are Ann Jones, the writer and socialite, and Mick Jones, the guitarist for Foreigner.) "It's total cult-of-celebrity time," says the laid-back Mark, looking down over the crowd from high up in the D.J. booth. "You don't have to really be anything to be a celebrity anymore—there are just so many famous people."

Downstairs, there's Lola Schnabel (Julian's daughter), Evin Cosby (Bill's daughter), and Max LeRoy (Warner's son); Fiona and Liv aren't here tonight, although everybody knows them—but oh, Puffy's here again, and Andre and Russell and Leo, swarmed by gorgeous girls in outfits that could be described as revealing. The rapper Jay-Z, author of a song called "Can't Knock the Hustle," eyes the room.

"I told Puffy about my screenplay," a plump young man in a Yankees cap says excitedly. "He was thirst! He gave me his cell-phone number! But yo, this screenplay," he adds, "it's just the beginning. Eventually I'm gonna have my own production company."



King's men: Regruto and Salguero at Life with friends, models James King (center) and Vanessa Ferlito (background).

All over the club, there are kids talking business. "That's *all* we talk about," says Vanessa Ferlito, 21, a lovely dark-haired former Wilhelmina model and aspiring singer. "Blowing up, making moves, getting paid." She laughs. "It's like a job, going out—every night we're trying to get people to introduce us to people. It's all about who you know and what you do with it."

Slick boys in Hawaiian shirts, khaki shorts, and fluorescent sneakers stride by, as if on their way to meetings. Vanessa rushes back: "Oh, did I tell you I got the part?" She met "Russell" in a club one night and landed a job as a correspondent on his fall TV show, *Oneworld Music Beat.* Everyone seems to be looking for that kind of connection, that conversation leading to a way to "blow up"—or become powerful, rich, and famous.

"*Money power and respect, money power and respect,*" screams the music.

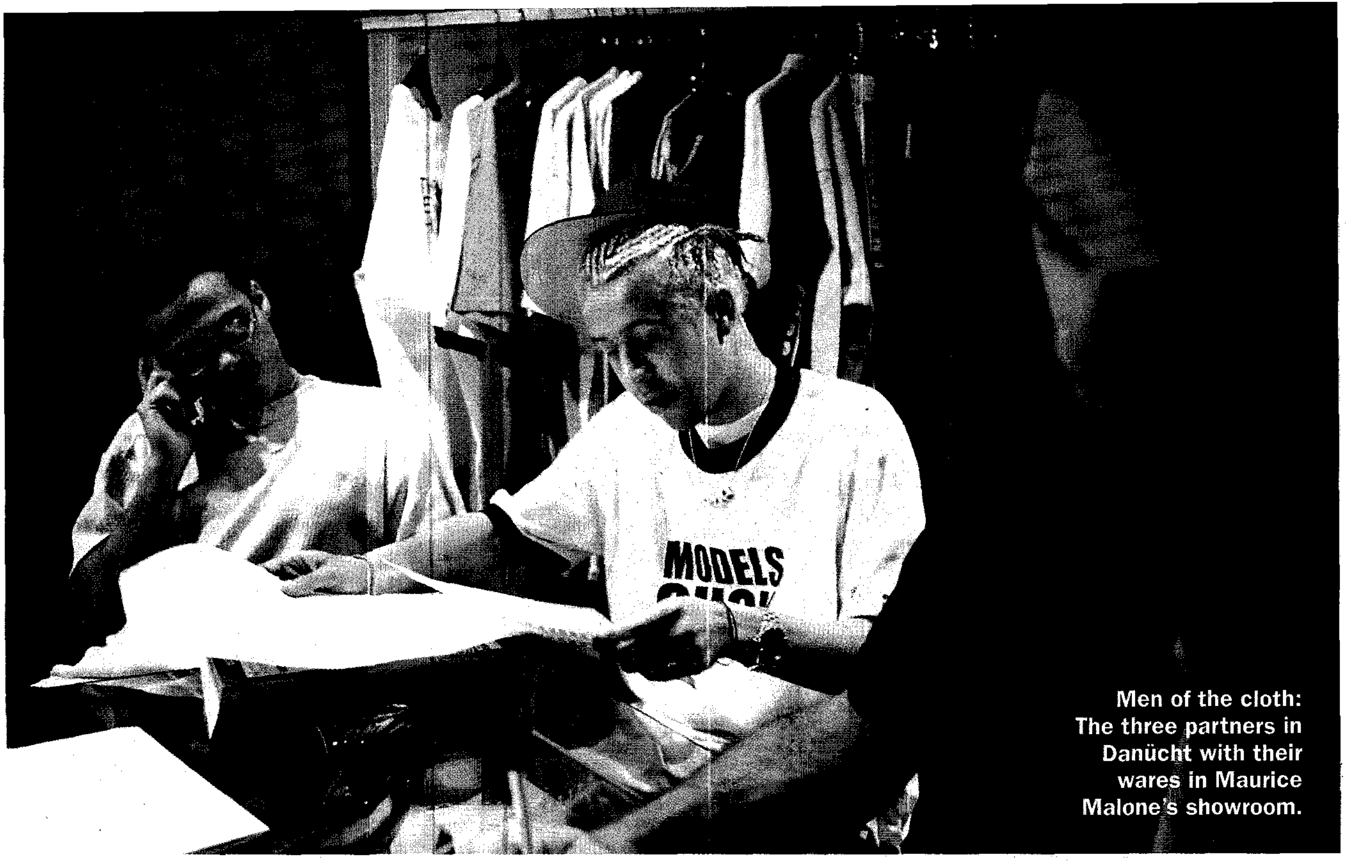
In the midst of an economic boom, in a culture obsessed by youth, almost anything seems possible, and the town square of New York nightlife has become the place where kids hunt for opportunities. "These are not club kids," says the British-rock-star-rish Mark Baker, New York's premier party promoter and P.R. maven. "It's not the wanton party madness I'm seeing. Kids are saying, 'I can have my fun and live to fight tomorrow.' They're realizing they can have a good career just by going out and meeting the right people. They're doing really well; they feed off each other."

"We're starting an empire," says Richie, dead serious, leaning back against a banquette. He, Shawn, and Justin are in the process of putting together a multimedia company, for which they have some serious backing. "We're gonna hit all the markets—fashion, music, entertainment," says Richie.

"Party promotion's just a stepping-stone," Justin says. "Clubs are good for networking," says Shawn. "Stuff happens there."

But blowing up isn't just about becoming famous; even president of the United States won't do—"Not enough cream in it," one boy says. It's about becoming famous for the right careers—as D.J.'s, V.J.'s, rappers, music producers, filmmakers, actors, or the ultimate, as *everything* at once, with all the glamour and power

"It's like a job, going out—getting people to introdu



Men of the cloth: The three partners in Danücht with their wares in Maurice Malone's showroom.

for which Puff Daddy is such a touchstone. Sean "Puffy" Combs modeled himself after Russell Simmons—the original hip-hop mogul—who modeled himself after David Geffen and Quincy Jones. Starting out as a party promoter, he amassed a close-to-$100 million fortune by the time he was 25, and that looks pretty good. The dream is infused with hip-hop—capitalism set to a rap beat.

"Even when it was graffiti on the street, we wanted to make a name for ourselves," says Semu Namakajo, 18, "and now that we're older, we're searching for the right formula to do it again." Semu's a D.J. (known as DJ Reach), and he's been holding down internships at record labels, "like Puffy did." He says he plans to start his own label one day. "I know I'm gonna blow up—it's just a question of when."

If their self-confidence sometimes sounds like loopy bravado, it's based on a shrewd insight: As young, cutting-edge New Yorkers, they know they have something to sell—their taste. "I know exactly what people want when it comes to style," says Justin. So "why should we buy somebody else's shit when we can make our own shit and sell it ourselves?" says Richie.

"We're the new shit, we're it," crows Ryan Jacklone, one of Justin-Shawn-and-Richie's crew—and, by the way, one of the world's most famous in-line skaters. "The old shit is over. We have the talent, and we have the ideas. We'll be like, 'This dude is better than that dude,' and that's the truth, and you'll believe it—we'll basically change everybody's opinion for the rest of life."

"Exactly," says Justin solemnly. "That's it."

"Little Justin"—quirky, jaunty, with his gold corn braids shooting like funk antennae through his blue bandanna—moves through the crowd, grinning. "Whassup?" "I'm chillin' "—everybody seems to know him. ("He's got charisma," says Steven Lewis, the director of Life, who just a couple of years ago had to throw him out of the club for fighting and "being a pain in the ass." But then "I saw he was a good kid," Lewis says. Now he's one of the people trying to help Justin "blow up.")

"When I blow up," Justin's saying, throwing a hand out like a rapper, "I'll shit on everyone who didn't have faith in me, on jealous people who hated me, but, like, *these* niggas"—he means Shawn and Richie and the rest of his "boys"—"and people who stood by me, just naturally, for the way I am, they'll *live.* Everyone will live. . . . "

To "live" is to have fun—especially the kind of fun they look like they're having in rap videos; it's also to survive. *"If you had 24 hours to live, what would you do?"* the thumping music's asking the crowd. They burst into cheers and dance.

"Subliminally, in people's heads, it's 1999," Justin's saying, "and it's omigod, it's a new fuckin' millennium, I've got to make moves—I've got to *live*—excuse me a minute." Justin's cell phone's ringing.

"*Yo*—"

ON A SUNNY AFTERNOON, Justin's strolling up Sixth Avenue on his way to a meeting for Danücht—"The New Shit," his start-up clothing company with Shawn and Richie. And he's talking about how people "front." "A lot of people front like they're making moves when they're really not, 'cause it's the thing to do," says Justin. "But with us, we've already proved ourselves, and we're gonna continue to prove ourselves till we're completely successful. But you know," he adds, "it's like the Rolling Stones song, 'I—' " He can't remember the words for a second. " 'I can't get no satisfaction'? We're never satisfied."

For Justin-Shawn-and-Richie, the dream is already more than a pipe dream. Danücht is being bankrolled by Richie's uncle Simon Akiva, a pioneer financier of hip-hop fashion (he has a controlling interest in Maurice Malone).

to people. It's who you know and what you do with it."

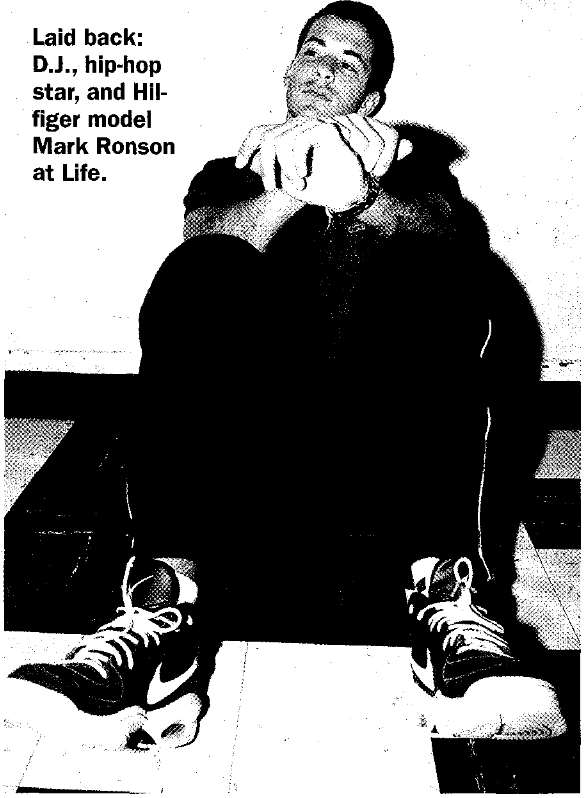
When Akiva saw the heat generated by the boys' MODELS SUCK T-shirts in the past two years, he decided to give them a chance to go wide. With no publicity machine behind them—the boys were selling them on the street, in clubs, out of their backpacks—they were featured in *Vogue*, in *The Face*, on MTV; Naomi Campbell, happily ironic, wore one in Spike Lee's *Girl 6*. Graffiti-style, SKE members were putting up MODELS SUCK: DANÜCHT stickers all over New York. "We bombed the city with them, the whole shit," Justin says.

"They're streetwise," says Akiva. "They're out at the parties every night; they know what the kids want to wear." Next spring, the Danücht line's anticipated to arrive in stores like Macy's, Barneys, and "better boutiques," says Akiva.

"We have the financial backing. But we still have to work off our asses," Richie says conscientiously. Unlike Richie, Justin and Shawn come from middle-class backgrounds. But these days, Justin says, "we're all in the mix."

THE COOLNESS OF STREET style has hardly gone unnoticed by the major fashion houses, which now fight for the consulting services of young people just like Justin-Shawn-and-Richie. Meanwhile, ventures started by Gen-Xers who balk at the idea of being bought out (such as Fresh Jive and Urban Decay, multi-million-dollar hip-hop clothing and cosmetics companies) risk being copied by the bigger outfits, which typically glom onto their styles as fast as they can make them. But Justin-Shawn-and-Richie have what they call a "next level" plan in mind to outsmart the players by diversifying their company from the get-go (surprisingly, the word *synergy* never comes up in their conversations).

Justin's meeting today is at Right to Execute, a graphic-design company in Chelsea. The office—in the apartment of the owner, Heather Sommerfield, 26—is decorated in purples, throw-pillowy, with a room full of blue-lit Macs. Justin walks in. "Yo, it smells *slamming* in here." He inhales for effect, nostrils flaring. "Incense burning, music playing, working-at-home-stees," or styles. "This is dope. It feels like the year 2000."



Laid back: D.J., hip-hop star, and Hilfiger model Mark Ronson at Life.

Shawn sits beside Heather at a Mac 8100; they're designing Danücht's line sheets, or specifications for production. Shawn is Danücht's main designer, although he's a film student at SVA and says what he'd really like to do is direct. "I just do the designing 'cause it comes easy to me." With his thick black hair, goatee, and flashing white teeth, he's the crew's more adult-looking member; 21, he could pass for 27 (and once dated the girl they all know as Liv—Tyler, of course). He's making an independent film now that, he says, "is very much about the lifestyle"—meaning their lives growing up in New York. He's highly aware of the film potential in the abundance of stories they've amassed in their years as city kids. They hope Danücht will eventually have a film division. "People are writing screenplays right and left."

A pair of sweatpants appears on the screen. Heather types as Shawn reads the line for the catalogue: "For the active, on-the-go pimp in us all," he says.

"Pimping is just chillin' out in the utmost style," explains Justin, bopping around the office, eating deli salad. "And Danücht's what the well-dressed pimp should be relaxing in."

Shawn flips through a book of their fashion plates—polo shirts, hats, T-shirts. I LOVE LUCCI—meaning money—one T-shirt says. Others say RIKER'S ISLAND, ATTICA, SING SING, and DANÜCHT: DOWN BY LAW. One just says YOBRO.

"We're trying to sum up all aspects of youth," Justin says. "Like hip-hop, grunge, street, thug . . . "

"We need some more girl shit," says Shawn.

Justin thinks. "Hmmmm. I tell you, right now, the shit for girls, it's gotta be hard, 'cause girls are coming out hard. Like, 'Yo, what the deal, bitch, *what*?' "

Heather tells him he has a phone call: "It's Sergeant O'Reilly?" she says.

Justin laughs. "Omigod, the cops!" It's just Richie.

Justin puts on a Tricky CD, *Angels With Dirty Faces*. "Ha, that's me," he says.

ONLY A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO, plenty of kids like Justin-Shawn-and-Richie were what this magazine called prep-school gangsters: private-school students living a wannabe gangster's life. Credit-card scams, shoplifting, and drug dealing were important ways of getting money and status in the scene. It didn't seem any worse to them than what some of their own parents or people in the news were doing with great success. One boy, whose father was a well-known real-estate developer in the eighties, once told me, "My dad's a gangster. He sits at the dinner table laughing about all the people he's screwing over." "Ivan Boesky made $200 million in a year off a scam," says Kim Bailey—who at 18 has left crew life behind and is also working with friends as a party promoter—with measured admiration. "Anybody who can make that kind of money off of a scam—what can you say? But then he got caught."

No one seems more surprised by the way he's turned things around than Justin. "Omigod, I was a hoodlum, a little piece of shit," he says. "Doing graffiti, robbing stores, terrorizing people—I don't care if you say it, whatever, it's true. I was such a little crazer." He was kicked out of Xavier High School and St. Peter's Prep, a school in New Jersey, before landing at the High School for the Humanities. And that was Davide Sorrenti's school.

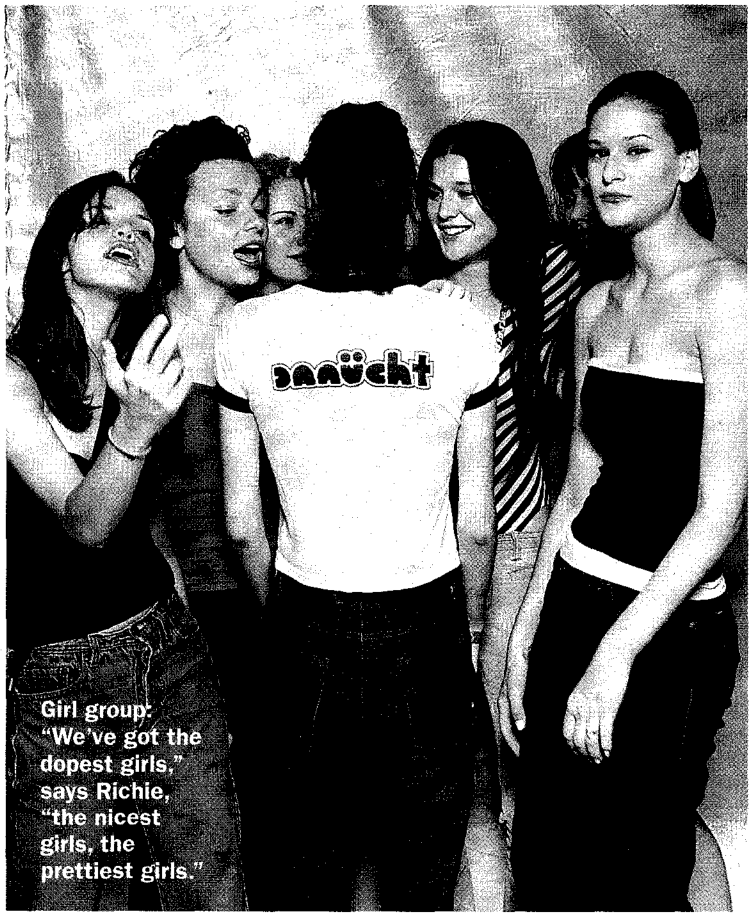
When Davide (pronounced "David") Sorrenti died in February 1997, it was an A1 story in the New York *Times*. The 20-year-old photographer—son and brother of two other prominent fashion photographers, Francesca and Mario—had come to symbolize the dangers of "heroin chic." (Davide's death was actually the result of a painful blood condition,

"It's more than kids saying, 'Let's make pants,' " sa

Cooley's anemia, complicated by heroin use. His mother is now leading a celebrated campaign against the use of underage fashion models, who are arguably more vulnerable to the lure of drugs.)

"Basically, Dave dying taught us that you can't fuck around in life," says Justin. "You can't do something for so long and think you're gonna get away with it. Like with this new thing, kids on some positive shit . . . for me, I think it's Davide looking over us."

"He was my brother," says Justin. "From ninth grade on, every day, it was me and him."



Girl group: "We've got the dopest girls," says Richie, "the nicest girls, the prettiest girls."

"The four of them were like peas in a pod," says Francesca Sorrenti. It used to be Justin-Shawn-Richie-and-Davide. Sorrenti's East Village loft was unofficial SKE headquarters; Davide started the crew. "I'd say to Davide, 'Oh, are they here again?' And he'd just say, 'Mom, I have to take care of my *boys*.' They had this brotherhood. City kids do that—they put their energy into each other."

SKE, a "famous" crew, was never simply for ruffians. It always had an artistic edge. Driven and creative, Davide insisted his friends develop their talents and gave an aura of real-fame-waiting-to-happen to their togetherness. "Every day for them was a photo shoot, he documented everything," says Francesca Sorrenti. Davide himself began to "blow up" around age 19, his darkly glamorous photos appearing in *Interview*, *Detour*, *Raygun*. "He was into fashion, but he would try to play"—subvert—"fashion," says Justin.

And for that, he was revered by kids. "He was bringing everything that we were to the pages of magazines," says Shawn; "—the realness of everything, graffiti, hip-hop," says Justin. "He was a trendsetter," says Richie. "People copied everything he did," Justin says, offering, "slitting the sides of your pants legs . . . cutting your own hair."

The boys ran around town together. "We went out every night of the week," says Richie, whose mother died when he was 3, and so, he says with a soft laugh, "you know, I never had a curfew. Late-night, people would come to my crib." They tried to be rappers together (if the Beastie Boys could do it . . .), in a group called the Mosaics—because, Richie says, "we were all different ethnics." (Justin-Shawn-and-Richie are Puerto Rican and Italian, Italian, and Jewish, respectively.)

When they were "rushed" after a show at the old club the Muse, they started to think that maybe they had something that people with money and power saw as promising—and marketable. "We were immediately gassed," says Justin. "It was overwhelming—this lady from Paisley Park records offered to sign us, and Def Jam . . . " But the deals, for various reasons, never happened. "They wanted us to rap in, like, *Spanish*," says Richie. "We were mad young," says Justin, "like 17, and we just kind of got scared off."

They were also busy being kicked out of high school and dealing with a "crazed" scene. Richie was kicked out of Columbia Prep before winding up at Dwight. Shawn went to Xavier after St. Anthony's—and Xavier had the best dances. "It was an all-boys school, but when it came to the dances, they would have massive amounts of girls from all the other Catholic schools," says Richie. "Shawn made us fake I.D.'s" so they could get in. Justin and Richie met on a dance floor.

When Shawn had to do a senior business project—à la *Risky Business*—he came up with the idea of making T-shirts, which evolved into an underground industry. They can't agree on who thought up the slogan "Models suck," which they don't actually *believe* ("Models are *all* good," says Justin. "It's modeling that sucks"), but at the time, it seemed just the thing to counter a culture gone model-mad. It was Davide who came up with "Danücht," originally conceived as the name of a rolling-paper company the boys were planning. "It wasn't just about pot. We were gonna have all different flavors," says Richie. And then, spurred by Davide, they started to think bigger.

Then he died. Grief-stricken, Justin was incapacitated for months and broke his wrist punching a wall in anger. He'd been living with Davide and his girlfriend, James King, in their apartment on West 12th Street before it happened. "I'd been kicked out of my house for being a derel"—derelict—"not finishing high school," Justin says (he later got his GED).

And then, he says, Danücht "saved" him. "A couple of months after Davide died, they came to me and said, 'We're gonna do this for him,' " says Francesca Sorrenti. And for themselves: They were getting older, and it was time to move on. It's interesting that one of their clothing designs takes the rainbow symbol of The North Face, practically the prep-school-gangster uniform, and jokingly turns it upside down.

But their crew mentality hasn't left them. Justin says it never will; it just has a different purpose now: "We're still a *crew*. And it's perfect for being in business together, because there's complete trust—we've been through so much together. In some office situation, you never really know who you're dealing with—like, somebody can come out with some next *weird* personality. But we know each other completely. Like when we're argu-

otographer Francesca Sorrenti. "It's a movement."

ing, we can go all out, because no matter what, we're friends. We'll be like, 'Fuck you! No!' Or sometimes we're just like, 'Yes!,' 'cause we understand each other. It's all about arguing—that was Dave's tag, ARGUE."

"It's more than kids saying, 'Lets make pants,' " says Francesca Sorrenti. "It's a movement."

Dough boy Steve Ocevedo, party promoter and partner in the fledgling Stay Gold record label.

"WHAT THE DEALIE? YOU coming to Life tonight? Yeah, come and chill out, shit's gonna be the *banger*, VIP-status-styles, Mark's D.J.'ing, me and Justin and Shawn and Richie are gonna be there. . . ."

We're in a cab, and Steve—Ocevedo; they call him Dough Boy—is on a cell phone getting the models to come down and make the party happen (a bit of wisdom their promoting mentor Mark Baker imparted to them: "Model plus celebrity equals party"). Steve sometimes helps out promoting with Justin-Shawn-and Richie.

"Ah-ight, shorty. I'll see you tonight." Steve clicks off his cell phone. "We have the dopest girls, the nicest girls, the prettiest girls," Richie says breezily. "We have more girls than people like Leo and all those other famous people."

Steve laughs. "Listen to you."

"What?" says Richie. "They think I have an ego."

"You have enough for everybody," says Steve.

"What I have is what I deserve, 'cause I work for it," insists Richie.

Richie's maybe a little "gassed" because he and Steve have just come from a meeting with Stevie Wonder, the president and owner of their start-up record label, Stay Gold (named after the song the artist contributed to *The Outsiders*, the 1983 Francis Ford Coppola movie about teenage gang life). "He's down with us," Richie says, "and that's something all those other people out there trying to do this can't compete with."

Of all the dreams that go with *the* dream, starting a record label is the most common. Steve brought Stevie Wonder's son, Keita Morris, into their crew; he and Keita were at Hartford College together until last year. "We used to talk about it every day, like, what are we doing in college, this is bullshit, Connecticut sucks," Steve says. Like other kids from the city now who go away for college, they only yearned to be back here, where everybody's "making moves." So they approached Keita's dad with the idea of starting a production team. "We brought it to him, and at first he was like, *right, whatever, label,*" says Steve. "But then he saw we were serious, trying to get people in the studio."

They're now cultivating acts. Part of their pitch to Keita's dad was their access to a teeming pool of up-and-coming young talent in New York—"It's all about access," says Richie—people like Mark Ronson, the D.J., whom they hope to make a head producer of Stay Gold. "We don't know that he's *definitely* gonna be down with us," Richie says (Mark's also starting his own label), "but he D.J.'s our parties, he's part of our crew, and if you're a crew, you stay together."

"What Puffy did when he started his label," Richie adds, "is he took people who weren't that big yet and let them *live*."

Keita makes tracks, Richie promotes, Steve's the business end of it. "We're gonna try and compete against Maverick," Madonna's label, says Richie.

Steve sighs. "I try not to lose my head, because we haven't really done anything yet," he says.

"What? We're pretty much the kings of New York," says Richie.

Steve laughs at him again. "See what I mean?"

ONE AFTERNOON IN SOHO, Justin wants to ride in a pedicab, one of those chariots driven by a cyclist in racing gear. It's a hot day, the sky a brilliant blue. Justin settles back in the plastic seat, pleased with being driven around in the open air. "This is dope," he says, smiling. We bump along.

With his hair knotted in a ponytail on top of his head today, there's something vaguely kung fu about him. He has on a maroon DANÜCHT T-shirt, a choker of three dice around his neck emblazoned with the letters S-K-E. He, Shawn, and Richie all wear them.

Suddenly, a dark-haired woman from Spanish CNN appears puffing along beside us, microphone in hand, asking if her cameraman can quickly shoot Justin for a segment on New York lifestyles, please? Justin seems not the least bit surprised. He waves to the camera.

"Did you see me on *House of Style*?" he asks casually. Danücht doesn't exist yet, and it was already on MTV.

"Yo, shorty," Justin calls to a girl in strappy sandals he sees walking along in the heat; she flutters her fingers—he says they know each other from "around the way." Justin's hands goes out, gently slapping the palms of boys gliding by us on foot, on skateboards, bicycles. "Yo, Jus." "Whassup, Jus-*SKE*."

He does seem to know a lot of people. "We do run downtown," Justin says, only half serious.

"Yo, why'd you take us down this craze block, my friend?" he asks the driver. We've strayed down an empty block—nothing to look at here, no one to be looked at by. We swerve around.

Back on Prince Street, Justin turns House of Stylist (he's also, by the way, the style editor of *Stress* magazine). He watches a guy in a cowboy hat smoking a cigarette, cross-legged against a wall. "That cowboy-hat shit is *kind* of all good," Justin says with care. "I dig girls that do it. But guys—if they're not officially like some rugged, scruffy cowboy type of dude, then it doesn't come off. That whole cowboy shit is down and dirty

"When we start the empire and make all the mone

and *unnnnhh.*” He makes a horse-riding motion. “You can't look all clean with a cowboy hat on.”

Justin seems completely confident that in some way, he *is* style at this moment in New York. “It's all about being yourself,” he says with a shrug.

He gives a purring “wassup” to a thirtysomething woman passing by—taken aback, she laughs, flattered. Justin gives the thumbs-up to her black tank dress. “What's good for a girl now is simplicity—a top and bottom, and that's it,” he says. “Maybe some thin, thin shirtdress, some Prada shit, some Anna Sui shit. Maybe something to finesse their hair. And *no* makeup. The biggest mistake girls make is too much makeup. It's all about being real.”

We see a fading ARGUE tag up on a wall. It's Davide's. Justin stares. “I miss him, every day. We were having mad fun.”

“But I guess . . . you can't have too much fun,” he says. “When he died, I looked at myself and said, ‘What the fuck am I doing?’ ” Justin stopped doing drugs then, with the help of Francesca Sorrenti, and has been drug-free ever since. “Fran said to me, ‘If you love Davide, then you'll stop,” says Justin. “I think to do them is a disrespect to him.”

We climb out of the pedicab. The driver shakes Justin's hand and pedals away.

Out on the sidewalk, there's a water-pistol fight going on. The clerks from two clothing boutiques—a guy and girl whom Justin also knows—are blasting away at each other with neon-colored plastic assault rifles. Justin borrows the guy's gun—“Lemme hold it?”—takes cover behind a parked car, and rapid-fires at the girl. She squirts back furiously. Just then, quite inexplicably, Richie and Steve and some other boys in SKE drive past in a sleek white BMW. Seeing Justin, they back down the street through traffic and park in front of us, all with the absurd sweeping ease of an action film.

Richie hops out, grabs the girl's gun, and starts firing at Justin—“Take that, Pony Boy!”

I ask him why they call him Pony Boy (a character from *The Outsiders*). Justin wipes his face with his T-shirt. “ ’Cause I'll never grow up,” he says.

AT MOOMBA LATE ONE NIGHT, LEO'S “KICKing it” with a bunch of kids in SKE. And Q-Tip's here.

The table's loud and messy. Justin and Richie are eating steaks. Vanessa and Sherry Cosonic, the Albanian doorgirl (“She's, like, a *wild* one,” says Richie) are munching on French fries. Leo wants some fries, too, but the kitchen's closed and won't open back up, not even for Leo.

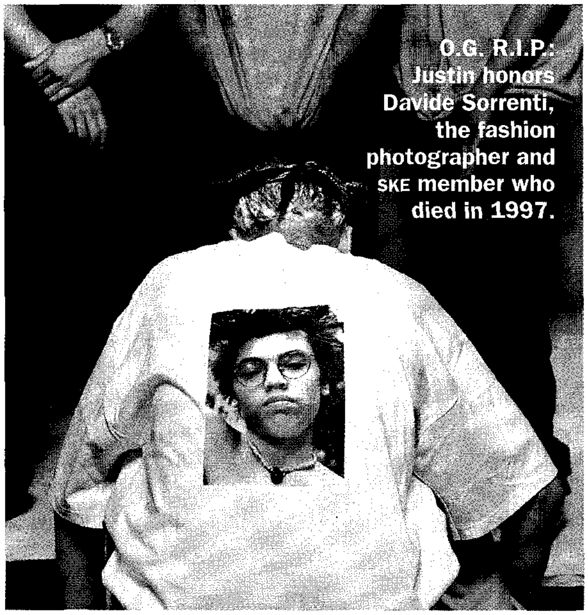
“Yo, Rich, lemme get some fries,” Leo asks Richie to ask the girls.

“Ask 'em yourself,” Richie says, mouth full.

“Lemme get some fries?” Leo asks Sherry.

Sherry's hungry; she winces, passing down the plate. Leo shoves a bunch of fries in his mouth; Q-Tip starts digging in, too.

Sherry gets impatient. “Yo, give us our fries back, don't play yourself!” Everyone laughs.


O.G. R.I.P.: Justin honors Davide Sorrenti, the fashion photographer and SKE member who died in 1997.

“You want your fries back?” says Q-Tip, appreciating her style. “You ain't gettin' 'em back.” He starts eating the fries faster. Sherry grabs at the plate. Q-Tip yanks it away, gets up and walks around the restaurant, offering it to strangers. “Yo, want some fries?”

Sherry jumps up and follows him. “What the *deal*?”

“Nah, nah, I'm eating 'em,” says Q-Tip, scarfing fries in his mouth, laughing.

Sherry takes a handful and smashes them in his face, his hair. Q-Tip takes the ketchup and mayonnaise cups off the plate and squirts them all over Sherry.

Leo laughs. Everyone claps.

Justin's still eating his steak heartily. “Ill,” he says, smiling, shaking his head. “Ill.”

ANOTHER MONDAY, THE kids at Lot 61 are doing the limbo. Girls with bare shoulders, bare feet, bare cleavage wriggle under the pole, heads back, drinks in hand. The slick boys in khaki shorts and Hawaiian shirts and fluorescent sneakers are still striding up and down; there are people here to talk to. It's a big night, Justin's 22nd-birthday party.

It looks as if a camera crew from *Entertainment Tonight* is coming through the crowd for an interview, high beam focused on Justin—but it's just some of his friends, young filmmakers, making a movie. Justin calmly accepts the spotlight and starts making moves like a rapper. He talks, but it doesn't matter what he's saying. The movie's silent, all about style.

On the wall, by the dance floor, they're projecting photos of one other. Dozens of kids are blown up, larger than life. Laughter erupts at shots of Justin in somebody's kitchen, looking less than lucid. An affectionate moan goes up at a shot of Davide.

James King drifts through the crowd, her filmy white blouse and platinum hair trailing. She wears a burnt expression, like a fallen angel.

“My movie's called *The Skeleton Dance*,” Shawn's telling me, “and it's about an up-and-coming photographer and his adventures out in New York in clubs with certain models and drugs. . . .”

“When we start the empire,” Richie's saying, “and we make all the money, then I'll open up my own club, and I'll go to it every night and just chill.”

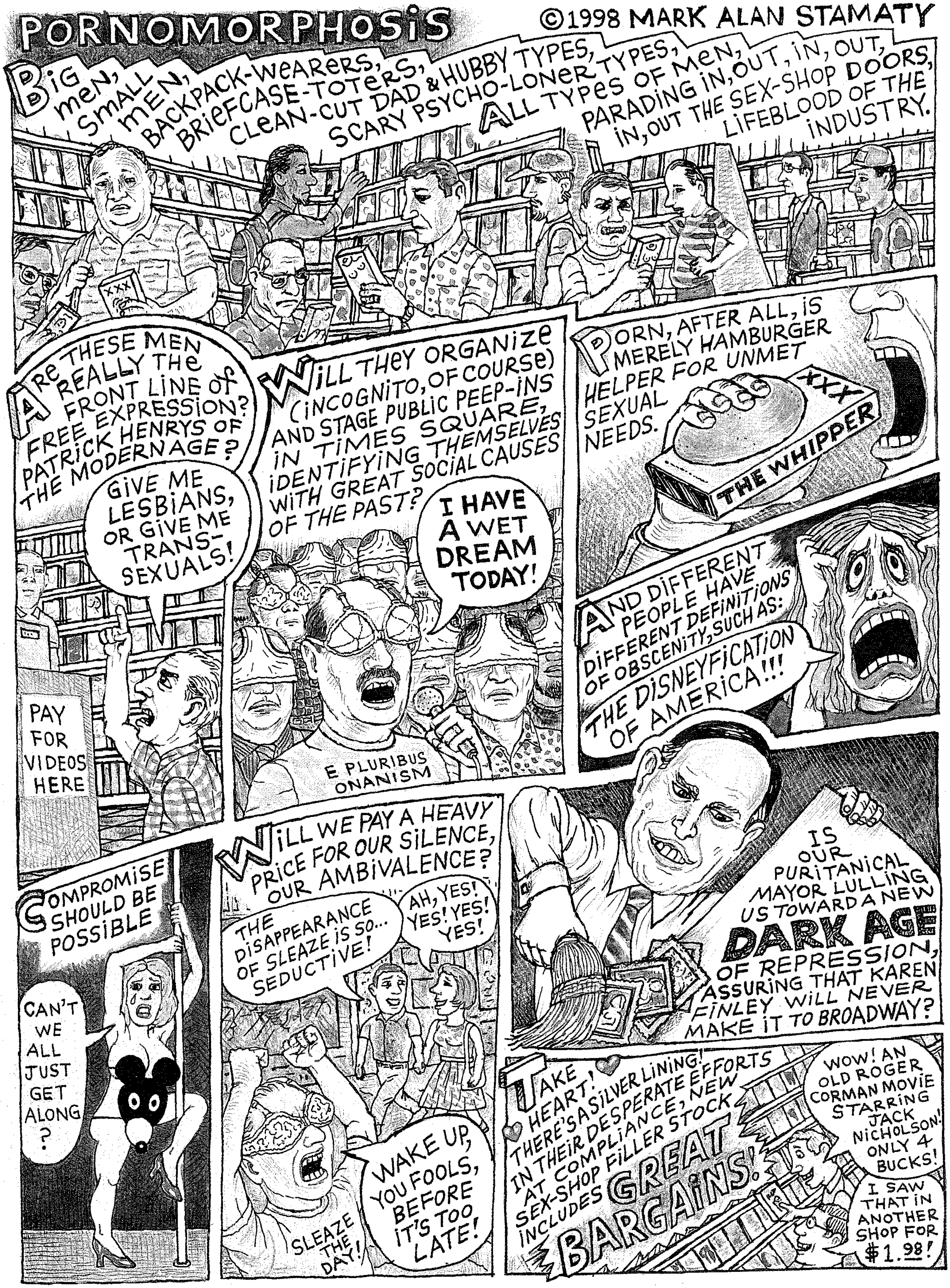
Mark Ronson spins Brandy: *“I'm just trying to be me, doing what I got to do. People think that I'm sitting on top of the world. . . . ”*

Twelve long-stemmed glasses of Cristal clink together, with a “Justin!” “When I blow up,” Justin's saying, “I'm gonna buy my mom a house, and buy my dad an old-school car, cause he's into that shit.

“I just want to do good. But at the same time, I want to *live.* Davide would have lived! Like, ill.” Justin smiles. “We're gonna finesse it, the good life,” he says. “We're gonna go all out.”

He moves toward the limbo pole and gets in line. His friends are clapping, egging him on. Justin starts to go under; the pole's perilously low. But it looks like he's going to make it. ■

I open up my own club, and go every night and just chill.”


PORNOMORPHOSIS
©1998 MARK ALAN STAMATY
Big men, small men, backpack-wearers, briefcase-toters, clean-cut dad & hubby types, scary psycho-loner types, All types of men, parading in, out, in, out, in, out the sex-shop doors, lifeblood of the industry.
XXX
Are these men really the front line of free expression? Patrick Henrys of the modern age?
Give me lesbians, or give me transsexuals!
PAY FOR VIDEOS HERE
Will they organize (incognito, of course) and stage public peep-ins in Times Square, identifying themselves with great social causes of the past?
I HAVE A WET DREAM TODAY!
E PLURIBUS ONANISM
Porn, after all, is merely hamburger helper for unmet sexual needs.
XXX
THE WHIPPER
And different people have different definitions of obscenity, such as:
The Disneyfication of America!!!
Is our puritanical mayor lulling us toward a new DARK AGE of repression, assuring that Karen Finley will never make it to Broadway?
Compromise should be possible
Can't we all just get along?
Will we pay a heavy price for our silence, our ambivalence?
The disappearance of sleaze is so... seductive!
Ah, yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!
SLEAZE THE DAY!
Wake up, you fools, before it's too late!
Take heart! There's a silver lining! In their desperate efforts at compliance, new sex-shop filler stock includes GREAT BARGAINS!
Wow! An old Roger Corman movie starring Jack Nicholson! Only 4 bucks!
I saw that in another shop for $1.98!

DIRTY JOKE

If the lesson of Rudy's hero Fiorello La Guardia is any guide, the disappearance of smut will prove illusory. Today, porn shops are beginning to peddle trinkets; how long before trinket shops start pushing porn to serve a hankering market?

BY MICHAEL TOMASKY

PORNOGRAPHY MAKES A WONDERFUL TARGET FOR POLITICIANS. Though millions consume it privately, few this side of Al Goldstein will defend it publicly. The only respectable pro-porn line, of course, is of the free-speech variety, and while these arguments have some merit, they often land strangely on the ear: *Anal Lesbians* is not *Lolita,* after all, and to equate them is to evince a loose grasp indeed of both the law and art. Furthermore, who will argue that Queens homeowners who

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK ALAN STAMATY

don't want strip joints in their residential neighborhoods are being unreasonable? It defies common sense to assert that the Constitution and its many judicial interpreters ever had in mind that people should have to look out their front windows and see two-foot-high neon flashing breasts.

As a consequence, few serious objections have been raised against Rudy Giuliani's campaign against the sex shops. In June, some gallant porn stars in California took their case to Sacramento to fight an anti-smut law there. But the porn-loving masses of New York are more likely to retreat to the Internet than to hold a rally in City Hall Park. Giuliani will win this fight, and most New Yorkers will think the city better off for it. But are we?

Commercial uses of property can be regulated. Urges, however, cannot. And neither can cultural trends. Here we are, thanks to the work of a well-known Washington prosecutor, talking blow jobs and semen stains on the nightly news. Tired of the nightly news? Flip to Showtime, where just the other night I happened across Sherilyn Fenn's breasts. Bored with television? *Rolling Stone* this month dispensed with the usual perfunctory teddies and showed model Laetitia Casta starkers—although her nipples seem to have been oddly erased. *Vanity Fair,* on the other hand, has Gretchen Mol's (who's she, again?) nipples protruding like cherrystones. Elsewhere: The acclaimed Broadway revival of *Cabaret*—the one you couldn't get a ticket for even before the Condé Nast building fell on top of it—simulates assorted acts of sexual depravity in the interest of re-creating the sleaze in Weimar Germany.

This is all, loosely defined, soft-core pornography, at least as suggestive and often as explicit as any strip-club routine. More so, now that strippers must cover their bottoms and their tops "below a point immediately above the top of the areola," as the new law efficiently puts it. We can assume—can't we?—that Giuliani will not move against these targets. But with all this out there, what exactly is he protecting us from?

Morals campaigns have been known to fail in producing their intended effect. Smutbusters from Robespierre on have found that things went their way for a time, but soon enough, people tired of their rules and found ways around them. That will happen this time, too. Pornography has already gone mainstream; if Giuliani's laws have any effect on this trend, they will only make it more mainstream—bringing more XXX flicks to your local video store, for example, or daring legitimate entertainments to take more risks. And that may only make Giuliani angrier; not a notion many of us want to contemplate.

Will local video stores now stock up on porn? "Probably," says one manager. "There'll probably be a bigger market for it."

TO SEE HOW VICE CAMPAIGNS don't work, we need look no farther than the mayor's hero. Fiorello La Guardia's decade-long campaign against smut was prosecuted in his usual pyrotechnic style and with the assistance of something called the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. It commenced against steep odds; campaigns promoting public virtue had not, needless to say, been a weapon in the arsenal of Jimmy Walker, the mayor from 1926 to 1932, whose interest in things prurient manifested itself in the form not of regulation but of consumption. When La Guardia came into office in 1934, he and his licensing commissioner, Paul Moss, quickly set a new course.

The targets of La Guardia's wrath were burlesque houses, where strippers had alternated turns with stand-up comics and other acts since at least the turn of the century. New York City had about eleven "class" houses back then, and a handful of lower-echelon places. La Guardia wanted them out of Times Square. "It was sort of okay as long as they were down on 14th Street, you know, where the Jews were," says Rachel Shteir, who's writing a book on the history of striptease for Oxford University Press, "but once they moved up around the theater district, then it was a different matter."

The burlesque houses' odds were not helped by the fact that Moss's brother was a Broadway producer, which gave the commissioner a more than passing interest in Times Square property values. La Guardia did not enjoy tremendous public support, Shteir says, and the great columnists of the day—Damon Runyon, A. J. Liebling, even Brooks Atkinson—were against him on this issue. But by 1942, La Guardia had prevailed. The Minsky brothers, who operated four of the most famous of the burlesque houses, had by then fled Manhattan and opened two houses in New Jersey. Which thrived.

SKIN, AND THE PUBLIC TASTE FOR it, did not, of course, disappear. It simply went mainstream. After the burlesque houses were closed, Shteir says, strippers went Broadway. In 1942 Mike Todd produced *Star and Garter,* starring Gypsy Rose Lee; it was even billed as a "burlesque revue," and it was a tremendous hit. Rodgers and Hart's *Pal Joey* worked this angle as well, with "Zip," the *faux*-strip number that hilariously satirized Lee's rise into legitimate society ("Zip—I was reading Schopenhauer last night / Zip—And I think that Schopenhauer was right"). The culture at large took pity on strippers and regarded them sympathetically. "The whole motif of the literary stripper, the good and even refined woman who happened to be down on her luck, sprang up," Shteir says. "Fanny Brice actually had a number like that, 'The stripper is a countess . . .' "

If yesteryear's stripper is today's porn queen, does this mean we'll be seeing Tiffany Mynx (a name I learned, rest assured, only while conducting my research) on Broadway? Admittedly unlikely. But with Times Square's transformation into just another all-American shopping mall, albeit one with superior signage, nostalgia for smut will inevitably grip the heart of a Broadway producer or two. Todd's shows were pretty racy in their day; whatever boundaries of taste that were in place back then sure don't exist now (a musical version of *Boogie Nights*? an "updated" revival of *Oh! Calcutta!*?) Now that the new, Rudyized porn palaces are offering luggage and tchotchkes and billiards in the front rooms, it can't be too long before some crackerjack entrepreneur finds a way to take advantage of technicalities in the new law to kick a little more dirt in the mayor's face. Steak and cigar and tittie bars?

Along with porn stores carrying tourist trinkets, will trinket shops carry a little porn? Some of those Sixth and Seventh Avenue electronics stores stock porn now; won't more of them do so when all-porn video shops cease to exist? And won't that just make porn in some ways *more* accessible? Then there are neighborhood video stores. Many have a small section devoted to dirty movies. Will they now carry more? "Unfortunately, that's probably what we're going to do," says Mike Loney, the assistant manager of the Kim's Video outlet on St. Mark's Place. "There'll probably be a bigger market for it."

The mayor's anti-smut campaign probably won't accomplish that much in the end. And if that's the case, then we should also wonder whether the crusade comes with a price.

La Guardia's crusade cleaned up Times Square, but it also just moved things around. Giuliani's will do the same, but not as well.

IN THE LATE SEVENTIES AND EARLY eighties, Cincinnati, light brigade led by then-prosecutor Simon Leis, waged the most aggressive anti-smut campaign of any city in America. The city's red-light district was always small—never larger, in trial lawyer Louis Sirkin's memory, than three or four establishments—but that was three or four too many for Leis. Today, the city is virtually smut-free, except for Hustler News & Books, which is owned, comically, by Larry Flynt, probably as a joke because Cincinnati is where Flynt was famously sued. Leis's trick was to sue landlords as well as their filth-peddling tenants, thus forcing landlords to clean up. "Most of these cases got reversed on appeals, but by then these stores were gone," Sirkin says.

Sure enough, all things Godless moved to Kentucky, which eventually came up with its own laws "because they got tired of being known as Cincinnati's playground," Sirkin says. But more important, it didn't take long for the zero-tolerance mind-set to reach beyond blue material. It was in 1990, when the Robert Mapplethorpe show hit town, that the rest of the country saw firsthand how Cincinnati pronounced on such issues. The Hamilton County prosecutor's office, under Leis's hand-picked successor, sued the Contemporary Arts Center and its director, Dennis Barrie. Sirkin was Barrie's lawyer and is of the view that their victory in court was a somewhat Pyrrhic one.

"Yeah, we won the arts-museum case," Sirkin says, "but look at how the funding of the arts in Cincinnati has changed ever since." Before, he says, the local arts council did an aggregate fund drive and financed projects from the major museums to local theater groups. Now, he says, it's all corporate sponsorship, and the corporations are careful to fund only safe projects. Meanwhile, a theater group did manage to stage a play called *Poor Superman*, which mentions transsexuality, but only after consulting with an attorney beforehand. The Pink Pyramid, a gay-and-lesbian bookstore, was threatened with prosecution and fined for having rented to an inspector Pasolini's *Salo—The 120 Days of Sodom*.

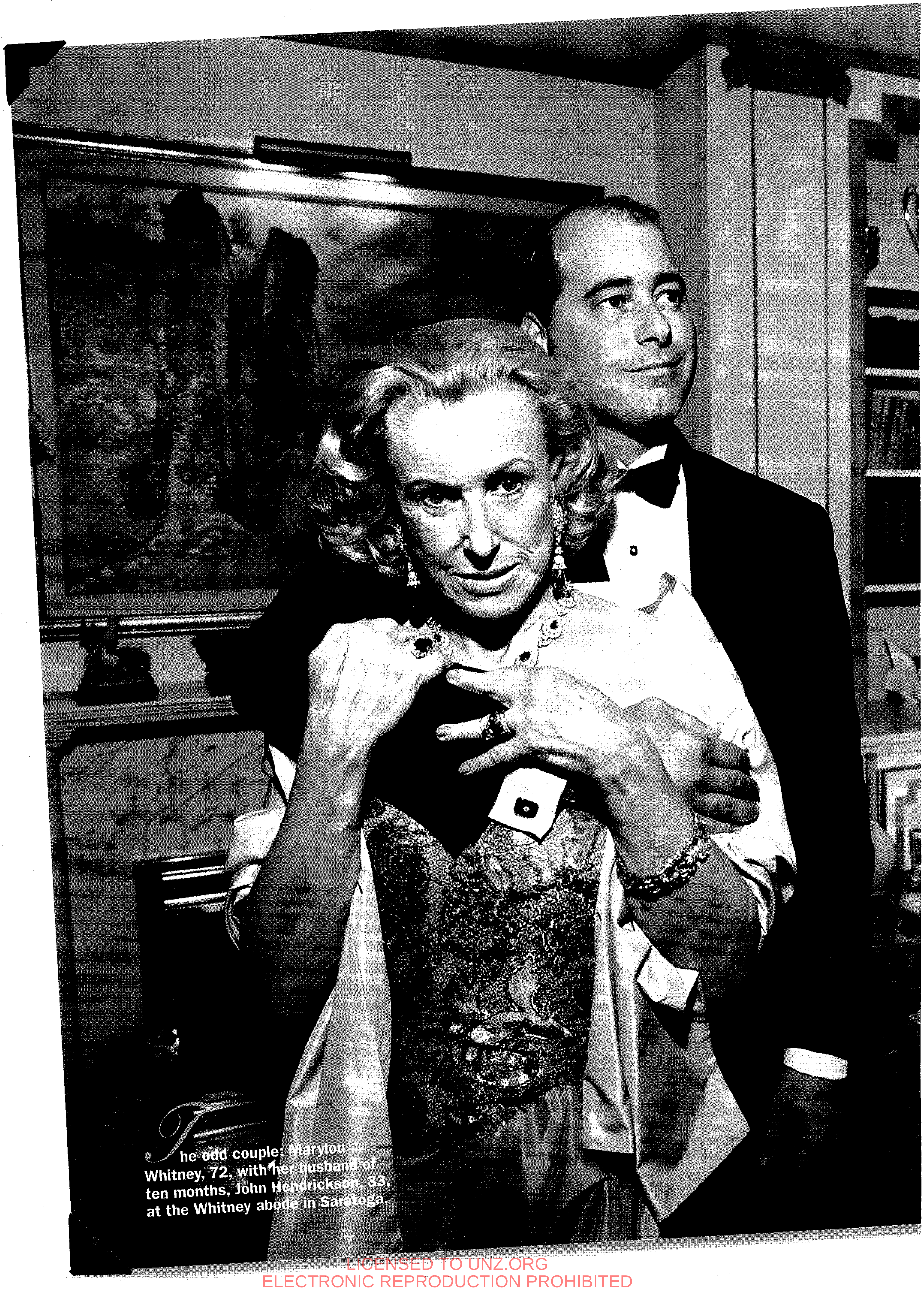
I know—you've said it to yourself already: New York is not Cincinnati. True; Giuliani is probably wise enough to know that if he ever tried to regulate the display of anything that could remotely be called art, a lot of the people who are applauding him now (especially the *Times* editorial board) would paste him. But a tone has been established, and tones set by mayors tend to ripple across the landscape as surely as executive orders.

The Giuliani tone of "normalcy" and wholesomeness is something this corroded city needed to an extent. But only to an extent. "New York is part of America," beamed Parks Commissioner Henry Stern in the wake of the Central Park Garth Brooks concert, the Ur-symbol of this administration's ideas about mass culture. That sounds nice, but there are a lot of New Yorkers who don't want to be part of America. There are a lot of people who come here to escape America. New York *is* different. We're looser. We're less nervous and uptight. ("There are so many of *them* out there," *Partisan Review* co-editor William Phillips is said to have remarked to Philip Rahv after he and his wife returned from a trip to the Midwest.) We're more immigrant. We're more African. We're more Jewish.

None of this means that we celebrate filth. Times Square was disgraceful in the seventies, and no one wants to go back to that. But it does mean that we say: Live a little. New York isn't Cincinnati because its citizens don't want it to be. We want to be on the edge, and the edge makes room for dropouts and misfits and all-night clubs and maybe even smut. The Cincinnatification of New York should stop with vice campaigns and bad chain restaurants.

In La Guardia's day, smut didn't have lawyers and legal precedents to cite or anywhere near the market share it has now (pornography ranks ninth in topics people go searching for on the Net, just behind education). There's something that's hard to take seriously about the thought of city lawyers spending hours to sit around and draft legal language that includes phrases like "human male genitals in a discernibly turgid state."

And there's something unseemly about city inspectors being paid with our money to watch sex shows and report back the details. There's something ludicrous about making strippers wear tops. There's something just plain screwy about cracking down on strip clubs while any 6-year-old can look at the sides of street-corner newsstands and see naked women rubbing each other lasciviously on the covers of girlie magazines (displaying those magazines is illegal, but the law is haphazardly enforced). And as clean and safe as New York is now, there's something unsettling about the fact that Triple X has to be replaced by Triple G. There's only so much wholesomeness New York can take. ■



The odd couple: Marylou Whitney, 72, with her husband of ten months, John Hendrickson, 33, at the Whitney abode in Saratoga.

Let the cynics snicker. Sprightly 72-year-old heiress Marylou Whitney and her adoring new 33-year-old husband, John Hendrickson, are too haute and bothered to notice.

By Charlotte Hays

Driving *Mrs.* Whitney

MARYLOU WHITNEY HAS ALWAYS HAD A FLAIR FOR grand entrances, and the one she made on August 7 at the annual Canfield Casino Gala was no exception. A few minutes past seven, a flapper-era Ford Model T rolled up to the casino in Saratoga, New York, squealed to a stop, and discharged its 72-year-old occupant. Mrs. Whitney's sleeveless ivory gown set off a boulder-size emerald necklace; her pink face was framed by swirls of golden cotton-candy hair. ~ Clutching a young Army cadet with one hand and her chiffon stole with another, she inched her way through the waiting crowd, gamely posing for photographers and signing autographs while glancing impatiently at the car. Suddenly a masked figure, dressed as the Phantom of the Opera, emerged from the rumble seat. Whitney's brand-new, 33-year-old husband, John Hendrickson, rushed to catch up with his wife, amiably tossing plastic party favors to the crowd.

Photograph by David Barry

Outside Saratoga's Congress Park, 400 fans had been assembled for hours, anxiously awaiting the newlyweds. Marylou's arrival had always been the high point of the Whitney Gala. Her annual blowout, which she's hosted every year for two decades, marks the opening of the Saratoga Races and sets off a monthlong marathon of parties and balls that make up the frenetic Saratoga Season. In previous years, Mrs. Whitney had arrived in a hot-air balloon or a coronation coach not unlike Queen Elizabeth's.

Today, accompanied by a posse of "celebrity friends" like Susan Lucci, Gary Collins, and former Miss America Mary Ann Mobley, the queen of Saratoga spent half an hour in the park amiably chatting up her subjects before making her way into the casino, where 320 select members of the city's elite had anted up sums as large as $5,000 for a more private audience.

But the Whitney Gala is, like Marylou, no stuffy affair. "I do booths so that people can eat. There are steakburgers, omelets, a make-your-own-sundae and -salad bar," she says, sounding like a carnival barker. "I have dog acts, clown acts, and fortune tellers." Every year, Mrs. Whitney costumes herself in keeping with a different fantasy theme, such as Snow White or Little Bo Peep. (One year, Marylou provoked a small panic when, as she danced into Congress Park dressed as Glinda the Good Witch from *The Wizard of Oz,* a $250,000 emerald popped from her necklace. A local construction worker found the gem and turned it in the next morning. Marylou rewarded him with $5,000 and a seat at the private box at the racetrack.)

For this year's gala, guests were instructed to dress in black or white and Marylou imported a special costumed choir to perform Broadway show tunes. *Phantom,* noted one droll observer, was the perfect theme for the long-running party, which became a fund-raiser for the National Museum of Dance several years ago. "The only drama that's run longer," quipped *Avenue* editor David Patrick Columbia, "is Marylou herself."

From housewife to nightlife: Left to right, Whitney with cookbooks (her cooking was said to have won Sonny's heart); at a tiara ball in the fifties; and with Andy Warhol at a party for the Saratoga races.

AFTER TEN MONTHS OF WEDDED BLISS, MARYLOU Whitney and John Hendrickson still can't stop touching each other. A short time before their party, "Mrs. Whitney and John," as their secretaries refer to them, are ensconced in the library at Cady Hill, Marylou's 21-room mansion in Saratoga Springs, a self-contained world with tennis courts, Victorian gardens, walkways that are heated in winter, and even a private chapel on a rise not far from the main house.

"Where do you want my hands, baby?" John leers. Dressed in a crisp gray suit shirt and slathered in shaving lotion, he looks like an immaculately turned out cherub, with love handles he attributes to the tiny heiress's home cooking.

"You can put your hands *anywhere,*" coos Marylou in a whispery, society-girl accent. A husbandly paw sneaks to just below her curvaceous bosom, brushing her tight shocking-pink dress. "You're perking up, aren't you, baby?" Hendrickson says, giving his wife's firm little rump a playful slap. A few minutes earlier, Marylou, running a temperature of 103, was wilting, moaning that she'd die if made to pose in the humidity of the pastel-hued pool house. But if anybody knows the show must go on, it's Marylou Whitney, onetime actress and the fourth and final Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney. Grabbing a pair of stiletto heels from a hovering secretary, she becomes suddenly animated. On cue, she and John flash practiced, dazzling party smiles for the camera, while a squirming Marylou perches herself on his knee. "Have you been a good girl?" John demands. "Santa," she replies, gazing deeply into his eyes, "bring me something good." Hendrickson scoops his five-foot-four, emerald-dripping wife into his arms. "She's about 50 pounds lighter without her jewelry," he says.

IN SLEEPY SARATOGA, 150 MILES NORTH OF NEW YORK CITY, MARYLOU Whitney is a megawatt celebrity—Madonna and Brooke Astor wrapped into one. Assorted Whitneys have lived here for more than a century, and they helped put the town on the social map. When Saratoga began to decline in the late fifties, Marylou was instrumental in reversing the tide by throwing high-profile parties that brought celebrities, media, and much-needed dollars to the racetrack. Her annual ball, an adjunct to the races, is more than a purely social event. "When Marylou is on the scene, there's a spotlight on all of Saratoga," says Terry Meyocks, president of the New York Racing Association. "She's had a huge impact." A couple of years ago, a local radio station sponsored a Marylou-look-alike contest that attracted dozens of contestants, including a notable number of men. There is even a popular song around these parts with the refrain "Marylou, Marylou, come and meet our Marylou." When Mrs. Whitney ambles into a restaurant or party, likely as not, they'll be playing her song.

So when she returned home with a husband 39 years her junior, some of her neighbors were understandably alarmed. "I think people were scared that he was a lightweight, that he was using her for the money, and, worst of all, that he'd steal her away from Saratoga," says one prominent local. But John's genial nature soon won over most of his detractors, and his deft sale of 15,000 acres of Mrs. Whitney's land in the Adirondacks proved he was more than just a semi-pretty face. In any case, he says, he wouldn't dream of

"*Well, yes,*" admits Marylou, "John does do some of the dirty work. But isn't that what a man *does*?"

abandoning Saratoga. "Marylou *saved* this town," he says. "At least, that's what people tell me. I wasn't born yet."

INDEED. WHILE MARYLOU WAS IN HER THIRD DECADE OF REIGNING AS the queen of Saratoga, John was reigning elsewhere—as the Junior Prom king of West High in Anchorage, Alaska. She made her first marriage, to Frank Hosford, the alcoholic heir to the John Deere fortune, in 1948, nearly two decades before John was born. In 1958, after divorcing Hosford, she married Sonny Whitney in a ceremony at the El Ranch-O-Tel in Carson City, Nevada. "Marylou wooed Sonny with her cookbook," claims one longtime friend. "She played the role of the simple girl from the Midwest who loved to cook. He wanted to be fussed over."

She was born Marie Louise Schroeder of Kansas City. Her father, Harry R. Schroeder, was an ambitious accountant who attended law school at night with Harry Truman. Marie Jean, Marylou's mother, was a housewife. Marylou graduated from Southwest High School and went to the University of Iowa, but had to come home and get a job after her father died. She got the perfect one: flirtatious wartime disc jockey at station KCKN. "I created a show for servicemen called 'Private Smiles,' " she says. "We played Tommy Dorsey and Frank Sinatra, and it was very popular and made me kind of a star. In those days, there was something called a Hooper Rating, and I had a higher Hooper Rating in that area than Bob Hope." After a year, the ambitious anchor moved to New York. "She walked into '21' on the arm of Teddy Howard, the theatrical press agent, and three men at the bar were instantly interested," says Richard Cowell of Palm Beach, one of the men at the bar. "She was unquestionably glamorous." Marylou also set about burnishing her social history. Howard, who worked for her, spread the word that she was an aspiring actress from "a very prominent family." Though she didn't make it as an actress, people say she seemed more interested in marrying a rich man and enjoying herself anyway. "She was a fun-loving girl at all the parties," remembers Brownie McLean of Palm Beach, another fun-loving girl of the era. A bit of a publicity hound, Marylou was adept at handling reporters. "Tell them everything, but don't tell them anything," she once advised an intimate. In a colorful, ink-garnering moment, the petite, blue-eyed Marylou rode a horse up to El Morocco in 1947 and hitched it outside while she partied.

IN 1992 AFTER 34 YEARS OF MARRIAGE, SONNY WHITNEY DIED AT THE age of 93, leaving Marylou his entire $100 million estate. After a few months, the high-spirited Marylou, who had dutifully nursed her husband through his last ailing years, threw herself headlong into society. It was not long before "Page Six" reported that the "ageless beauty" was dangling several men, ranging in age from 30 to 70. "Oh, yes!" Marylou confirms brightly. "There were lots! But John was the only one who counted."

Well, there *was* young Robert Rosato, also in his thirties. In a delicious vignette in its "Uncensored" column, *W* magazine reported in October 1995 that on spotting Rosato coming into a party, Marylou sprinted across a crowded room and screamed "He's mine!" They were later seen kissing, and the next night, after Marylou switched place cards to be next to Rosato, they were observed heading in the direction of Cady Hill. (Mrs. Whitney denies that she and Rosato were anything but friends.)

BY THE TIME SHE MET JOHN, IN 1994, HE was also on the rebound. His seven-year romance with Dorrea Kelley, a striking African-American doctor's aide, had just ended. "John was yearning for love," says a friend of his from that time. Hendrickson was working as an aide to Alaska's then-governor, Wally Hickel, and it was the governor who introduced him to Marylou. Hickel and his wife Ermalee had been friends with the Whitneys ever since Hickel had served as secretary of the Interior in the Nixon administration. Marylou, the enthusiastic sponsor of an Alaskan dogsled team, was in Anchorage, and Hickel asked John to make up a fourth for dinner. As usual, Hendrickson got stuck driving. "I'm looking through the rearview window and I'm thinking, 'Wow! *This* is a beautiful woman!' " John recalls. Adds Marylou, "That was the day my life began again."

He insists that he didn't know how rich—or how old—Marylou was. "I thought she was 52 or 53," he says, "but please don't print that. Marylou would be angry that I thought she was that old.' " On their first date, recalls John "we stayed up until three o'clock in the morning, talking about the meaning of life."

A few months later, Marylou was cooking her famous apple brown Betty in the kitchen of Hendrickson's two-bedroom condo in Anchorage. But they didn't tell many people about their burgeoning romance. "The secrecy lasted a long time," says Anchorage lawyer David Shoup. "But as soon as we got to know Marylou, our apprehension dropped away. They act just like my girlfriend and I act. I think that John is very much in love with Marylou." As word filtered out about the improbable romance, the couple sought to handle the age difference with humor—at least once going too far.

This was the time they staged a skit for unsuspecting Albany *Times Union* reporter Paul Grondahl, who had driven out to interview the love birds at Cady Hill. The butler met him with a tray of cucumber sandwiches, and then Marylou, $100 bills peeping from her cleavage, pushed John into the library in a wheel chair. Ghastly stage makeup had transformed him into an old man. "Every girl needs a sugar daddy," Marylou cooed, wriggling into John's lap. During the interview following this bizarre parlor performance, Grondahl asked John what he'd do if somebody mistook Marylou for his mother. "I'd say, 'I hope she spanks me,' " he giggled. Every word was duly reported in the next day's paper.

Some in Saratoga thought that their queen had embarrassed herself, and Marylou, who craves the spotlight, temporarily took a lower profile. This embarrassing episode, however, didn't cool her ardor for John. She announced their engagement several months before he got around to formally asking her to marry him. But when it finally came, the proposal scene—Buckingham Palace, no less—was worthy of one of Marylou's own theme parties. They were attending a reception hosted by Prince Philip. John feigned an etiquette problem to get Marylou away from the crowd and alone with him in the Blue Drawing Room, where the royals assemble before going onto the balcony to wave to the crowds. "I said, 'Marylou, you are the queen of my heart, and I want you to be my bride.' "

Her reply? "Yes! Yes! *Yes!*" Before returning to the reception to receive the congratulations of Prince Philip, John slipped a 13-karat diamond-and-sapphire ring of his own design on her finger. They were married on a mountaintop in Alaska in Octo-

Photographs: left to right, UPI/Corbis-Bettmann; Bert and Richard Morgan/Archive Photos; Marina Garnier.

ber 1997, with Wally Hickel officiating. Christmas that year was notable for Marylou's now-famous cards that showed the couple—with toothy white smiles—on a dogsled in Alaska and bore the caption MARYLOU WHITNEY HAS A NEW DRIVER!

Driving Mrs. Whitney is obviously a lot of fun, but marriage to a rich older woman isn't always easy. Marylou, after all, is older than her mother-in-law, and John is younger than all his stepchildren. "She knows what I had to go through," John says. "What they say about me, they said about her when she married Sonny Whitney. I don't let wrinkled souls bother me." If John is acting, he's fooled a lot of people. "He's obsessed with her," reports one of Hendrickson's friends. "You can't talk to him five minutes without his bringing her up." Marianne Strong, Marylou's literary agent and her friend of 40 years, notes that "an electric current runs back and forth between them."

Sonny days: Clockwise from left, Marylou with Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney after their wedding in 1958; at the races in Saratoga in 1960; and at El Morocco Club in 1962. Opposite, Whitney and Hendrickson getting cozy at Cady Hill. Marylou claims Sonny once told her, "You shouldn't be stuck with an old man. You need a young man, and I just hope you find him."

AS IT TURNED OUT, MARYLOU MAY HAVE BEEN as smart in picking her third husband as she was in picking her second. She needed somebody to negotiate the long-delayed sale of 15,000 acres of land in the Adirondacks and, in general, to help with Whitney Industries, which manages the family's lumber-and-gravel business and a sprawling property in the Adirondacks. Shortly after their marriage, Marylou appointed John president of Whitney Industries, replacing Hobbs Hosford, her elder son, who became the company's treasurer. The delicate arrangement seems to have worked without jealousy or friction. "I'm the numbers cruncher and John's the one who makes calls and gets things done," says the 48-year-old Hosford. "Maybe I'm flattering myself, but I see John more as a friend than a stepfather. I certainly don't call him Dad."

Although Hendrickson is remembered in Alaska primarily for his preppy wardrobe, love of tennis, and ability to charm Ermalee Hickel (known as the Nancy Reagan of Juneau), he is also enormously ambitious. "John is motivated by a desire to do business deals on a big scale," says Shoup. "What he brought was a Republican business sense, and I think Marylou appreciates that."

His savvy negotiations over Mrs. Whitney's Adirondacks holdings won him new respect both inside and outside the family. The Whitneys wanted either to develop the land, which environmental groups regarded as the "jewel of the Adirondacks," or to sell it to the state of New York. But the property was one of only two dozen areas in the country that has enough wild terrain to protect native ecosystems.

By 1996, the Whitneys had been paying taxes on the property for more than a century, and they were ready for some return. Of course, selling it to the state would make everybody happy, if the right price could be arranged. In the late eighties, Marylou was on the verge of closing a deal, but it reportedly fell through because she felt that then-governor Mario Cuomo wasn't paying her enough attention.

In the latest round of talks, which ended successfully late last year, John would prove to be Marylou's not-so-secret weapon. He helped develop a plan for 40 exclusive shoreline estates on the western stretch of Whitney's 51,000-acre property. Such a development would have been the end of the wilderness, and Hendrickson's unbridled enthusiasm for the project terrified environmental groups that opposed it. So did his rhetoric. Hendrickson extolled private-property rights in language that would have gladdened the hearts of the robber barons who built the "great camps" of the Adirondacks. In one angry outburst, he castigated the sainted environmentalist Bob Marshall, who trekked around the country designating wilderness land, as "the greatest trespasser in American history."

People who had anticipated that John would be Marylou's lap dog quickly found out he was her Rottweiler. He negotiated with the Pataki administration and, either by design or luck, so terrorized the Sierra Club and Adirondack Council, the state's two leading environmental groups, that they sent a message to Albany: "Give this nut what he wants." "Some people might say I'm Satan himself," chuckles Hendrickson. But it worked: The State of New York, which originally offered around $7 million, finally made an offer Marylou was willing to accept—$17.1 million.

"If you were Marylou Whitney," said an environmental leader, "you'd want somebody like Hendrickson to do the dirty work." John doesn't just know how to turn the charm on—he can turn it off, as well. "He could run the gamut from 'I'm going to punch you out' to 'I'm pleased to call you a friend' in the same conversation," said one man, who described negotiations punctuated with foot-stamping and screaming. Even so, he conceded that Hendrickson's terrifying tantrums probably earned his wife an additional $10 million.

Was it a good-cop, bad-cop thing? Marylou is perplexed by the question. "We worked together," she purrs, "and, yes, John did do the dirty work. But isn't that what a man *does*? John protects me and looks after me. How many girls have that today?" Hendrickson also wins high marks from Hobbs: "The kind of thing John did in the Adirondacks is the kind of thing Uncle Sonny might have done as a young man."

Even Chris Ballantyne of the Sierra Club, who staged a black-tie protest with "tasteful signs" at last year's Whitney Gala, admits he's intrigued by the John-and-Marylou team. "He's young

John insists he didn't know how rich—or how old—Mrs. Whitney was. "He's obsessed with her," says one of his friends.

and driven, and she wants to be young and is even more driven than he is," Ballantyne said. "How many men in the short time we've been married have made $27 million for their wives?" asks Marylou, rhetorically. "Not that we need money. John and I have a little Trappist cabin in the Adirondacks, and we have so much fun there that we've said that we could live there."

Of course, in reality, they spend the year traveling by private jet among Marylou's houses. "She says she has seven, but I've counted and there are eleven," says John. The roster includes a house in Majorca, a sprawling farmhouse in Kentucky, and a new house in Longboat Key, Florida. She sold her estate in Palm Beach shortly after Sonny died. Marylou and John try to spend the month of June in Alaska, where he still owns a condo and she has built yet another new house overlooking a bay. They also recently went on safari in Kenya, and a photograph in an album on the Cady Hill sun porch shows Marylou, Joan Rivers, and Blaine Trump standing on one leg in imitation of a nearby flock of Kenyan flamingos. (Not all their trips are as lavish. Early in their relationship, John paid to take Marylou on an economy cruise around Alaska, one that happened to be filled with a large number of retirees. Marylou was gracious, but not impressed. For one thing, says John, she was not used to queuing up for food and shuffleboard. Also, she found their fellow travelers a bit, well, old. "Marylou's not used to old people," John explained.)

Saratoga is Marylou's principal address and the place where she votes. When she's away, two of her five children—Hobbs Hosford and Heather Mabee—step in to take over her myriad social obligations. John and Marylou are devoted grandparents. "He gets down on the floor and roughhouses with the boys," says Hobbs. Mabee's children tease their young step-grandfather by calling him Grandpa John. Of course, no one would dare call Marylou Grandma; to the children, says John, "she's Auntie Mame."

During their courtship, the couple discussed adopting a child, but decided they didn't want to be tied down. "We want to see the world," says John, adding that Marylou had already "done" motherhood. M'Lou, Marylou's oldest daughter, lives in England with her second husband. Cornelia Vanderbilt Whitney, her only child with Sonny, is an art instructor and divorced mother of one who lives in Ithaca. While Marylou remains close to her four other children, her relations with her younger son, Hank Hosford, have been strained. Insiders say that Marylou's long-troubled relationship with Hank suffered when he chose as his first wife a colorful New Orleans debutante named Lanier Long, who was inevitably described as "a junior Marylou." Not surprisingly, "Marylou hated her on sight," says a friend of the family. The two divorced in 1996, and following his mother's lead, Hank moved to Anchorage, where he recently became engaged to the ex-wife of a prominent local millionaire.

Hank enjoyed a brief rapprochement with his mother while she and John were dating. "He would talk about how his mother was carrying on with her young boyfriend. He wasn't threatened or offended. He was simply amazed," says a New Orleans friend. "He stayed in the next room in a hotel, and it was a very physical relationship."

IT IS TEMPTING TO WONDER WHAT SONNY Whitney, a man so possessive that he reportedly was jealous of Marylou's love scene with Lee Marvin in her one movie, *The Missouri Traveler* (which Sonny produced), would make of his wife's new life. He was a man of black moods who once, according to a family member, became convinced that one of his three other wives was in cahoots with the butler to put cyanide in his coffee. What would Sonny think?

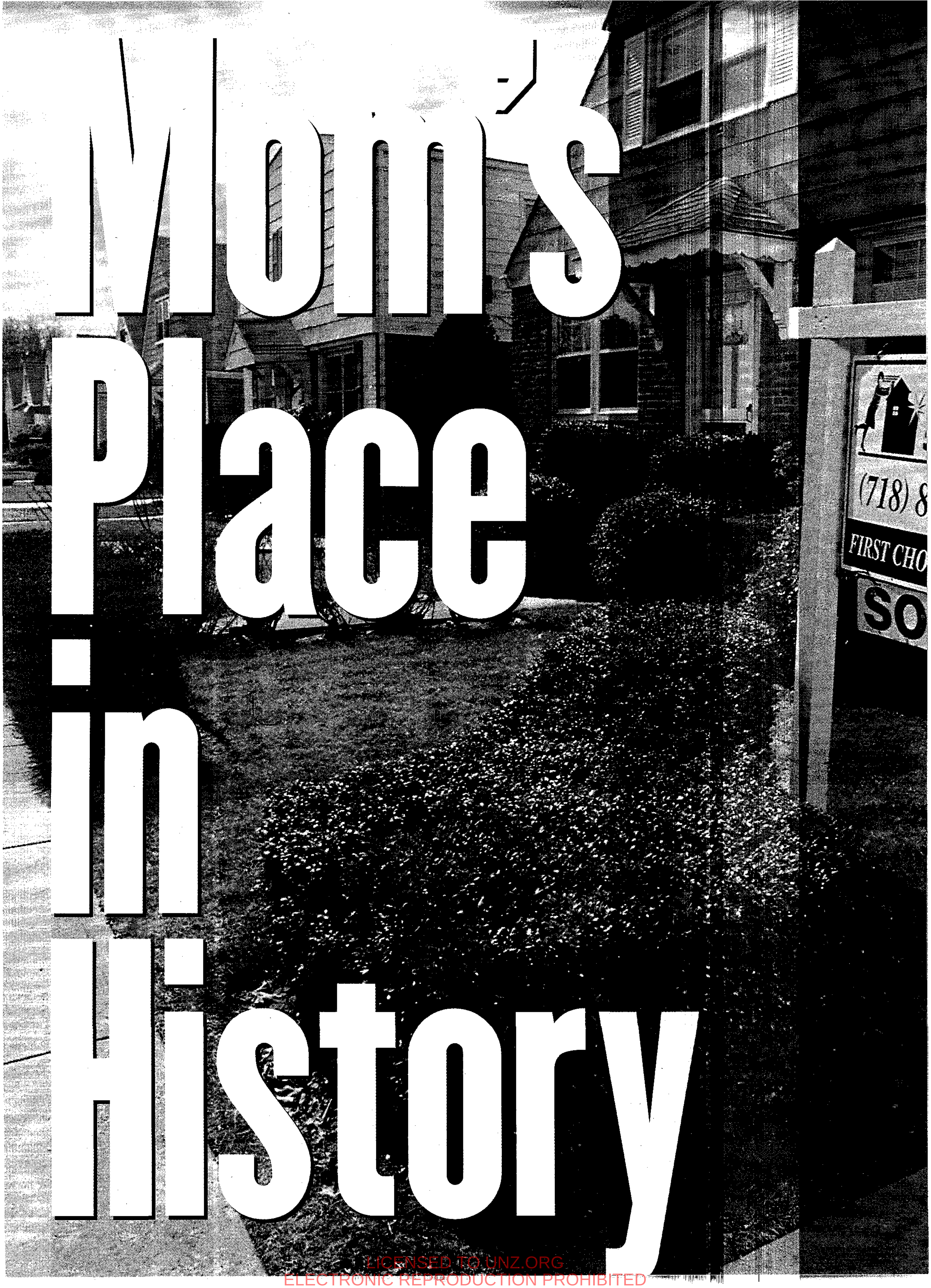
"I have to tell you, that's very interesting," says Marylou. "When Sonny Whitney was sick, he used to say to me, 'You shouldn't be stuck out here with an old man. You need a young man, and I just hope you find him.' " She says she found John in part because, after Sonny died, she wanted to "go back to what was wonderful when we started life together. We went on our honeymoon on dogsleds—crazy way to honeymoon—and when Sonny died, I thought, *I want to go mushing again.*"

"I toast Mr. Whitney when we're alone," says John. "I toast him for the wonderful life he gave Marylou and because he had great taste in women." They have gone together to Whitney's grave in Greenridge Cemetery in Saratoga, and both seem to regard themselves as keepers of the flame. John wants to find somebody to write a book or do a *Biography* segment on him, and for Marylou the sine qua non of the Adirondacks sale was that the state be willing to call its new acquisition the William C. Whitney Park, after Sonny's grandfather, New York street-car magnate and secretary of the Navy under Grover Cleveland. (Endearingly uninfected by political correctness, Marylou, an ardent Republican, horrified Albany legislators when the deal was announced, by noting, in a long and impassioned speech, that Whitney was "the first white man" to explore the region and that the Whitneys had "brought religion" to the Iroquois.)

Of course, what everybody wants to know is what kind of prenup the lovebirds have. The usually chatty John has played this close to the vest. He will only say that it was he who insisted on something in writing, because, "if anything happens, I don't want Marylou to come after my tennis racquets." But for now at least, Mrs. Whitney considers herself to be "the luckiest girl in the world." "Marylou," an intimate recently remarked, "you did such a perfect funeral for Sonny. I'm sure you'll do the same for John." ■

Photographs: opposite page, clockwise from top left, Bert and Richard Morgan/Archive Photos; Corbis-Bettmann; UPI/Corbis-Bettmann; this page, David Barry.

Mom's Place in History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MRS. JACOBSON DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE. After 44 years, the house on 190th Street no longer "served its purpose."

When Mom sold the house in Flushing, Queens, you could see the sweep of the immigrant saga—and New York changing hands.

BY MARK JACOBSON

IN THE END, ALL MOM SAID WAS "good-bye, house." Then she tossed the keys through the mail slot, got into her Subaru, drove down 190th Street to Underhill Avenue, turned the corner, and disappeared behind the Fensels' hedges. Forty-three years, and now the house on the corner of 190th Street and 53rd Avenue—The House—was officially sold. Gone, like that.

It reminded me of the night, two years earlier, when my father died in The House, the one I grew up in. Years of kidney treatment, cardboard boxes full of dialysis equipment stacked in the hallway, and then one gloomy November evening he comes out of the shower and keels over from a heart attack. He managed to make it to my parents' room and lie down on the bed before dying. He looked so normal there, stretched out, seemingly ready to open one of the mystery books he took from the library a dozen at a time, skull and crossbones on the spine.

Except he was on the wrong side. The far side of the bed (the left) was his, but he hadn't made it there. He was lying on my mother's side. There were so many rituals in The House, and this was one of them: Mom slept on the right, Dad on the left.

The front doorbell rang, another breach. We always used the side door. Only the Jehovah's Witnesses came to the front. But the funeral-parlor men didn't know that. Somber in their dark suits and peaked caps, they carried a stretcher and black leatherette zippered bag. I'd gone to high school with one of them. Already late for what they called "another pick-up," the men paced in the kitchen while

PHOTOGRAPH BY SCOTT THODE

my mother stayed in the bedroom staring at my father's body. She was sure she'd seen him move.

"Look," she said, pointing at his stomach. "He's breathing." I embraced her, trying to calm her down, be cool, be the man of the house. Then I saw him breathe.

Alive again, same as you or me. Soon he'd get up, open the drawer of his mahogany dresser, put on his Witty Bros. suit (the best Division Street had to offer), go off to teach NYC Bd. of Ed. shop class at the Junior High. Then he'd be home again at about 3:20, put on paint-smeared dungarees and hat (a quiet eccentric, he favored woolen fezzes and Nepali skullcaps), and work in his basement on whatever moonlighting carpentry job he had lined up. At dinner he'd read the "school page" of the *World-Telegram & Sun* over a plate of pot roast or some other suitably overdone meat. This routine (in spring, add gardening) varied, but not much. There was something about The House, its resolute rectangularism and boxy rooms, that narrowed the behavioral palette.

But he was still dead, still lying on the wrong side of the bed. It was "pretty common to imagine you see the loved one move," the funeral parlor guys said as they zipped their bag over my father's face and carried his body out the front door, the only time I ever remember him passing through that portal. Then they put him into the waiting hearse, drove down 190th Street, turned the corner, disappeared behind the Fensels' hedges, and were gone. Like that.

After that, The House's fate was sealed. As Mom, the master of utilitarian understatement, said, the place no longer "served its purpose."

"It was a reliable place to raise you and your sister," she sums up. And reliable (reliability being a key Mom meme) it was: strong and sturdy, a veritable Flushing fortress in redbrick and gray siding. When that out-of-control Oldsmobile came tearing across the lawn and smashed into The House back in '58, did it crumble and fall? Not even a quiver. A couple of days later, I found the car's ROCKET 88 insignia in the azalea bushes. My father nailed it to the basement wall. It was a Queens version of a moose head, he said, an 88 bagged by The House.

Today I bring up this incident, throwing in a couple of trumped-up gory details, and Mom, whose goat is easily gotten, says I shouldn't be such a comedian, which is what she always says when I goof on her. "You know what I mean," she implores, about The House.

CORONA
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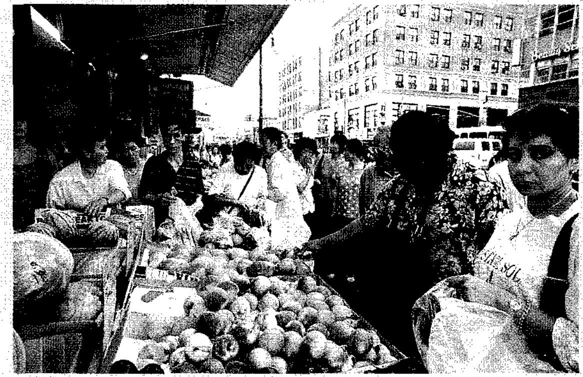


A more far-flung arr

Nurses call out the nam

DIVERSITY HOT SPOTS: Top to bottom, the horizontal Babel of 91st Place and Corona Avenue; shopping for produce on Main Street; Roosevelt Avenue and Main, where the Main Street Bar and Grille—not to mention the author—no longer stands.

Photographs by Steve Hart.

And I do, mostly. I understand the bigger picture of The House, the existential positioning of that modest shingled dwelling in the vast sweep of the Jacobsonian immigrant saga. Built in 1949, purchased in 1954 from an acrimoniously divorcing couple for the then-staggering sum of $18,000, The House was the prize—compensation for the steerage, sweatshops, and years of dragging the coal bucket up five tenement flights. The House was what my father got for pushing in from Utah Beach one scary night in June of 1944. The House was what my parents and others like them had coming in this nation if they played by the rules, which for a fleeting, astounding moment were actually rigged in favor of people not very long out of the *shtetl.*

East of Gatsby's ash dumps, this part of Flushing was the "fresh-air zone," a municipal God's country ("G-d" to you). Once, when I was 7, a lady ran over a raccoon in the parking lot of the Bohack supermarket on 46th Avenue; everyone crowded around the dying animal, congratulating themselves for living in a place still touched by the wild. "Still the country, in parts," someone marveled. Here, on the frontier, we maintained the Queens version of a classless society. All of us—sons of Jews, Italians, Irish, and a couple of Poles—played million-inning thrillers with taped-up hardballs down in the vacant lots until the Parks Department built proper diamonds and wrecked everything. Our dads were firemen, cops, teachers. They all worked for the City, belonged to the appropriate Union, and made the same amount of money. We were little princes of the American Dream, snot-nosed scions of our parents' striving, piloting our bicycles through spacious, near-empty streets, scarfing pizza (extra mushrooms and hormones on mine, please) at 15 cents a slice.

Like Babe Ruth built Yankee Stadium, my parents built The House for me. My suzerainty remained intact even after that night Dave Bell and I, blasted on Champale Malt Liquor (advertised on WWRL, it was a black man's drink), tried to sneak into The House at 3 A.M. "Ah-ha," my mother shouted, flipping on the kitchen light in ambush. Startled like cockroaches, we both immediately threw up, Dave Bell on my mother's fuzzy slippers. But no matter, you've got to grow up somewhere and The House was a better place than most. Indeed, that was the real social alchemy at work inside those ever-reliable walls—the fact that my parents, barely removed from the primordial precincts of the Lower East Side and Brooklyn, were able, in a single generation, to produce such a thoroughly self-referential, proto-hipster creature like myself.

I never believed she'd really sell the place. It was a story she often told: how, when she was a girl in the Depression, my grandparents moved almost every year. Back then, the Brighton Beach/Sheepshead Bay landlord class was so hard up they'd throw in a paint job with each new rental, so why do it yourself? Paint cost money; movers only charged $10. My mother hated this shiftlessness. She vowed her children would not be uprooted for the sake of free paint. The House would last forever, she thought. But now, with Dad gone, too many things evoked her Dickensian capacity for worry. The boiler, the rose bushes, the balky automatic garage opener: In my parents' strict division of labor, there was so much *he* did. But it was more than that. The doughty democracy of the neighborhood had shifted to the next, inevitable notch: Now, more often than not, those little civil-servant-style houses on the block were occupied by widows, old ladies living alone.

Then again, this is a different Queens than the one where my mother and father chose to become Americans, a wholly Other place from the one where I grew up. In the early sixties, in the waning years of my sojourn as an increasingly disgruntled outer-borough high-school student, I'd return on the 7 train from some beatnik-in-training night in Manhattan and stand at the corner of Main Street and Roosevelt Avenue in Flushing. There, waiting for the Q-17 bus, which would take me deeper into what I regarded as the hopelessly provincial hinterlands, I'd look through the misty window of the Main Street Bar and Grille. On the steam table was a huge turkey with a giant fork jammed into its heavily browned breast. Men were at the bar, men about my father's age—Irish, Italians, Jews, the usual. They drank whiskey and watched *The Late, Late Show*. Even then, to the impressionable 16-year-old mind, it seemed like death. Queens might have been built to accommodate the American Dream, but in Flushing late at night that dream seemed petered out.

NOW, OF COURSE, THE CORNER of Roosevelt and Main is a good deal livelier, and way more exotic. The bar is gone, replaced by places like the Flushing Noodle House, where a featured dish is "intestine and pig blood cake soup." Other landmarks of my youth, Alexander's department store and the RKO Keith's where I saw movies like *Mr. Sardonicus* and *Frankenstein '70* have been succeeded by establishments such as the Golden Monkey Pawnbrokers and the Korean Full-Gospel Evangelical Church. Down every street is a telescopic crush of neon Chinese ideograms hawking Taiwanese restaurants and sexual remedies. Billboards exhort travelers to sail down the Yangtze River. On the venerable Long Island Railroad Bridge hangs a sign advertising Asiana Airways: FLY THE YOUNGEST FLEET TO THE OLD COUNTRIES. Somehow I don't think Bucharest acts as the travel hub for any of these old countries.

I've always secretly believed that it was no mere coincidence that 1965, the year I left home to go to college, was also when Congress passed the Immigration and Nationality Act, which threw the doors wide open and changed Queens forever. Now more than 125,000 Chinese and Koreans call Flushing home. A quarter of the city's newly arrived Latin American population lives in Queens. Peruvians, Bolivians, Colombians, Nicaraguans—almost every country in the Caribbean and South America has a sizable representation. East Indians fill Jackson Heights. Once Jimmy Breslin, the poet laureate of Queens, articulated the perfect nasal pitch of the borough's blue-collar white man. These days Breslin lives in Manhattan; much of his cop/fireman constituency has moved to Long Island or Florida; and if you go over to Elmhurst's Newtown High (a sleepy, Irish-dominated school when we played them in basketball during the middle sixties), you'll hear a hip-hop-tinged Babel of upwards of 40 different languages. The dowdy Flushing 7 train, once my lifeline to Manhattan cosmopolitanism, is now universally referred to as the Orient Express. The curious only have to get off at specific stops to visit different cultures: At 74th Street, curry can be eaten and saris bought. Exiting at 90th Street leaves you in close proximity to the Indio Amazonica, where El Indio, an old man with a feather through his nose *conoce su suerte* via *el horoscopo*. While you're in the neighborhood, get your feet looked at by Dr. Demetrios S. Econopouly, podiatrist. He takes most major-medical plans.

Thirty-five years after freezing on the corner of Roosevelt and Main, I am an eager tourist in the land of my upbringing. I love to get into the car and cruise the diversity hot spots, places like the intersection of 91st Place and Corona Avenue, where within the space of a single block stand the Chinese Seventh Day Adventist Church, Centro Civico Colombiano, Santeria Niño de Atocha Botánica, Malaysian Curry House, Perla Ecuatoriana Restaurant, the Korean Health Center, and Elarayan Restaurante Chileano. Smack in the middle of this is Ana's hairdresser, where old Italian ladies, as if commanded by some recondite memory chip, still beehive their hair under conehead driers. The Elmhurst Hospital emergency room is also good, especially on a Saturday night after a big soccer game piped from Bogotá. A more far-flung array of stabbing victims would be hard to find. Harried nurses call out the names of the evening's victims: "Gonzalez! . . . Patel! . . . Chu! . . . where the hell is Romanov's chart?" After such exhausting internationalism, I like to relax with a late-night bowl of pho with beef navel at the Pho Bang Vietnamese at Broadway and 45th Avenue, or maybe a Guyanese roti at Sybil's on Hillside Avenue.

These are a different crew from the immigrants my parents and grandparents came in with. My people, once they got on the boat—they weren't going back. America was their grail; they were here for the long haul. Now the world's smaller, it's 69 cents a minute to talk to wherever at the *larga distancia* parlors on Roosevelt Avenue, and the new people aren't even called immigrants but "transnationals." You walk to Main Street, where Hasidim are, and see that assimilation—be-

stabbing victims than at the Elmhurst Hospital E.R. is hard to find.

nzalez! . . . Patel! . . . Chu! . . . where the hell is Romanov's chart?"

ROOMS WITH A DÉJÀ VU: Top to bottom, The House after the sale ("My heart is not broken," said Mrs. Jacobson), and on the occasion of the author's junior-high-school graduation.

coming American—no longer seems the sole purpose of living in Queens. Maybe there are enough Americans. Indeed, sometimes, in the grip of postmodernist ennui, it seems to me as if these new people, by their very apartness—their refusal to buy the American deal lock, stock, and barrel—are the only fully fleshed-out humans around, the only ones with a palpable past, present, and potentially heroic future. They have rolled the dice with their lives; now the epic of New York belongs to them.

As for my mother, no one could ever accuse her of lacking a sense of adventure. Recently, she went to Istanbul and preferred the Asian side. But she knows when things have come to an end. For months, she walked the still quiet, verdant blocks around The House and felt out of place. "I'm lonely here," she said.

One fall day I was sitting at her kitchen table and heard the pounding. The realtor was outside hammering a FOR SALE sign into my father's lawn like a stake through the heart. Then they started to come, the prospective buyers. Local canard said Chinese would buy the place: a non-English-speaking man from Xi'an with a bad haircut, two daughters at the top of their class at Stuyvesant, and a suitcase full of cash, all of it up-front. Chinese had bought many of the houses in the neighborhood. But in this Queens you can never tell who might buy the house you grew up in. In the space of a fortnight, Syrians, Koreans, Chileans, and people from Bukhara and Thailand walked through the rooms my father painted and where he put up shelves. They sat on the sofa so long forbidden to me and my sister. It was a stirring ecumenical procession, a testament to the city's ever fecund, eternally replenishing genetic alloy. Soon The House would be the repository of an entirely different history, ringing with another sort of accent, the smells in the kitchen sharper, spicier. Soon the place would serve someone else's purpose, only this time with a lot more TV stations than my sister and I ever got to watch.

My mother, she just wanted to sell. When it comes to grand continuums, she is notably unsentimental. In the end, Dominicans got the place. Nice people with a couple of kids and a travel-agency business downtown, Mom said. Maybe she could have held out for another five or ten grand. But still, a 1,500 percent profit isn't too shabby, especially when all you want to do is get out. "My heart is not broken," my mother announced at the closing.

Forty-three years ago, on the very first night I spent in my twelve-by-twelve-foot square room, Mom told me to bang on the floor if I got scared. Back on 174th Street, where we'd previously lived with my aunt and uncle, my room had been right next to my parents'. Here I was upstairs, by myself. But I never got scared.

The House was wh

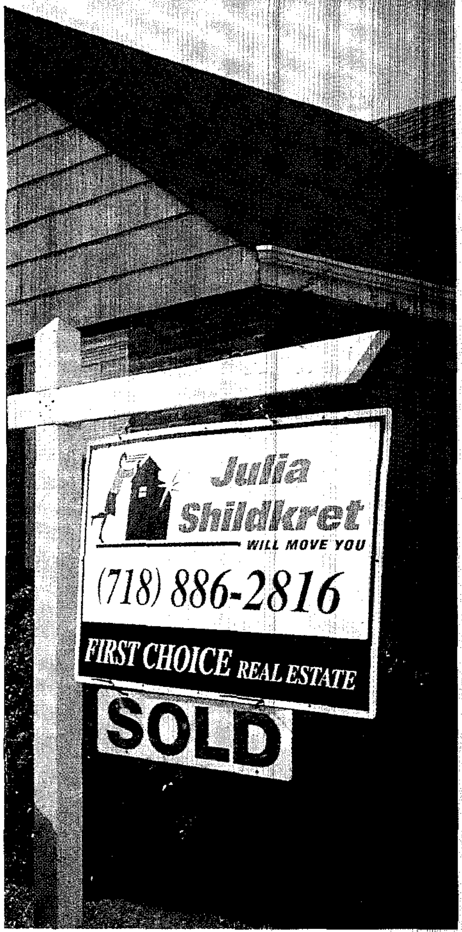
which for a fleeting m

From the start I recognized the value of vertical separation. They were *down there* and I was *up here.* Ah, my room, that little incubator of me. What do you say about a place where you jacked off for the first time? Where you listened to Ali beat Liston on the radio? So much happened in my room, I thought, spending one last night up here, the movers due at seven the next morning.

The House was in boxes; my mother, never one to wait to the last moment, had started packing months before. I'd taken some things—my sixth-grade autograph book from P.S. 177 ("drop dead" is listed as my "favorite motto"), my Ted Kluszewski mitt, the chair I sat in to do my homework. Mementos, souvenirs, nothing more. This seemed appropriate, since I'd always told myself that even though I'd grown up here, The House had never truly been mine. I was just passing through, ma'am, marking time until my life started for real.

By midnight I was in the basement. It was straight down, like a plumb line, from my attic kingdom to that murky chamber of unresolved issues. Down

Photographs: top, Scott Thode.



y parents and others like them had coming if they played by the rules,
it were actually rigged in favor of people not long out of the *shtetl.*

there was what remained of my father's workshop. When I was a boy, this was the land of hulking steel machines upon which imposing sheets of plywood were made to scream in pain while being torn asunder. Now it was quiet. My mother had managed to sell the giant bandsaw and the huge metal lathe. Most of my father's hundreds of hand tools—he had dozens of files arrayed in varying increments of size and grate, at least 50 hammers and screwdrivers—had long since been given to friends and relatives. Their customized, meticulously labeled racks and holders were now empty.

The basement had always been an awkward place for me, and him, not that we spent much time talking about it. I'd always assumed it to have been a source of mutual regret—that I hadn't inherited his marvelous skills, his reverence for the joining of two pieces of wood in a perfect right angle. It seemed like something a father and a son might do together, a gift to pass from one generation to the next in the old way. Now, however, on the last night of The House, with the machines gone or shut down, it was easy to believe my father was relieved I'd shown no aptitude, that I was just another slovenly, uninterested teenager like the ones he taught all day long. In the stillness, I could feel him close, working away like some Queens hermetist in his fez, surrounded by his wonderfully precise toys, his files, planes, and grinding machines. Being a father now myself (as well as my father's son), I understood how Dad felt down here, his sanctum. With the ingressing ooze of life raging forth upstairs, it must have seemed like heaven.

That's when I started to pull that cabinet off the wall. It was one of the many built-in storage bins my father had attached to the paneling, each with several drawers bearing his familiar calligraphy (BRADS, ¼ INCH; BRADS, ⅓ INCH; BRADS, ½ INCH, etc). This was really what I wanted from The House, this symbol of his manic precision, a little bit of the peace he found down here. Except the thing resisted; I couldn't get it off the wall. I couldn't even figure how and where he'd stuck it up there—the fastenings were invisible. It was something he'd always tried to teach me, how things might stick together without the slather of Elmer's, without the splintered bash of a dozen nails. This was the art of it, he said, to make things seem as if they'd always been there, as if they belonged. But then, like now, that sort of craft was beyond me. Anyway, I must have been making a bunch of noise, because soon my mother was descending the basement stairs.

There was an amusing retro-ness to the scene: Mom in her housecoat, demanding to know what I was doing, why I was making all that noise. She'd told the Dominicans those cabinets were "staying," and stay they would. I began arguing, saying that this cabinet meant a lot more to me than it could to anyone from Santo Domingo.

"You had your chance," she said, with cold finality. She'd been trying to get me to take things from the basement for months, but I'd always been too busy.

"But Mom . . . " Revision to former behavior is always lurking, even on the eve of your 50th birthday.

"He built those things for this place," my mother said. "They're not supposed to go anywhere else. So leave them."

Mom had pulled rank. There was nothing left to do but go upstairs, brush my teeth, and put out the light.

Six hours later, Hell's Angels–style–clad representatives of Movin' On (slogan: "the company with the clean trucks") began carrying boxes out the long-shunned front door. It was more convenient, they said. By early afternoon the deed was done. "That," my mother said, "was that."

Now I visit my mom in her new apartment over on 75th Avenue, near Bell Boulevard. Wanting to not move "too far" (no Florida for her), Mom found the place in a week. A totally nifty two-bedroom with a giant living room in a really nice development filled with "people to talk to," and close to her long-favored Key Food, the apartment "makes sense," Mom says, a little drunk on the novelty of it all. For Mom, to *hondle* is to live, and even as she misses my father terribly, there are all these new items to ruthlessly search out the best price on. At 77, after a life of walk-ups and The House, she notes, she is finally living in a building with an elevator. The view from the sixth-floor windows is fantastic. You overlook the old Vanderbilt Parkway, built as a private auto road by the robber baron in 1908. Back in high school, my friends and I hung out on the overgrown parkway; indeed, it's where I first smoked pot, but Mom doesn't need to know about that.

After leaving Mom's place, as usual, I meander through the unending ethnikquilt that the borough of my birth has become. Driving past the Albanians and Afghanis on Hillside Avenue, I turn off to stop in at a candy store on Union Turnpike. My friends and I used to go to the place because the old man mixed his own Cokes and had a heavy thumb on the syrup. Now—the fountain long gone—it's owned by Sikhs, and an old Russian, crucifix dangling on a key chain, is in there trying to buy cigarettes with food stamps. The Sikh won't allow it. "Why no? I pay tax!" the Russian screams in protest. This cracks up some Chinese kids who've been sneak-reading the comic books. "I pay tax," they mock after the Russian has stomped off. Wiseasses, now the epic of New York belongs to them.

In the end, I go by The House. It's been a couple of months now, and even if the grass looks a little patchy and my father would have pruned those rose bushes, the place looks pretty much the same. But that won't last. Changes will be made. Which is fine, I think, silently watching from across the street, as the new people, all dressed up, come out the front door—as if they didn't know that, in The House, you always use the side. ■

Water Dogs

Now that Birkenstock has just introduced Kids' Super Birki clogs, children's affinity for water doesn't have to mean trouble for moms and dads: Made in Germany of polyurethane, these shoes will keep little feet dry come dewy August morns or the puddles of September ($39.95).

SHOP AT EVERETT CHILDREN'S ADVENTURE GARDEN,
THE NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN/*200th Street and Kazimoff Boulevard, Bronx/718-817-8090*

BIRKENSTOCK

BEST BETS

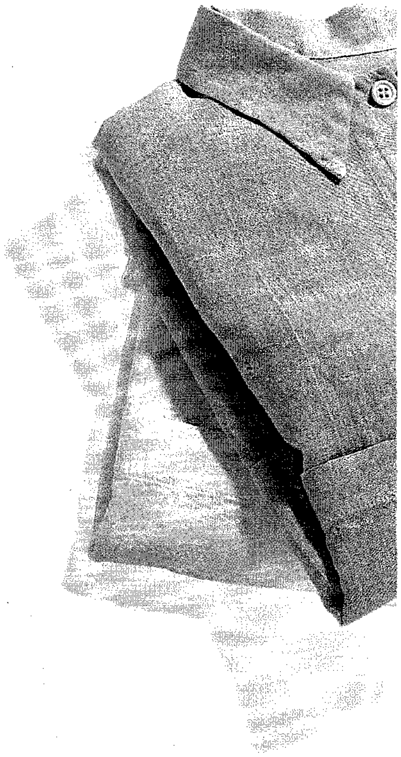
The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

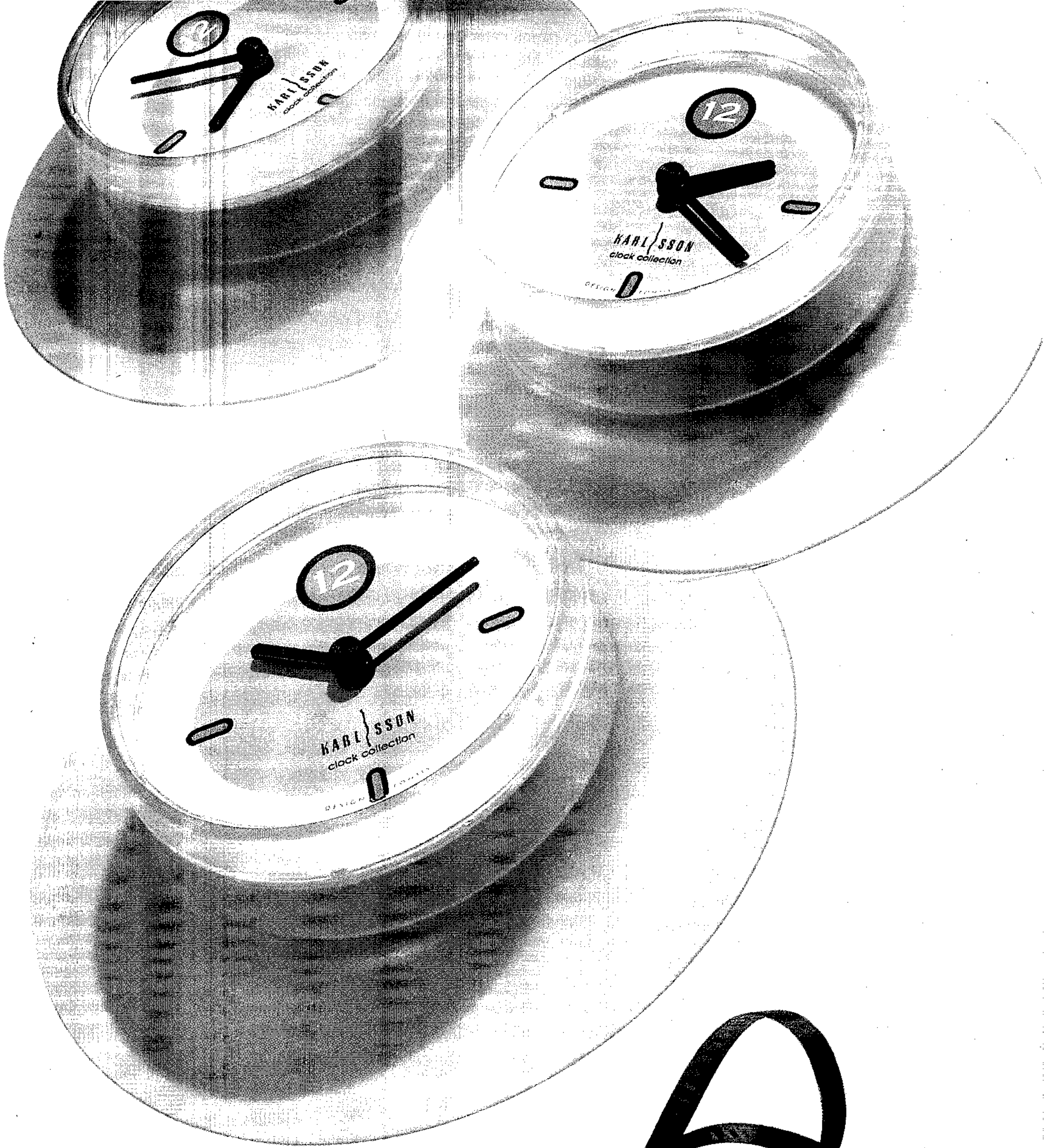
Basics Instinct

Years before sportswear was considered haute, Henry Lehr was turning out basics that were all the rage with the Studio 54 crowd. Though Lehr recently closed his Madison Avenue store and moved to ultrahot Elizabeth Street, he's still doing basics, but now they're the kind that make you wish you lived permanently on an island in the tropics. Filmy shirts, gauzy pajamas with horn buttons, and an encyclopedic array of the softest cotton T-shirts fill his spare, stark-white clothing depot. Since fabric is key to Lehr, there are jeans of pure French indigo; shirts made from old saris; sarongs tie-dyed in Alaska; and kimono jackets of mud silk, made in a 2,000-year-old Chinese process. (From $37 for a tank top to $98 for pajamas to $398 for a printed-silk coat.)

AMERICAN COLORS BY HENRY LEHR/
232 Elizabeth Street/334-2656



Photographs: clockwise from right, Nedjeljko Matura (4); Michael Grimm.

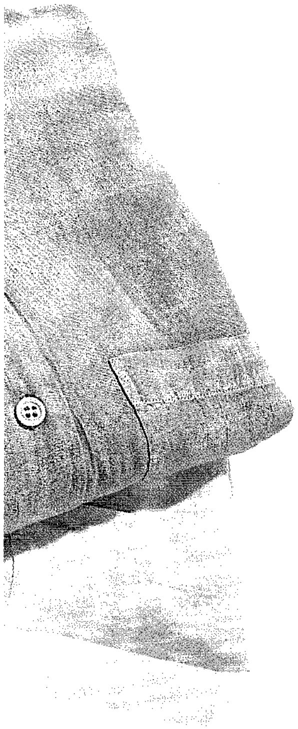


Time to Go

This unassuming little polyurethane clock can go anywhere you go. It has a suction-cup back that sticks to marble, glass, stone, or tile. Fontis has tagged it Jelly Time, and not surprisingly, the battery-powered time traveler comes in jelly-bean colors ($19).

THE MOMA DESIGN STORE/

44 West 53rd Street/767-1050



Technical Support

Leave it to Kate Spade, the queen of totes, to design the slimmest, sleekest computer bag yet. This nylon weightless wonder holds all the essentials—diskettes, battery pack, and power cord—as well as a cell phone and pager. Its chic factor is a given ($320).

KATE SPADE/*454 Broome Street/274-1991*

SALES & BARGAINS **ONDINE COHANE**

Barneys and Friends

The season of warehouse sales: *To Boot's kicky styles; net returns at Mason's Tennis Mart; and the event that's the* **chic grandfather** *of them all.*

AS WE'VE SAID BEFORE, A MAN WHO knows how and where to buy a stylish pair of shoes is rare indeed. Luckily, To Boot New York's warehouse sale provides the venue for purchasing shoes that work for the office but aren't stuffy. Handmade crocodile penny loafers, were $1,295, now $399; box calf monkstrap shoes, were $385, now $139; military-style oxfords (see photo), were $265, now $99; business-style shoes, were $255–$450, now $99–$199. *To Boot New York, 603 Washington St. (463-0437); cash only; Thurs.–Fri. 8:30–6:30, Sat. 10–6, Sun. 12–5; 8/20–8/23.*

In the Name of Love

LET THE HYSTERIA BEGIN: THE BARNEYS warehouse sale is looming on the horizon. All designer clothing and accessories for men, women, and children will be 50 to 70 percent off regular retail prices. If you go to the sale's preview benefit (August 26 from 6 to 9; tickets are $10), not only do you get first dibs on the clothes, but ticket sales and a portion of the evening's proceeds go to God's Love We Deliver. *Barneys New York Warehouse, 255 W. 17th St. (294-8118); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Fri. 8 A.M.–10 P.M., Sat.–Sun. 9–9; 8/27–9/7.*

SEE Here Now

SPATIAL ENVIRONMENTAL Elements (located in the Flatiron district and more casually known as SEE) specializes in high-end furniture and lighting. To make way for some new fall lines, the showroom is putting floor samples and some stock on sale: For example, "Arabella" writing desk with "Ottilia" armchair, was $7,500, now $4,500; "cheap chic" chairs by Philippe Starck (we'd like some of these for the kitchen table), were $130, now $98. *Spatial Environmental Elements Ltd., 920 Broadway, near 21st St. (228-3600); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 10–7, Sun. 12–6; 8/22–9/8.*

Catch Some Z's

WHEN WE SAY THAT ZITOMER IS A NEW York institution, we mean the type of place that everyone in the neighborhood knows and loves. Its aisles are full of typical pharmacy goods as well as luxurious products for its Upper East Side clientele, but its atmosphere feels charmingly eccentric. At its August sale, items include: Diptyque candles, were $38, now $30.40; microfiber handbags, were $45–$125, now $22.50–$62.50. Also, all spring and summer hair accessories are 50 percent off. *Zitomer, 969 Madison Ave., near 75th St. (737-5560); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 9–8, Sat. till 7; Sun. 10–6; through 8/31.*

Doing Wellness

DR. DEANSIN PARKER HAS LONG SUBSCRIBED to the notion that the health of the mind and that of the body are inextricably linked. A psychotherapist herself, she says that she "kept waiting for someone to open up a center that incorporated body work with psychological health; when I didn't find it, I opened one myself." With summer drawing to an end, Parker and the center's other practitioners recommend a cleansing program to make the transition between the seasons: for example, acupuncture, shiatsu and foot reflexology, and yoga and meditation, were $90 a session, now $67.50 each. *Goodson Parker Wellness Center, 30 E. 76th St. Fourth floor (717-5273); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 7 A.M.–8 P.M., Sat.–Sun. 9–5; 8/17–8/22.*

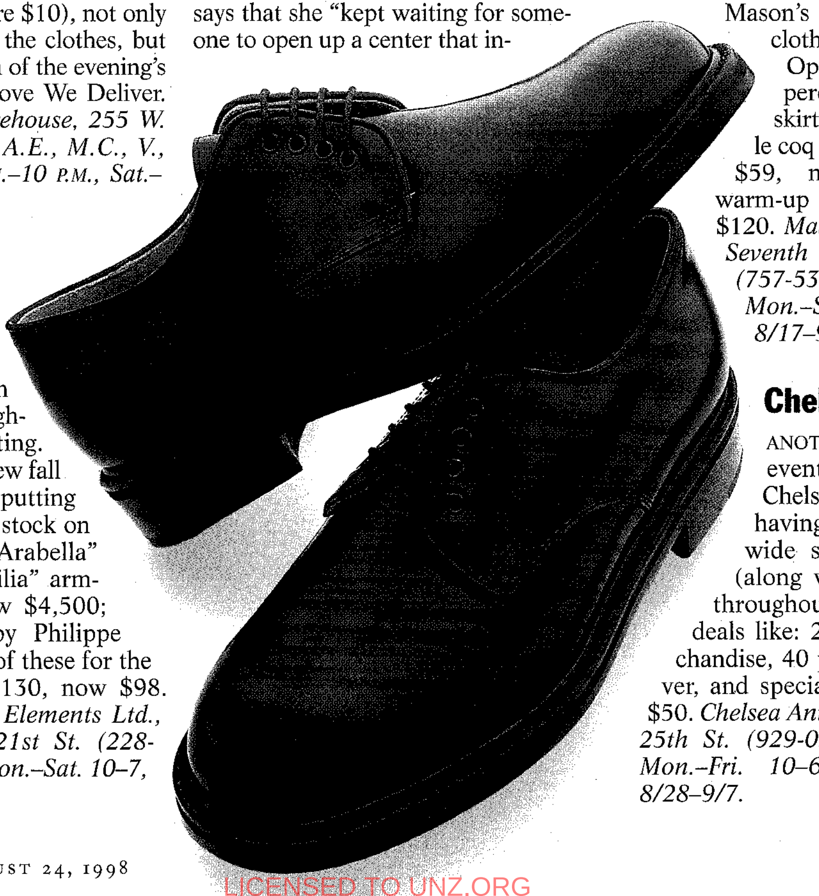
DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Ondine Cohane, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Courting Business

YOU MAY NOT PLAY LIKE PETE SAMPRAS OR Martina Hingis, but that doesn't mean you can't look the part on the court. At Mason's U.S. Open sale, all clothing items (except U.S. Open products) will be 50 percent off: Quantum skirt, was $57, now $28.50; le coq sportif men's shirt, was $59, now $29.50; Ellesse warm-up suit, was $240, now $120. *Mason's Tennis Mart, 911 Seventh Ave., near 57th St., (757-5374); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 9–7, Sun. 10–6; 8/17–9/13.*

Chelsea Peers

ANOTHER END-OF-SUMMER event to plan for: The Chelsea Antiques Building is having its annual building-wide sale. Stores will have (along with a carnival theme throughout the twelve floors) deals like: 25 percent off all merchandise, 40 percent off sterling silver, and special bargains for $25 to $50. *Chelsea Antiques Building, 110 W. 25th St. (929-0909); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10–6, Sat.–Sun. 8:30–6; 8/28–9/7.* ▬



Photograph by Michael Kraus.

Special Advertising Section

BACK TO SCHOOL

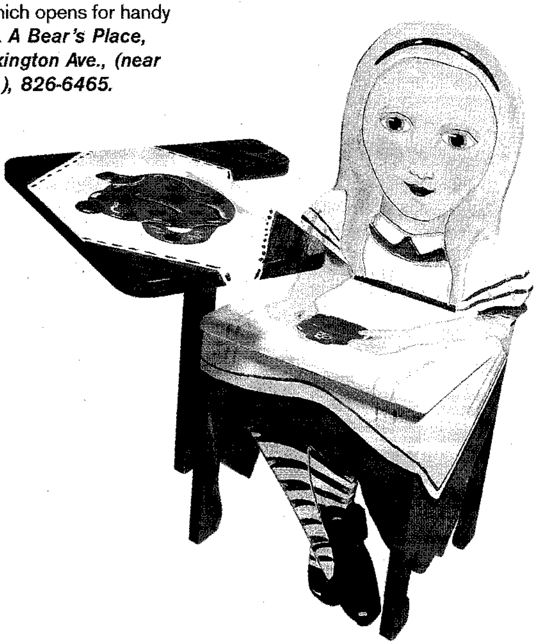
The beach still beckons, the sun is still warm and inviting. Hard to believe that the Labor Day clambake and the opening of school are but an eyeblink away. But back to school doesn't have to be dull and dreary. New York parents, always on the lookout for the best of everything, can surprise even their most sophisticated kids by getting a jump on what's hot for fall—in fashion, fun, and theme dining. Or, parents can get back to class themselves with adult ed classes for their wide range of interests.

BEVERLY HOOD ALLEN Creative Services Director
CHRISTY CASAMASSIMA Editor
LILLIAN AFRICANO Writer
ROBYN LASH Senior Designer
JILL GREENBERG Kids' Shots
STEVE WISBAUER Product Shots

BACK TO SCHOOL

FASHION 101
Hit the hallways in high style with these funky fall fashions. The stretchy T-shirt is as comfy as it is stylish, and the handbag and gloves are trimmed in dyed marabou. ***Infinity, 1116 Madison Ave., (83rd St.), 517-4232.***

PAINTED LADY
Literature comes to life with this amazing handcrafted Alice in Wonderland desk/chair, which opens for handy storage. ***A Bear's Place, 789 Lexington Ave., (near 61st St.), 826-6465.***



FROM SESAME STREET TO 90210

Parents and kids rarely see eye-to-eye on fashion. No matter. At **INFINITY**, the generation gap is bridged, thanks to owner Liza Ball, who tracks trends from '50s retro to '70s retread to neo-Sabrina—and buys accordingly. Cashmere twinsets coexist with ultrawide bell bottoms, marabou-trimmed handbags, and outerwear. Hoods are hot, sprouting from T-shirts, cardigans, and dresses. So is blowup furniture. Other must-have items: Diesel knapsacks, Kipling "Hacker" book bags, and Smell This perfume. Ball makes a special effort to please picky pre-teens. If they can't find a perfect party outfit among such designers as Kenzo, NAF NAF and Simonetta & David Charles, it can be custom-made.

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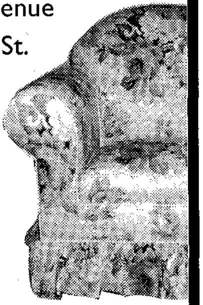

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pieces adorned with roses and fairies. The shop is owned by gifted artist Nan Haber and her husband, Martin. The buyer, their son, Jeff, works with eight different craftsmen, who produce such delightful items as classic doll carriages and kid-sized upholstered chairs and sofas.

BACK TO SCHOOL FOR BIG KIDS

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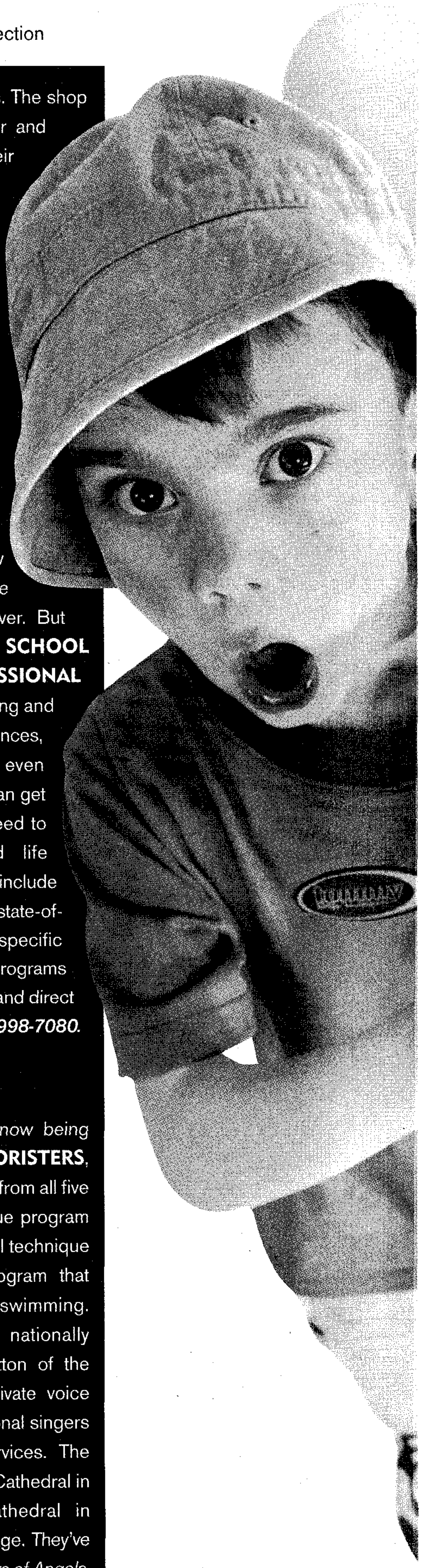
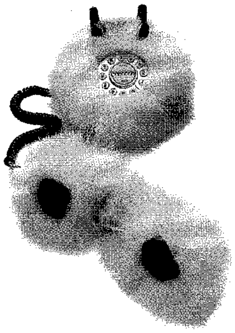
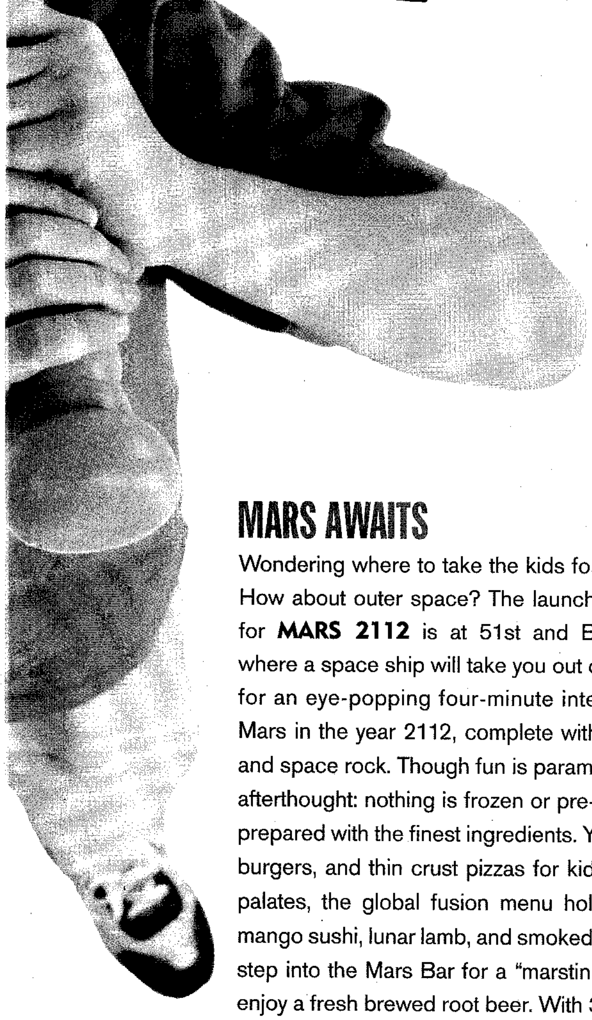


BACK TO SCHOOL





WORKING GIRLS

In a city like New York, it's never too early to get a jump on dressing for success. Here, a dashing three-piece suit for precocious pre-teens. For her softer side, there's always the fuzzy marabou phone. It actually works! ***Zitomer, 969 Madison Ave. (bet. 75th and 76th sts.), 757-2040, 757-2057, (888) 219-2888 (outside of NYC).***

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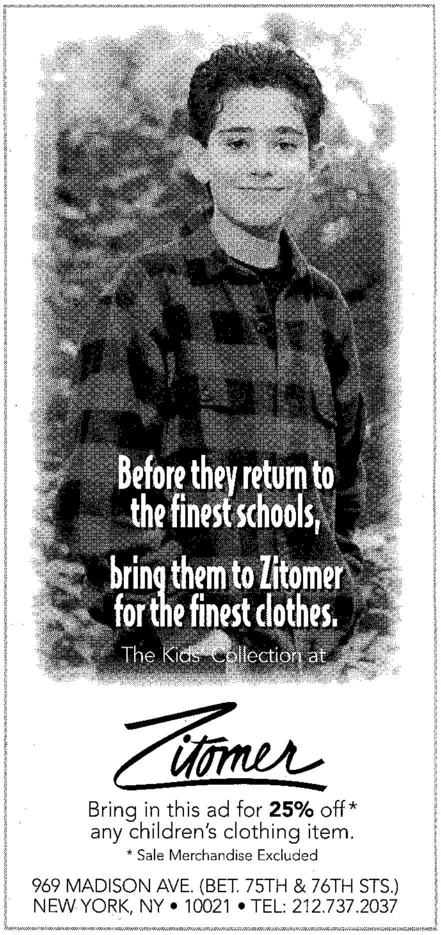

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DAVID DENBY

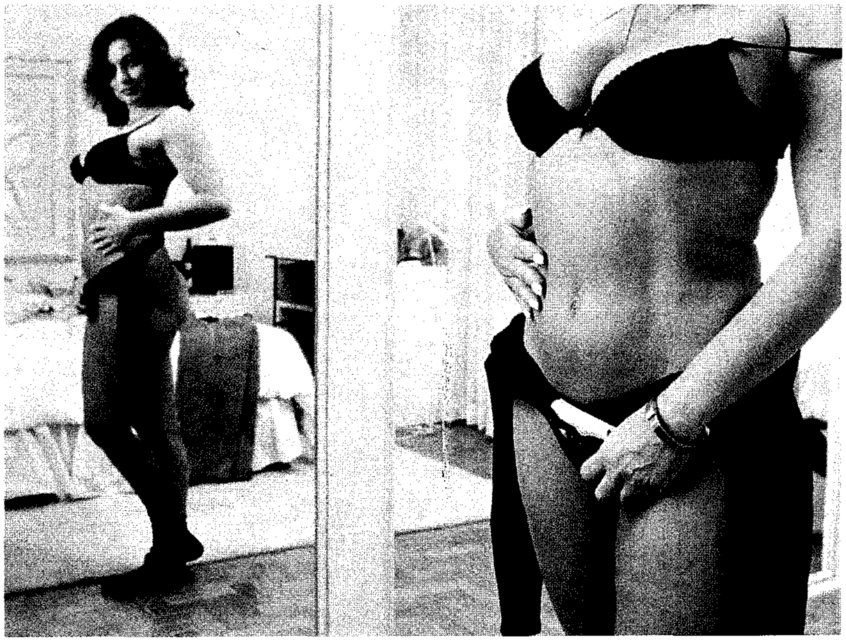
Lust Life

Nicholas Barker's disturbingly intimate 'Unmade Beds' looks and listens intently as four singles search for love in New York City—and, naturally, come up short.

CRUELTY IN ART IS LIKE A GLASS OF COLD WATER flung into one's face—unpleasant, humiliating even, but more than successful in refreshing one's attention. **Unmade Beds** is a maliciously funny satire of the New York singles scene—a joke about self-delusion and unhappiness—and it hurts. As I watched it, I became more and more angry at what the movie was doing, but by the end I had been trapped by my own fascination. The talented British writer-director Nicholas Barker makes us complicit in his crimes, both large and small. One response to this, of course, is simply to walk out—that way we don't play Barker's game, and we avoid becoming cruel ourselves. But if we walk out, we miss one of the more original movies of the year.

Many of us are tired of spectacle and endless genre stories, bored by the same emotional and moral issues plugged into the same visually overwrought movies. Now and then, we require some relief—a new way of making movies, even a new aesthetic. Nicholas Barker has come up with both. Barker has worked in recent years as a producer-director for BBC television, but he was trained as an anthropologist, and for this movie about New York singles, Barker and his staff began by doing fieldwork—searching through personal ads and bars, interviewing, videotaping, etc. In the end, he chose four men and women—heteros all—ranging in age from 28 to 54, and filmed them during the summer, fall, and winter of 1996–97. First, the four subjects told him about their dating experiences in that period; Barker then mixed their actual words with inventions of his own, all of which they fed back to the camera. At home, surrounded by the armature of their lives—their furniture and photographs, the laundry on the floor—or driving to work, or out on the prowl in the city late at night, they deliver long and mesmerizing rants, complaining about the opposite sex and lamenting their own failures and frustrations in the singles scene. They act themselves (and with great skill), but in dramatically heightened versions. The film is a hybrid—a documentary with the formal control of fiction.

The funniest and strongest of the four is Brenda Monte, a former lap dancer who needs money to keep up her mortgage payments. Brenda wants a man who will give her the cash without asking for sex. The trouble is that everyone asks Brenda for sex. Or so she says. This great fleshy bawd, showing off her golden breasts and belly to us, describes an entire male world inflamed by Brenda. Men keep exposing themselves to her, but she remains sternly unimpressed: The male member is easily available anywhere, but dog food, which she steals regularly from the grocer (she pulls out a can of Alpo from her purse), is something solid and real. Brenda is lewd, tough, quick-witted, hilarious—a more vivid character than any fictional personage in recent American movies. Her opposite number in many ways is Mikey Russo, who affects the tough-guy-loner style of a Mickey Spillane hero—dark clothes, cigarette pinched between thumb and forefinger, a tendency to see the world as divided into beautiful babes and mutts. Mikey, 54, a failed screenwriter, lives in fear of being associated with a mutt; he carries a beeper so that a friend may summon him away from an unfortunate blind date.



Mirror, mirror: Ex-lap dancer Brenda Monte is "irresistible" in Barker's cruel *Beds*.

Brenda and Mikey maintain a fantasy of themselves as irresistible, an image that all too often crashes against the rocks of unsatisfactory or unappreciative partners. But Barker doesn't actually show us any of their dates: He's interested only in the way these two present themselves to the camera—that is, the way they delude themselves. Seduced by their need to justify their actions, and by their desire to be *seen*, his characters brutally and unwittingly expose themselves to our gaze. We become the critical mirror that they can't find, the friend and enemy who sees the truth.

Brenda and Mikey never meet; each character in this movie—a sort of ballad of the lonely city—is the star of

Photograph courtesy of Chelsea Pictures.

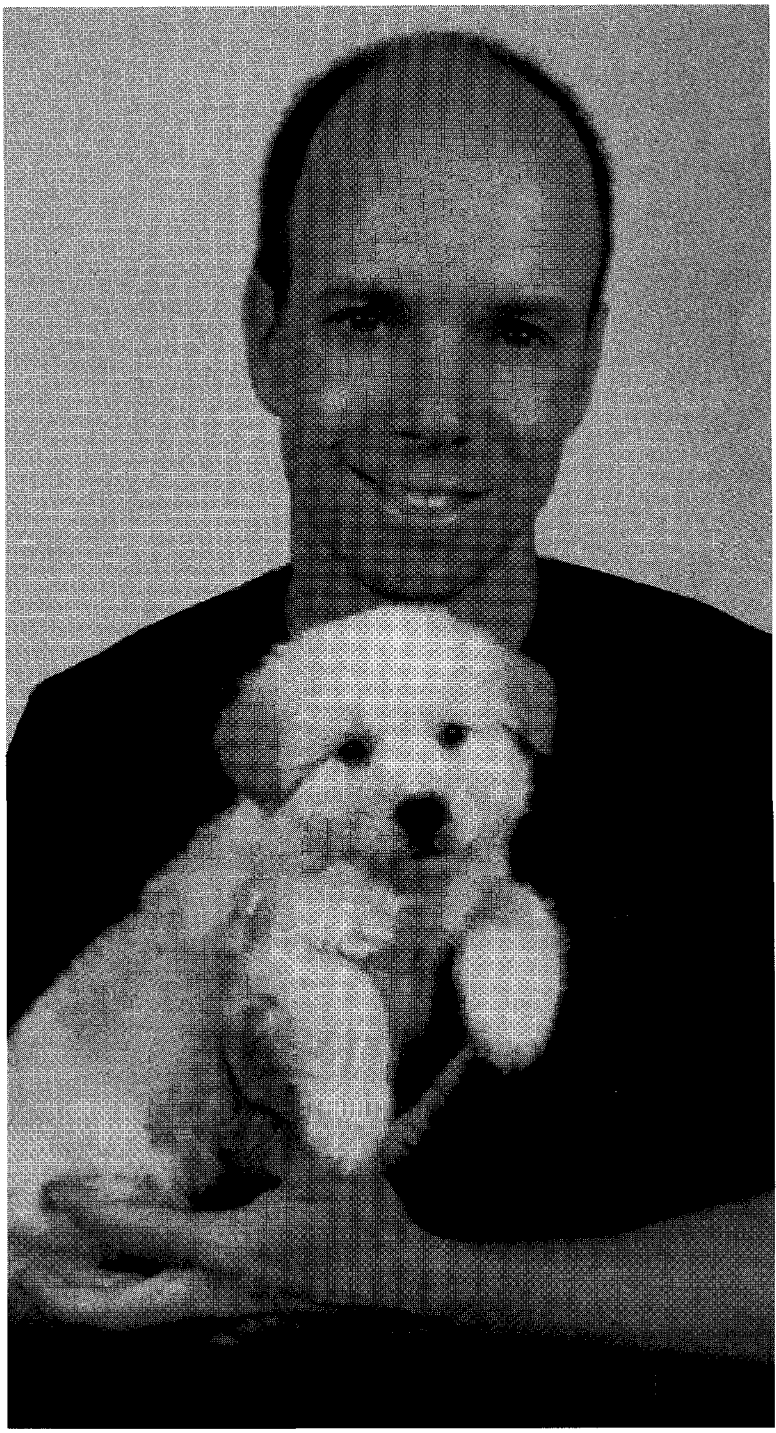
a separate narrative line. *Unmade Beds* begins with warmly lit, exquisitely composed shots of anonymous young men and women viewed from outside their windows. We can't hear them; we can only stare at them. Slowly, dreamily, with absolute confidence, they move through their apartments, talk, undress (there are several classic-looking nudes)—it is the state of sensual fulfillment and ease that is denied to the four principal characters. Right from the beginning of the movie, then, Barker turns us into voyeurs: We first see Brenda and Mikey, too, from outside their windows as they sit in the solitary gloom, taking stock.

Barker and his cinematographer, William Rexer II, have appropriated Edward Hopper's paintings as their warrant for voyeurism. The movie's visual style, the wrenching sense of isolation and frustration, comes straight out of Hopper. Barker even re-creates such Hopper works as *Nighthawks,* positioning solitary strangers at the corners of a coffee shop, behind glass windows. We look in at them; they look out. Staring and suspicion form the connection between them and us.

Aimee Copp, a young Valkyrie at 225 pounds, with flowing blonde hair and a self-deprecating giggle, can't get through to a man. Her personal ads attract older men who want to be dominated by a big woman. The most self-aware of the four, she is desperately eager to get married, and she makes jokes out of her own misadventures. "I was dumped by a submissive," she says. And Michael DeStefano, who is 40 and unmarried, has convinced himself that he's striking out because he's too short—it's Michael's *idée fixe.* DeStefano is caught between resentment of the women who have rejected him and self-contempt. They are all caught in similar ways; it is, Barker implies, the common spiritual condition of hetero single life.

These are real people, and we can't help seeing what each of them is doing wrong. They have the classic troubles of losers: The egotism that holds their morale together is exactly the personality formation that makes them impossible as partners. Barker reveals a tragicomic situation, but there's a redeeming strength to his approach. He allows these four the dignity of their unhappiness. They are what they are; they will hold on to their anger and resentment even though doing so dooms them to failure, and in the end we build a kind of admiration for them. That emotion, when it comes, releases us from the amorality and nastiness of our situation as voyeurs. We laugh at the characters' follies—and then shiver and think, "There but for the grace of God . . . "

David Denby's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**



Love Needs No Pedigree

Photo by Mary Bloom

Scott Hamilton, Olympic Champion and CBS Sports Analyst, with a friend

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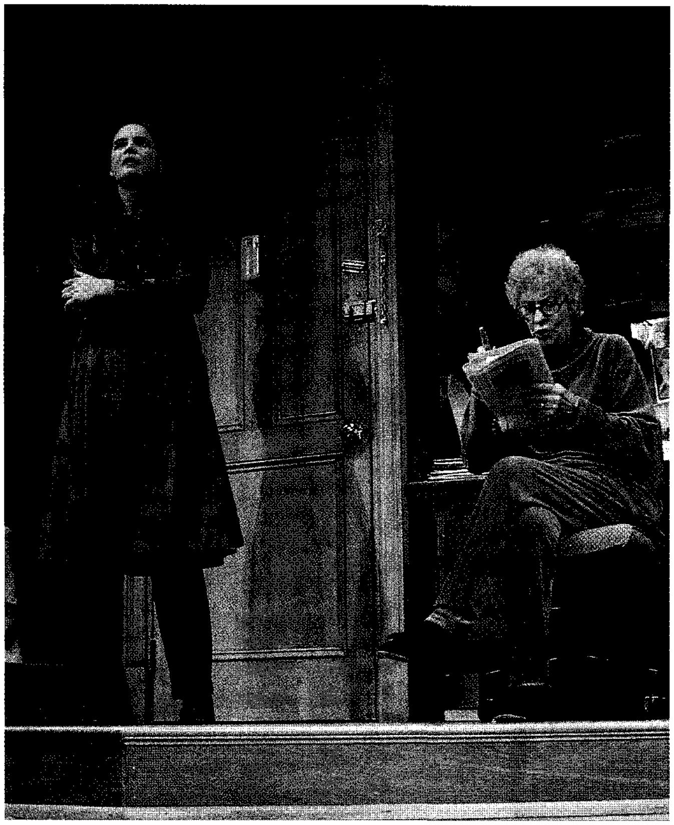
Taking a Life

In Donald Margulies's fine but uneven 'Collected Stories,' an ambitious young novelist borrows from the biography of her aging mentor, forcing a showdown.



Borrowed Time: Lorca Simons, left, and Uta Hagen in Donald Margulies's *Collected Stories.*

When Donald Margulies writes at the top of his form, he is as good as any playwright going: *Sight Unseen* belongs in every anthology of American drama. **Collected Stories** is not quite that powerful, but even second-best Margulies is something to sink your teeth into and chew on for a long time after. If only this year's revival at the Lucille Lortel came within shouting distance of last year's premiere at the Manhattan Theatre Club.

The problem begins with the star. Uta Hagen always struck me as the poor man's idea of an actress in the grand style: the gestures, the vocal gymnastics, the regal manner, but not the heart—or soul—of the matter. At 79, she is a prodigy of youthful energy in hoisting a hefty bundle of old tricks. A good acting teacher, her manner of performing is didactic, overemphatic (even in cutenesses), demonstrative rather than internalized.

Here she is Ruth Steiner, a successful short-story writer and creative-writing teacher, in her Greenwich Village apartment giving a tutorial to a promising but overawed graduate student, Lisa Morrison. In six scenes, we observe their growing relationship. Lisa insinuates herself into Ruth's life by becoming her secretarial assistant, then disciple and protégée, and finally friendly rival, as she in turn publishes a volume of acclaimed short stories. She even surpasses her mentor by publishing a novel, one that appropriates Ruth's lengthy love affair with Delmore Schwartz, so secret and sacred to Ruth that she herself never wrote about it.

But Ruth made two mistakes. She taught Lisa that a fiction writer must take her material wherever she finds it, and she gave her a detailed, though incomplete, account of her years with the much older, disintegrating poet. Without permission, Lisa has turned this into a novel; Ruth feels betrayed as writer, teacher, and friend. Their showdown is the impassioned climactic scene.

In trying to make his play more comic and dramatic, Margulies sometimes overplays his hand. The opening, as Ruth shouts instructions to Lisa beneath her window and the girl mishears everything, makes no sense, given a third-floor apartment on a quiet Village street. Next, Lisa talks less like a Columbia grad student writer than like a bubblehead ("Oh, my God, that makes like so much sense!"), and Ruth is too crusty-quirky by half, though three quarters of that is in the performance. Miss Hagen forces her voice into squeaks and growls, and slurs out enough schwas to dumbfound a phoneticist.

Yet the play becomes gripping, despite matching exaggeration by the Lisa of Lorca Simons, an unsuccessful Brooke Shields clone, and mighty overdirection by William Carden, a former Hagen student, now artistic director of her HB Playwrights Foundation & Theatre. In fact, most of the collaborators on this production are part of the HB cottage industry, and on the night I attended, even the claqueurs seemed to be HB products. The tacky and unimaginative scenery is by Ray Recht, HBPF's resident designer: Would the artistic Ruth have such execrable motel furniture, and would her beloved books lie strewn about like the dead on a battlefield? And must the poles holding up the set be so nakedly exposed, and a cliché backdrop of neighboring brick façades distract our eyes from the actors?

But Margulies's writing scores undeterred, as, for example, in the scene where Lisa reads from her novel to an enthusiastic crowd at the Y. Her prose is cleverly reminiscent of that by another Morrison, Toni, as it hovers between the true and the trashy, to the delight of the assembled culture vultures. Again, in the concluding agon, the playwright gives each woman strong arguments, and neither triumphs, forcing us to sort out the rights and wrongs of the case for ourselves.

Alas, even the ill-chosen piano music between scenes is overloud and irritating. And when you recall last year's fine MTC version, you wish this seedy revival had never happened. ■

John Simon's 1997–98 reviews are available on the Web at **newyorkmag.com.**

Photograph by James Leynse.

CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

His Masters' Voices

Passionate about lost performances from the early 1900s, Ward Marston has made a mission of restoring and rereleasing them to a new audience of music lovers.

THE WORLD'S OLDEST RECORD COMPANIES, IN business now for a hundred years or more, are celebrating their centenaries mainly by recycling the past. That's fine with me—recordings have preserved innumerable great performances that should always be readily available. But except for Sony Classical's superbly produced Masterworks Heritage series, few of these reissue projects have ventured back further than 40 years, leaving hardy independent entrepreneurs to mine what many collectors consider to be the true riches: the work of singers and instrumentalists who flourished during the first decades of our departing century and who represent an approach to music-making quite different from ours. One of the leading "sound restorers" of these treasures is **Ward Marston,** whose ability to draw a maximum amount of information from old record grooves may be heard on dozens of historical reissues from BMG, EMI, Romophone, Pearl, Biddulph, and others. Eager to bring even more material out of the vaults, Marston has created his own, eponymous label, and the thirteen releases to date set new standards in the field.

Now his own boss, Marston is free to serve his special enthusiasms. A high priority is the classic French school of singing, which had more or less vanished by mid-century. In 1911, Pathé began recording complete operas, discs that few have heard since, partly because of the technical difficulties in transferring them to modern LPs or CDs. Marston plans to bring them all back, and he has begun with the final entry in the series, Massenet's *Manon,* recorded in 1923 with the irresistible Fanny Heldy. The soprano's colleagues, including Jean Marny as Des Grieux, are less well known, but they all respond to the opera as a living piece of music theater (Massenet had been dead just eleven years). Not only is Heldy's technical control awesome, but she also projects the character's charm with an immediacy and freshness that contemporary Manons seem to have lost. Soon to come from the same source are Donizetti's *La Favorite,* a completely different opera when heard performed with its original French text, and Verdi's *Le Trouvère,* the composer's virtually forgotten version of *Il Trovatore* for the Paris Opéra.

Connoisseurs who yearn to hear other authentic Gallic voices should investigate the two-disc sets devoted to the baritone Maurice Renaud (1860–1933) and soprano Ninon Vallin (1886–1961). Although he lacked Pol Plançon's velvet-voiced virtuosity and Victor Maurel's chameleon-like diablerie, Renaud was just as extravagantly admired for his versatility and expressive range—his impassioned address to Senta from Act Two of Wagner's *Der fliegende Holländer* (sung, of course, in French) is a positively searing statement by a doomed soul clutching at a last hope. Renaud was a popular figure in New York, Boston, and Chicago between 1906 and 1912, but Vallin hardly ever appeared in North America. Her distinctive style and tangy timbre illuminated a huge repertory of French song and opera during a long career that lasted from 1911 to 1956, and Marston restores all 43 of her Pathé selections made in 1927–29—Thaïs, Manon, Carmen, and Louise have seldom sounded more seductive than they do here. In this series, Vallin also is revealed as a bewitching singer of French *mélodies* as well as an unusually voluptuous Puccini interpreter.

Unjustly forgotten American singers are also high on Marston's list: Alma Gluck, for instance, whose silvery voice enchanted the country between 1911 and 1924. She was the first RCA Victor artist to make a record ("Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," released in

His own vision: Marston, blind since birth, at work on a new recording of a vintage performance.

Photograph by Noah L. Greenberg.

1914) that sold a million copies. That song is not on her two-disc Marston set, but 49 other exquisite selections from the soprano's concert and opera repertory more than make up for the omission, giving ample evidence of why Gluck's limpid voice was so universally beloved.

The first instrumentalist to get the full Marston treatment is Josef Hofmann (1876–1957). This imposing pianist, writes Harold C. Schonberg, was a classicist among romantics, "a musician blessed with an unerring ear, taste, and the ability to float lines that seemed to spin into eternity." Hofmann was curiously reluctant to display those gifts on recordings, but the few that he made, plus tapes of live concerts and broadcasts, have all been carefully remastered by Marston, four volumes for the VAI label and a new two-disc set for his own.

Another important piano discovery, Ernst Levy (1895–1981), remains unknown to all but the most dedicated piano buffs—he is not even mentioned in Schonberg's book on the great pianists—but the two CDs that feature this "forgotten genius" storming through sonatas by Beethoven and Liszt should change all that. Mostly recorded in the mid-fifties for obscure American labels, these defiantly personalized performances are utterly free of convention and burn with conviction. Levy's demonic rendition of the Liszt *Sonata*, in fact, is among the most thrilling I have ever heard.

Clearly a man of parts, Marston is quite as intriguing as the musicians whose performances he so lovingly restores. Some have attributed the excellent sonic results he gets to the fact that he has been blind since birth, but that's debatable—after all, who knows what other people hear? Marston himself thinks that perhaps his disability has simply given him an edge by allowing him to concentrate on sound images more intently and without visual distraction. In any case, his home in suburban Pennsylvania contains a network of sophisticated electronic equipment and some 25,000 historic recordings.

When not engaged in bringing old records back to life, Marston plays jazz piano with his own trio, takes cross-country skiing trips, and indulges in a newfound hobby: skydiving. But music comes first as he pursues an ideal. These legendary performances, he insists, should sound not like "old records" but like music, as free, truthful, and natural as modern technology can make it. The priceless treasures preserved by the phonograph over the past 100 years deserve no less. ▬

Peter G. Davis's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

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House Rules

Susan Marshall introduces a moving new piece, Brooklyn-bound later this year, at Jacob's Pillow; remembering Jerome Robbins.

BECKET, MASSACHUSETTS

Early in August, the prestigious Capezio Award was given to the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, where Berkshire-country tourists, locals, and diehard fans enjoy a cornucopia of dance events throughout the summer. The presentation ceremony coincided with a splendid demonstration of the Pillow's ongoing agenda of exploring the new: the showing of a work it had co-commissioned—and nurtured by means of its residency program—from the postmodernist **Susan Marshall.**

In this program-length piece, *The Most Dangerous Room in the House,* the choreographer suggests that the room in question is whatever one we happen to be in, since dwelling with confusion and catastrophe is as much a state of mind as the effect of objective situations and events impinging upon us from the outside. Marshall gives us a group of closely interrelated people far too aware for comfort of how human feelings become human failings. Here the "characters"—the roles shift, as in dreams—are mother, daughters, and sons and lovers, or perhaps just a woman with more of her life behind her than ahead of her, remembering who she has been in terms of her most intense and unforgettable connections. This older woman, played splendidly by the actor-dancer Norma Fire, also occasionally utters fragments of a monologue (written by Christopher Renino)—the kind of internal conversation we conduct endlessly with ourselves.

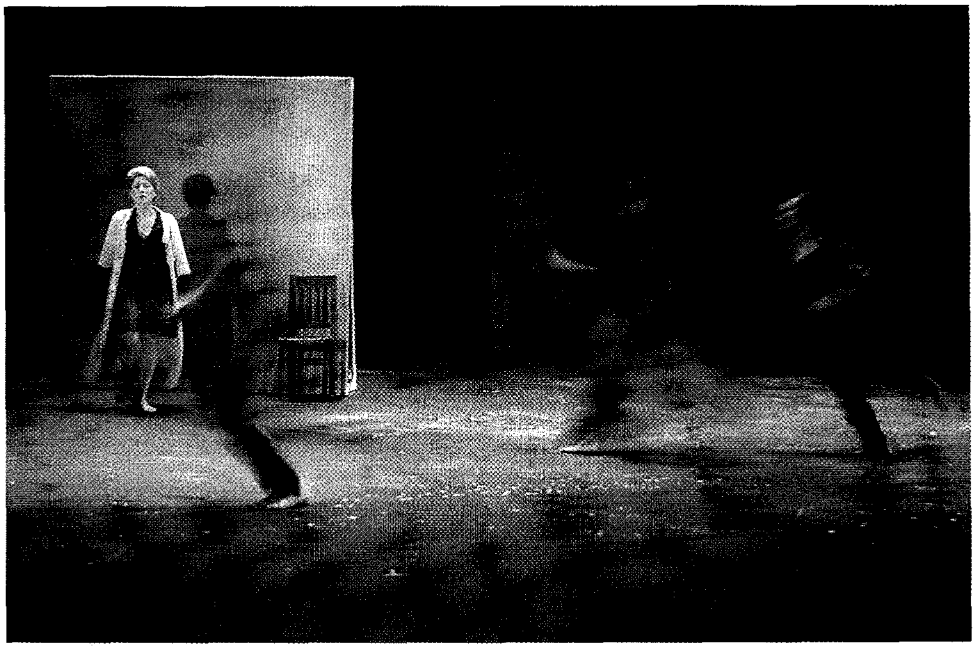
Marshall's movement vocabulary is ideal for her psychic explorations, mutating back and forth between the stuff of ordinary physical life and the more fluent, rhythmic, stylized quality of what we label dancing. The first segment of the piece depicts anguish and rage in a claustrophobic space—the primal family, in a nutshell—with the participants vying for position on an impossibly small stretch of wall (ironically set up in a vast void) and a single bare-bones chair. Next, two fragments of wall are abutted and angled to become a corner; it's still a trap, but the structure is placed at a distance, creating the illusion that the area has opened up to let some air in. Dominant now are images of rescue and resuscitation performed on victims who may be figments of the imagination, people with whom one has tried and failed, or figures whose needs are recognized too late. The final section offers too facile a resolution. The wall-like elements become a window, a bed for making love, a hill that offers a longer perspective—emblems of freedom and release. But Marshall hasn't shown us how her characters have earned or even arrived at their relatively happy ending, so we're left to wonder: Was it self-examination, resulting in a conscious effort to revise one's life, or was it simply the healing conventionally believed to come from the passage of time?

Throughout this piece, Marshall captures the eternally contradictory nature of our desires. At a given moment, one of her protagonists may seem to cry "Stay with me. I'm afraid. I need you" and "Let me go. Let me out of your clutches. Let me out of *here.*" Throughout, too, the small, closed society of intimates is intruded upon by people running swiftly and freely across the stage, serving as a reminder that though we are the center of our own tiny universes, the populations of other worlds, busy about *their* affairs, touch us tangentially or sweep through the constructs we've created with such intent self-obsession. Neither does Marshall forget the theme of each human individual's essential isolation and loneliness (which is simply isolation with a little hope left).

Despite its easy out—which might well be revised before *Dangerous Room* comes to BAM in December—this is a notable achievement, profoundly and wonderfully disturbing because looking at it is like looking into a mirror.

THE DEATH OF **Jerome Robbins,** ON JULY 29, WAS ONE OF those rare events that make you realize a big chunk of a world you blithely took for

(continued on page 60)



Marshall art: At Jacob's Pillow, *The Most Dangerous Room in the House.*

Photograph by Gary Gunderson.

TELEVISION **JOHN LEONARD**

Bang Gang

For the fabled Rat Pack, making music, movies, and money was almost incidental in lives dedicated to carousing, conniving, and otherwise rudely carrying on.

BECAUSE SOMEBODY HAS TO BE, IF NOT A HERO, at least a magnet to which a few stray scruples are attracted, Dean Martin emerges from **The Rat Pack** (Saturday, August 22; 9 to 11 P.M.; HBO) as the embodiment of skepticism—a sort of counterintuition. Instead of playing him like Perry Como's evil twin, Joe Mantegna goes for queasiness. In a Las Vegas hotel at night, while the rest of them are bed-hopping in a pop-song chiaroscuro of black windows, pastel walls, chalky flesh, and gummy sex, Dino watches TV, alone with a nicotine pacifier and his inchoate doubts. While he'll tell his wife he never expresses his feelings because he doesn't have any, we know he's uncomfortable around gangsters, thinks that Sinatra is out of control and that the Rat Pack's gaudy moment is fading fast. They are less the Lost Boys led by a goatish Peter Pan than a precursor of that "Posse" of high-school hoodlets in Lakewood, California, who scored points by nailing girls.

Where's Shirley?: Top Rats Bishop (Bobby Slayton), Davis Jr. (Don Cheadle), Sinatra (Ray Liotta), Martin (Joe Mantegna), and Lawford (Angus Macfadyen).

Among them there's not much to choose. All of them together, with their cigars and pinkie rings and locker-room "fruit" cracks, don't add up to six degrees of Jack Nicholson's cool. Ol' Blue Eyes here (Ray Liotta) is in fact a gray-faced pimp, handing out a Judy Campbell (Michelle Grace) to a John Kennedy (William Petersen) or a Sam Giancana (Robert Miranda) like a party favor. Peter Lawford (Angus Macfadyen) is a contemptible messenger boy, Jell-O with a plummy accent, shuttling from Hyannisport to Palm Springs with marching orders and obedience lessons for the status-hungry crooner: "I just want to act—and cheat on my wife," says Lawford. "Is that too much to ask?" Joey Bishop (Bobby Slayton) has the least to do—most of it Catskills shtick—and would obviously sign up for a lifetime membership in any club that let him in. Sammy Davis Jr. (Don Cheadle: terrific, as usual) is the jockey on Sinatra's lawn, and maybe where Michael Jackson's self-hatred came from. For some reason, a tender mercy, Shirley MacLaine is omitted.

Still, that a lounge lizard like Dino, best remembered for his cue-card and mammary-gland jokes on a prime-time variety show with a chorus line called the Ding-a-Lings, should end up the center of gravity in a cable-TV movie about the limbic wastes of showbiz, organized crime, and presidential politics would be even more of a surprise if the script weren't by Kario Salem. Last year, Salem amazed us with *Don King: Only in America,* in which Ving Rhames as the boxing promoter defended himself against the evidence of his own life, and even attacked HBO for making the very film we were watching. Salem seems to specialize in ambush perspectives. If Rob Cohen directs *The Rat Pack* as if it were a self-important music video, and Savion Glover choreographs it as if to satirize Las Vegas—in a genuinely stunning fantasy sequence, Sammy as a rhinestone cowboy guns down a rabble of cross-burning swastikas while singing "I've Got You Under My Skin"—Salem is always a cynical presence, at the end of the bar or the bottom of the swimming pool, reading James Ellroy, seeing this sentimentality for the sleepy sleaze it is.

Sleazy sentimentality was the Rat Pack storyboard. Sinatra was a Stand-Up Guy. Except he wasn't. He was prepared to buck the blacklist and hire Albert Maltz to write the screenplay for the movie version of *The Execution of Private Slovik*. Except he didn't: When Joe Kennedy (Dan O'Herlihy) told him to dump the pinko, Frankie dumped. He promised to be the best man at Sammy's wedding to May Britt (Megan Dodds), even if it cost his buddy JFK the South. Except that Sammy bailed him out by postponing until after the election. So what if he couldn't deliver, because of Bobby, on a promise to Giancana of lenient treatment from the Kennedy Administration if the mob voted the Chicago dead for Jack? They were still his buddies. "You don't turn your back on your friends," he tells Ava Gardner (Deborah Kara Unger), interrupting their sex to take a phone call from Chicago. Except that Salem gives Ava the last word, twice. Once, angrily: "You cheated on your first wife. You cheated on me. We're not your friends?" The next time, sadly: "You're honest

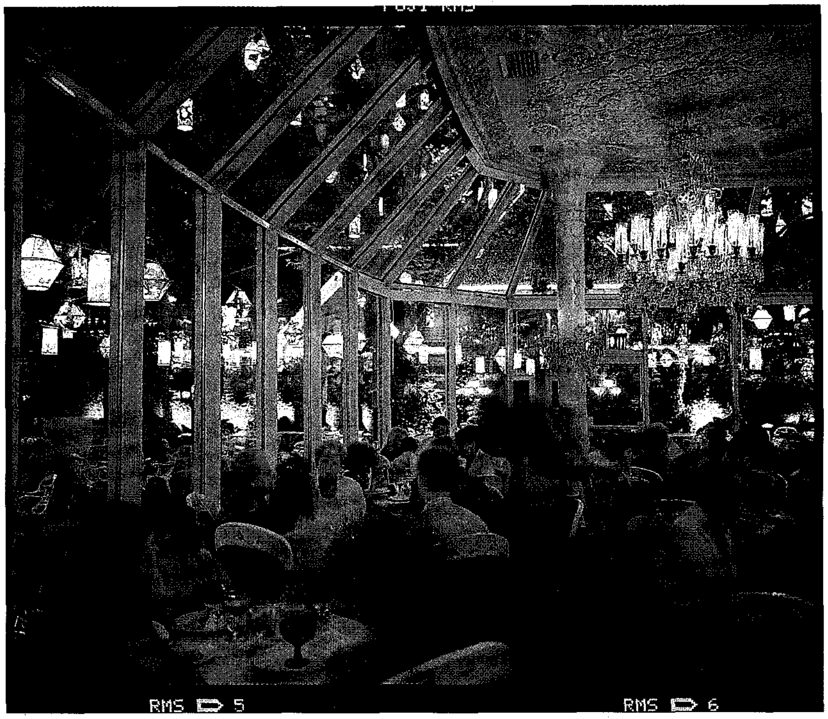
(continued on page 60)

Photograph by Stephen Vaughan/HBO.

RESTAURANTS **HAL RUBENSTEIN**

Green Machine

Tavern on the Green is the mother of all tourist restaurants, but after two decades dazzling out-of-towners, it pines for hometown cred.



South Park: Do big chandeliers and park views overwhelm the food? Does it matter?

IN 1976, WHEN A SPLENDACIOUSLY RENOVATED **Tavern on the Green** reopened, I worked there as captain long enough to collect exactly one paycheck. I couldn't blame customers for barely acknowledging me. They'd never seen anything like this spectacular explosion of glass and crystal, beveled mirror and baroque molding, blinding brass and limitless bouquets done up in a rollicking version of the Unsinkable Molly Brown's parlor.

Owner Warner LeRoy's original plan was to create a restaurant to gratify the diverse tastes and pocketbooks of any park stroller who happened by, whether hungry for a burger with fries or sole amandine. The menu was enormous and the price range wide. All were equally welcome, and all were served equally wretched food. With a sprig of parsley. To make things worse, because of the inefficient floor plan and the basketball-court-size kitchen, the only way to get anything hot from the stove to the Crystal Room was to throw it.

Much has changed since I served my last scorched Toad in the Hole at brunch. Surprisingly, though the hallways and gift shop are still aglitter with gaucheness, the passing years have supplied the dining rooms with a softening patina, rendering them more fanciful than fantastical. Still, you can't fault all those disposable cameras going off like strobe lights in the Crystal Room. During the day, thanks to sparkling glass walls that overlook Sheep Meadow, and an interior more landscaped than decorated, the relentlessly ornamented ceiling, dripping in chandelier overkill, seems to float above the pristinely maintained dining room. At night, with the chandeliers dimmed and the light filtering in from the patio's flotilla of Chinese lanterns, all appears bathed in gold. It's as silly as a wedding cake, and just as romantic.

It is also devoid of New Yorkers. CEOs looking for a secret location to stage a let's-talk-merger lunch, or local clandestine lovers yearning to venture out into daylight, your tables are waiting. The room is populated by the citizens of Boca, Racine, and Commack, and they're having a hoot. Waiters intone "Happy Birthday to You" more times in an hour than Willard used to in a week. A day camp's worth of kids can be found there day or night, and they all seem to leave happily tethered to a balloon. For those expecting something more sylvan, a bar, outlining the patio, provides a peaceful perch to view the park at twilight. There's even a disco.

Two decades ago, Tavern was Central Park's Illyria, as superficially related to New York as a ride in a hansom cab. Now, looking at Times Square, South Street Seaport, Chelsea Piers, and even our own Kmart, it's hubris to claim that Tavern is any less urbane a destination. Check out the menu. Gone is the something-for-everyone aesthetic. Ingredients like olive tapénade and truffle vinaigrette have become routine at Tavern, deliberately raising its level of culinary sophistication. And for those thinking that by taking Aunt Marion here instead of to Aureole you're going to get away cheap, here's hoping she's leaving you something in the will. Dinner for two will cost you the same as at Le Cirque 2000 (smile for the camera, sweetie).

And this is where Tavern gets into trouble: The kitchen is trying to have it both ways. The menu seems au courant enough to intrigue anyone wearing a cashmere T-shirt, but its execution is still skewed toward the supposedly timid palate of the tourist. Consequently, no one is going to run out of spices in the kitchen anytime soon. A scallop ceviche is refreshing, but the surrounding seaweed salad is more prominent than the mollusk's barely perceptible marinade. She-crab-and-corn chowder sorely lacks the zing of the promised poblano peppers. Calamari is perfectly crisp, but the rudimentary basil marinara could have come off a supermarket shelf. The crab cakes, however, are dense and meaty, with a flavorful celery rémoulade; and orange-sesame-glazed shrimp have gumption even if the somen noodles are Souen flat. Though the slaw is hardly "spicy" as advertised, honey-barbecued baby-back ribs are easily worth tearing through a second order. Duck-confit spring rolls

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

are actually pretty good egg rolls, but the tamarind dipping sauce is a washout. A lemon-pepper aïoli was wasted because there was no point in dipping the leaves of an artichoke that arrived soaking wet. Beet soup with duck is a hearty take on borscht, and while a brilliantly vermilion gazpacho could have been our favorite soup, it was, uncharacteristically, too salty. (So there *is* a shaker back there!)

Except for a golden crispy-skinned chicken, and a nicely pan-seared wild striped bass with a soothing if tame bean-and-corn relish, all the meat and fish entrées are cooked medium to well, unless you flat-out beg the waiter for that touch of pink. A barbecued duck breast with roasted plums might have been enjoyable if it hadn't arrived mocha brown. A well-chosen rack of lamb lacked the promised rosemary or any herb in its jus, and two thick pan-seared medallions of pork similarly reneged on the caraway and cider. Fettucine with lobster costs a small fortune and is almost as big a scam as restaurant-parking-lot fees—a few nuggets of lobster and a few tablespoonfuls of herb-infused broth. And each thick, juicy, aged steak—whether porterhouse, filet, or sirloin—suffers from being identically underseasoned.

If desserts fare better, it's only because nobody ever went broke overindulging America's sweet tooth. Though a crème brûlée is just My-T-Fine-like pudding, the fruit tarts and peach cobbler are satisfying, chocolate-mousse cake hits its mark, cheesecake is as creamy as from that place in Brooklyn, and there's a better-than-not-half-bad milk shake. But what's a banana split without marshmallow, strawberry sauce, or maple walnuts? Strawberry soup is merely a purée, and at $18.50, a baked Alaska rages on like the finale of Burning Man, only to blacken its meringue while still reeking of alcohol, leaving the ice cream inside hard enough to shatter the patio glass.

Considering its physical enormity and enviable annual gross, it's admirable, even stunning, that Tavern on the Green has made such a concerted effort to be taken seriously as a restaurant. But with this tariff, effort isn't enough. A new executive chef has just been announced, but for the time being, that emerald-green chandelier outshines anything on a plate. If this is as far as they can go, at least throw in a monogrammed T-shirt from the gift shop.

Tavern on the Green, Central Park at West 67th Street (873-3200). Lunch, Monday through Friday noon to 3:30 P.M.; brunch, Saturday and Sunday 10 A.M. to 3 P.M.; dinner, Sunday through Thursday 5:30 to 10:45 P.M., Friday and Saturday 5 to 11:30 P.M. All major credit cards. ■

Hal Rubenstein's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

Leonard *continued from page 58*

. . . when you sing. You're an angel . . . when you sing."

So Frankie wanted not only to be respected but to be cherished by the big boys, in the Mafia or the White House. So he was out of his league. As the late Irving Howe observed many years ago, there is no reason to believe that laissez-faire will work out any better in the economy of moral conduct than it has in the morality of economic relations: "Against me, against my ideas, it is possible to argue, but how, according to this new dispensation, can anyone argue against my need?" After the likes of Frank Sinatra, Sam Giancana, and John Kennedy, no wonder we got feminism. When Marilyn Monroe (Barbara Niven) dies, Joe DiMaggio (John Diehl) won't permit any of the Rat Pack to attend her funeral. As usual, playing in center, Joe was right.

FROM JANE ANDERSON WE ALSO EXPECT SURprise. **The Baby Dance** (Sunday, August 23; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Showtime), which she wrote for Off Broadway and directs for cable television, is not as wonderful as *The Positively True Adventures of the Alleged Texas Cheerleader–Murdering Mom.* But the first-rate cast and a hot-button issue add up to a better-than-average TV movie. For all their Hollywood money, Stockard Channing and Peter Riegert can't conceive a child and so seek to purchase one. Enter Laura Dern, a Very Blonde Supermom, and Richard Lineback, an unemployed pipe-fitter and guitar-thumber, who are not only poor-white but actually live in a trashy trailer in Shreveport, Louisiana. They already have too many kids, and seem willing to auction off the latest the minute she is born. Think Blood Proletariat, as in Baby "M."

Frank Rich found some aspects of these proceedings, in their Off Broadway incarnation, anti-Semitic. At least on my screen, what they look like instead is class warfare—country music and pickup trucks versus rented limos and snappy patter; junk food and swimming versus vitamins and prenatal fussbudget care; caste resentment and psychic blackmail. At one fraught moment, Dern lashes out at Channing: "You got plenty of money 'cause whatever you can't do as a woman, you can just go out and buy it!" On the other hand, Lineback wants a new car and a gig for his band in L.A. As in the Baby "M" case, all these people want something different—peace of mind, money in the bank, biological fulfillment, a claim on posterity, a dream of cartwheels—and what they get, instead of a property investment, is a child. And what they will do to that child, all of them, is as understandable as it is unconscionable. ■

John Leonard's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

Tobias *continued from page 57*

granted—and perhaps undervalued—has sheared away. Although he operated brilliantly in the theater (*West Side Story* was just one of his dazzlers), Robbins opted to put his main efforts into work for the concert-dance stage. Of course, he brought his theatrical instincts with him, creating ballets that blended the classical vocabulary with the vernacular and making it okay for protagonists to belong to the non-elite. Americans, teenagers, and peasants, rather than supercivilized aristocrats, were the heroes of his works, beginning with *Fancy Free, Interplay,* and, later, *Les Noces* for American Ballet Theatre, then going on through a slew of dances in an astonishing variety of modes for the New York City Ballet, the 1969 *Dances at a Gathering* remaining, perhaps, the richest and most subtle in emotional range.

I've always suspected that Robbins joined forces with the NYCB because it was the home of George Balanchine, the only classical choreographer operating in America whose genius was clearly greater than his. And I've always admired that. A number of works Robbins made for Balanchine's dancers have a vividness that remains indelible: *Afternoon of a Faun,* about the exquisite romance of narcissism; *The Cage,* which proposes woman as an insect whose male mate is her prey; and *The Concert,* the only entirely comic ballet that remains funny after a first viewing. It should also be noted that a good number of Balanchine's dancers who were particularly distinguished for their stage personalities were first singled out by Robbins, who had a knack for seeing what was possible in performers and making it bloom. As Robbins matured, he often favored a more abstract mode—*The Goldberg Variations, Brandenburg*—that was, perhaps, not the most congenial arena for his talents. But an artist follows the path he must; neither he nor we do well to quibble with it much, since it is actually beyond the control of the artist himself, if he faithfully follows his instincts.

A perfectionist, Robbins was his own enemy. So anxious was he to transfer his brilliant visions into onstage realities—and realities that were replicable—that he was cruelly demanding of his dancers (most of whom revered him anyway) and denied himself and his works the grace of spontaneity. When I interviewed him about the creation of *Fancy Free,* he made his own tape recording of our conversations, a controlling device that made me both loathe and pity him—and then I'd run into him periodically at the Metropolitan Museum, perusing other artists' visions, and I'd love him again. ■

Tobi Tobias's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

C e

A Weekly Guid

he Arts in New Yo

Pick One

It's the
Fringe Festival:
twelve days and
144 works
(including
'Gospel Truth
Family Hour,'
pictured)
of alternative
theater
(page 70)

art 73
bars 86
concerts 87
dance 87
kids 91
the mix 88
movies 62
nightlife 84
radio 88
restaurants 77
sports 90
television 88
theater 69
the written word 88

movies

Your Friends & Neighbors...A Salute to Sinatra...Blade

New Films

Air Bud: Golden Receiver—The continuing story of a boy and his very athletic canine. Starring Kevin Zegers, Cynthia Stevenson, Tim Conway, and Gregory Harrison. Directed by Richard Martin. (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) *Village East; 19th Street East; Embassy 1; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II; Main Street Cinemas; Hylan Plaza; Atrium.*

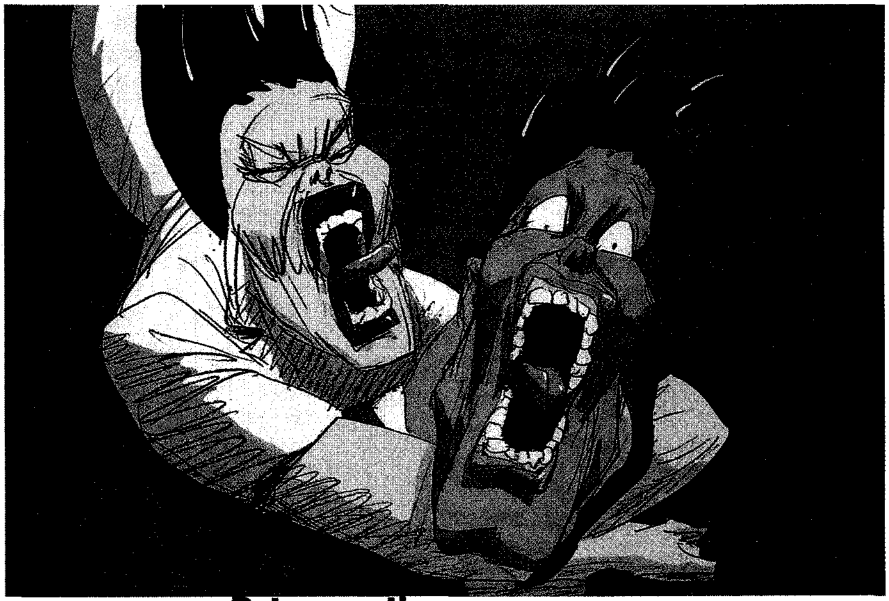
★**Armageddon**—This is not a good movie, but it's probably the best movie that ever gave you a ringing headache—exciting, fast, often funny. Here's what Billy Bob Thornton, the head of NASA, says: An asteroid is coming our way at 22,000 miles an hour. The only person who can get rid of it is "the world's best deep-core driller," who turns out to be Bruce Willis. Ben Affleck is Willis's young hotshot who is in love with Willis's daughter (a mopey, dopey Liv Tyler). Also along for the ride are a fatty (Ken Campbell), a basso-voiced meatball (Michael Clarke Duncan), a naïve mystic (Owen Wilson), and a sardonic genius who loves whores (the invaluable sourman Steve Buscemi). The jolts and thrills, plotted against the ticking clock, just keep coming. (Denby; 7/13/98) (About 2 hours.; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; Embassy 2–3; Sutton; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Cinema City; Cinemart; Crossbay; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Avengers—Ralph Fiennes and Uma Thurman are the famously low-key superagents John Steed and Emma Peel in this film version of the sixties television show. Also starring Sean Connery. (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Coronet; Criterion Center; 86th Street; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Kent Triplex; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Best Man—A small-town Italian girl suffers through an arranged wedding by falling for the groom's best man instead. Starring Inès Sastre and Diego Abantantuono. Directed by Pupi Avati. (1 hr. 32 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Eastside Playhouse.*

The Beyond—Lucio Fulci's 1981 zombie thriller set in New Orleans, home of one of the seven gateways to hell. Starring Catriona MacColl and David Warbeck. In English. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center.*

Billy's Hollywood Screen Kiss—A gay photographer obsessed with old movies falls in love with his model. (1 hr. 29 mins.; R) *Chelsea.*



Retrospective
Animania

A hearty selection of the bawdy, surreal, hand-drawn work of New York animator Bill Plympton—and a sneak preview of his feature film 'I Married a Strange Person' (above; opening August 28)—runs during "The Strange World of Bill Plympton," August 22–23 at the American Museum of the Moving Image. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

The Birds—Alfred Hitchcock's 1963 foray into fantasy and science fiction. Starring Tippi Hedren, Jessica Tandy, and Rod Taylor. (2 hrs.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Blade—Wesley Snipes is an immortal warrior who must fight a nation of vampires to save the world. Also starring Stephen Dorff, Traci Lords, and Kris Kristofferson. Directed by Stephen Norrington. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Opens 8/21.*

Buffalo '66—Watching this film is a little bit like landing in the hands of a ratty hustler who lives in a bus station ("Hey, can I talk to you for a second? Just for a second . . ."). Which is not to say that Vincent Gallo doesn't have talent and a scraggly kind of wit. He plays Billy Brown, a jumpy young loser who leaves prison and spends a long time looking for a place to pee. Billy kidnaps a girl (Christina Ricci) with heavily tinted eyes and fluttering lashes so she will accompany him on a visit to his parents, who hate him and wish he did not exist. Angelica Huston and Ben Gazzara produce successful vicious caricatures, but in the family scenes, Gallo begins to play with trick staging and trick editing, and the movie comes grinding to a halt. From there on, it's strictly touch-and-go—some good scenes, some things that don't work at all, and a rushed, unsatisfactory ending. *Buffalo '66* has an authentic rotgut flavor, but here's the question for the future: Will Gallo learn to criticize his own ideas or continue to pride himself on screwing up? (Denby; 7/20/98) (About 2 hrs.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

The Chambermaid on the Titanic—A French factory worker wins a ticket to witness the launch of the doomed ship and comes back with a tall tale of the passionate night he spent with a chambermaid. Starring Romane Bohringer, Olivier Martinez, and Aitana Sánchez Gijón. Directed by Bigas Luna. (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

Dance With Me—Vanessa L. Williams is a hardened salsa-dance instructor (and former champion) whose new student teaches her how to love and live again. With Chayanne and Kris Kristofferson (as the dance-studio owner). Directed by Randa Haines. (2 hrs. 6 mins.; PG) *Starts 8/21.*

Dead Man on Campus—Two roommates, both failing their freshman year in college, decide to pass by using the "dead man's clause" (the urban myth that any student whose roommate dies gets straight A's). Starring Tom Everett Scott and Mark-Paul Gosselaar. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Starts 8/21.*

Disturbing Behavior—The new kid in town discovers a mysterious method for transforming rebellious teens into solid citizens. Starring James Marsden, Nick Stahl, and Katie Holmes. Directed by David Nuttertars. (1 hr. 45 mins; R) *New Coliseum.*

Dr. Dolittle—Eddie Murphy plays the man with a gift for communicating with the animal kingdom. Also starring Kristen Wilson, and Kyla Pratt. Directed by Betty Thomas. (About 2 hours.; PG-13) *Criterion Center; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Cobble Hill; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

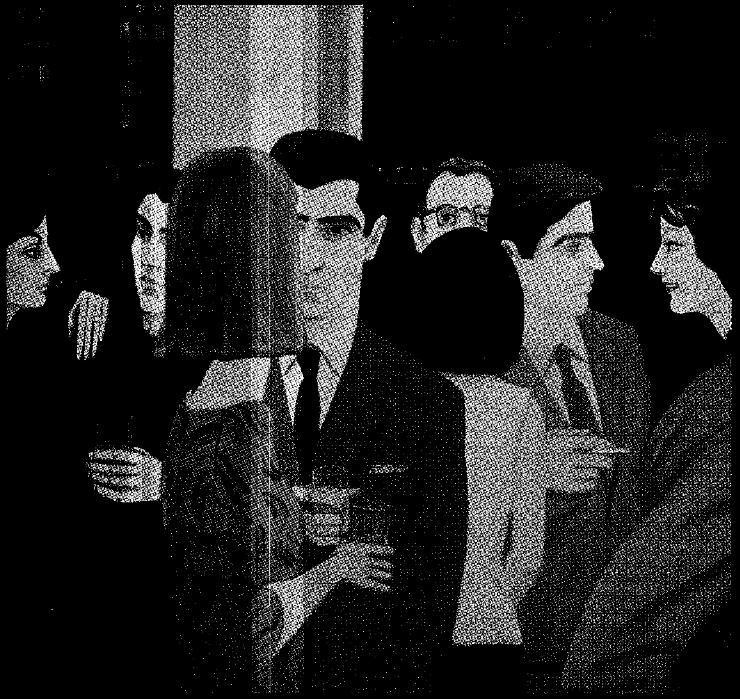
'Cue" Cover Photograph by Julie Skarratt.

"A Brutally Funny **SEX COMEDY** that will keep you **TALKING** right on through winter."

Peter Travers, ROLLING STONE

"Fascinating! Shamefully **IRRESISTIBLE.**"

Jill Bernstein, PREMIERE MAGAZINE



AMY BRENNEMAN AARON ECKHART CATHERINE KEENER
NASTASSJA KINSKI JASON PATRIC BEN STILLER

YOUR FRIENDS & NEIGHBORS

A MODERN IMMORALITY TALE

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POLYGRAM FILMED ENTERTAINMENT

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DOLBY DIGITAL

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GRAMERCY

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505-CINE#957

SONY THEATRES
19TH STREET EAST
BROADWAY AT 19TH STREET
260-8000

DOLBY DIGITAL

The Eel—After serving time for murdering his wife in a crime of passion, a parolee hesitantly starts a new life as a small-town barber and learns to open up to another woman. Starring Koji Yakusho and Misa Shimizu. Written and directed by Shohei Imamura. Winner of the 1997 Palme d'Or. In Japanese with subtitles. (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) *Opens 8/21 at Lincoln Plaza and Quad Cinemas.*

Ever After—Drew Barrymore stars as the plucky cinder girl in this girl-power version of the classic fairy tale. Also starring Anjelica Huston. (2 hrs. 1 min.; PG-13) *Waverly; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; 86th Street; Beekman; 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Alpine; Marboro; Cinemart; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Everest: The Movie—The first-ever IMAX footage from Everest documents the 1996 summit climb of an international expedition. Directed by David Breashears and Ed Viesturs. (45 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Square.*

First Love, Last Rites—Jesse Peretz's creation about a young New Yorker hanging out in the Louisiana bayou with a loopy southern girl. Starring Giovanni Ribisi and Natasha Gregson Wagner. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Gadjo Dilo—A Parisian boy travels to Romania to find his deceased father's favorite Gypsy singer and decides to remain in the exotic community. Starring Romain Duris and Isidor Serban. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Governess—Minnie Driver is a Jewish woman who poses as a Christian to get a governess job. With Tom Wilkinson, Harriet Walter, Florence Hoath, Bruce Myers, and Jonathan Rhys Meyers. Written and directed by Sandra Goldbacher. (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Paris Theatre.*

Halloween H20—Michael Myers returns after twenty years to terrorize Jamie Lee Curtis. Starring Adam Arkin, LL Cool J., Janet Leigh, and Michelle Williams. Directed by Steve Miner. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; State; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Crossbay; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Plaza; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Revival
Red-Light Love

Nagisa Oshima's relentlessly sexual *In the Realm of the Senses* (1976)—about a superheated, tragic affair between a mentally unstable brothel maid and her increasingly dependent boss (Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji, below)—returns for two days as part of the YWCA's Ciné-Club series. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

Photograph from Photofest.

Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer 2—In this follow-up to the 1990 cult classic by John McNaughton, Henry is a janitor who learns how to turn a profit from his grisly habit as well as fall in love. Starring Neil Giutoli, Rich Komenich, Kate Walsh, and Carri Levinson. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center.*

How Stella Got Her Groove Back—Angela Bassett is a successful stockbroker and single mother whose life turns upside down when she visits Jamaica and falls for a handsome 20-year-old man. Also starring Whoopi Goldberg, Taye Diggs, and Regina King. Based on the novel by Terry McMillan. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Astor Plaza; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Cinema City; Continental; Crossbay; Jackson Triplex; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Lethal Weapon 4—Danny Glover and Mel Gibson return to the roles they first played in 1987. Also starring Chris Rock, Joe Pesci, Rene Russo, and Jet Li. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Coronet; State; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Bay Terrace; Continental; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; North Shore Towers; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Madeline—The film version of the much-loved children's story. Starring Frances McDormand and Hatty Jones. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG) *Gemini; Pavilion Theatre.*

Mafia!—A parody of the traditional organized-crime film that revolves around the bumbling Cortino family. Starring Jay Mohr, Christina Applegate, Olympia Dukakis, and Lloyd Bridges. Directed by Jim Abrahams. (1 hr. 26 mins.; PG-13) *Embassy 2–3; Whitestone.*

The Mask of Zorro—Anthony Hopkins and Antonio Banderas work with professional skill in a ludicrous vehicle—a retro-style comedy-adventure with lots of explosions and fires and gold-toothed Mexicans. Zorro himself is less an aristocrat with a double life than an amalgam of Jackie Chan, Batman, and Obi-wan Kenobi. He lives in a huge black cave and employs martial-arts techniques to discipline his mind. The best thing in the movie is the swordplay. There's lots of it, in different places and styles, and even Catherine Zeta-Jones—a young and beautiful actress of the heaving-bosom school. (Denby; 8/3/98) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; State; Gemini; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Olympia Theatre; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Forest Hills; The Movies at Bayside; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Mulan—Disney's animated version of China's most popular legend, in which a young girl becomes a war hero when she disguises herself as a man, joins the Imperial army, and fights against the invading Huns. With the voices of Ming-Na Wen, Eddie Murphy, B. D. Wong, and Donny Osmond. (1 hr. 26 mins.; G) *Embassy 2–3; Cobble Hill.*

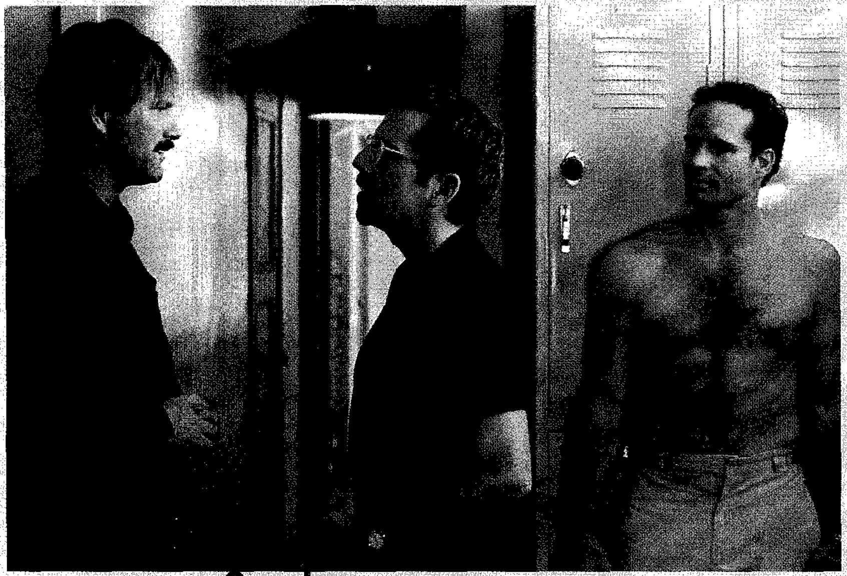
The Negotiator—Samuel L. Jackson is a Chicago police negotiator who takes prisoners when he's being framed for murder. Also starring Kevin Spacey. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Village East; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinema City; Crossbay II; Forest Hills; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Next Stop, Wonderland—Hope Davis is a nurse who thinks she's finished with love until she meets an aspiring marine biologist from across town. With Alan Gelfant. Directed by Brad Anderson. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Opens 8/21.*

★**Nights of Cabiria**—This remains the most perfectly beautiful and touching of Fellini's movies. One is amazed by how close he keeps us to the moment-by-moment feelings of Giulietta Masina's aging, unhappy little prostitute. The film seems at first rather wandering and random, but Fellini quietly creates a structure that echoes and resonates. If you think of the movie as both a Christian fable and a sorrowing defense of illusion, everything in it makes sense. The movie becomes a panorama of betrayal—by art, by the church, by men. Only a silent man with a sack, walking about the outskirts of Rome and handing gifts to the broken-down old whores living in caves—a secular saint—redeems this wasteland. The film, we think, should be a tragedy. But Fellini renounces tragedy; he insists that life without illusion is not possible. He offers a Christian optimism that draws nothing from doctrine or clergy and everything from love. It would be nice to say that *Nights of Cabiria* could redeem the cinema too, but some things are not possible. Yet this 41-year-old movie provides an extraordinary contrast to the summer-season monstrosities as they blaze their way into oblivion. (Denby; 7/20/98) (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**The Opposite of Sex**—This film breathes the air of freedom from its opening moments. Running away from home, 16-year-old Dedee (Christina Ricci) moves in with Bill (Martin Donovan), her gay half-brother, who is an exceptionally nice, intelligent man but almost pathologically mild. Dedee now has her patsy; she immediately seduces Bill's live-in lover, the rather stupid young Matt (Ivan Sergei), and soon the two of them, with Bill's money in their pockets, escape from his house in Indiana. They are pursued—not just by Bill but also by a fellow teacher, a woman named Lucia. As played by Lisa Kudrow, Lucia turns into a major comic creation. Lucia and Bill are the decent and high-minded ones; they represent "the opposite of sex"—the opposite of promiscuous Dedee, who has no standards at all. Dedee, though, has a certain truth. Some of her outrageous demand on life passes into the virtuous people. They want happiness, too. And happiness doesn't lie in the opposite of sex. (Denby; 6/22/98) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 59th Street East; Regency.*

★**Out of Sight**—Extraordinarily entertaining. George Clooney plays Jack Foley, a bank robber with the



Opening

Circle of Jerks

The handsome and talented Jason Patric (above right, with workout buddies Aaron Eckhart and Ben Stiller) portrays the most morally bankrupt, narcissistic, inhumane single guy in cinematic history in *Your Friends & Neighbors*, the story of six nameless urbanites whose self-absorption wrecks their lives—and those of everyone around them. Neil LaBute's fascinatingly bleak follow-up to *In the Company of Men* starts August 19.

temperament of a con artist. Jack's buddy (Ving Rhames) picks him up when he breaks out of the pen; when they are confronted by a beautiful federal marshal, Karen Sisco (Jennifer Lopez), they throw her in the trunk of the car, and Jack, hiding, climbs in with her. Something in Jack's soothing manner and touch works for Karen: She falls in love with the man she is supposed to apprehend. Steven Soderbergh has done something truly original: He has proved that a comedy-thriller can take place as much in the ideas people have about one another as in what they do. (Denby; 7/13/98) (About 2 hrs.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin.*

The Parent Trap—The remake of the 1961 Disney classic. Starring Dennis Quaid, Natasha Richardson, and Lindsay Lohan. (2 hrs. 8 mins.; PG) *Village East; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Staten Island.*

π—A mathematician tries to decode the numerical pattern in the stock market. Starring Sean Gullette. Directed and written by Darren Aronofsky. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center.*

Regeneration—Four World War I veterans try to find sanity in a military hospital filled with shell-shocked men and brutal doctors. Starring Jonathan Pryce, James Wilby, Stuart Bunce, Jonny Lee Miller, and John Neville. Directed by Gillies Mackinnon. (1 hr. 53 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Return to Paradise—Two years after Vince Vaughn returns from a hash-filled jaunt across Malaysia, he learns the buddy he left behind is still there, held on drug charges and sentenced to die unless he returns to accept responsibility. Also starring Anne Heche, Joaquin Phoenix, David Conrad, and Jada Pinkett Smith. Directed by Joseph Ruben. (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Alpine; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; The Movies at Staten Island.*

★Saving Private Ryan—At the beginning, a group of American soldiers land on Omaha Beach, on D-day. Led by Captain John Miller (Tom Hanks), they jump over the side and get hit under the water. Many who make it out of the boats die in the first few yards of sand. Director Steven Spielberg rapidly shifts from one nightmare to another: When we are under the water, or inside the head of a stunned soldier, the sound collapses into an indistinct roar; the next second, we are above the water and the noise of bullets and mortar fire approaches agony. In this one scene, and in another battle at the end, Spielberg knocks into oblivion every World War II movie ever made. This is a marvelous film, though it needs to be said that the material between the two battle scenes isn't on their transcendent level. It begins as an epic, changes into an anecdote, and works toward a kind of moral fable. After the beach has been secured, Captain Miller and some of his men (Adam Goldberg, Vin Diesel, Barry Pepper, Ed Burns, Jeremy Davies, and Tom Sizemore) are sent on a special mission. It seems that three brothers from Iowa have been killed; the Army wants the fourth brother, Private Ryan, sent home. When they at last find Ryan (Matt Damon), he doesn't want to be saved. The business of saving a single soldier gets folded into a larger question: What is the value of a decent gesture—any decent gesture—in war? (Denby; 7/27/98) (2 hrs. 48 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea West; Murray Hill Cinemas; Ziegfeld; New York Twin; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Seventh Heaven—When an unsatisfied woman enters hypnotherapy and finds a cure for what ails her, her husband begins to feel threatened. Starring Sandrine Kiberlain and Vincent Lindon. Directed by Benoît Jacquot. In French with subtitles. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Slums of Beverly Hills—A young girl grows up poor in a family of men in Beverly Hills. Starring Natasha Lyonne, Alan Arkin, Marisa Tomei, Carl Reiner, Kevin Corrigan, Rita Moreno, and Jessica Walter. Written and directed by Tamara Jenkins. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; 62nd and Broadway.*

Small Soldiers—A small town is overrun by its children's feuding action figure toys. Starring Phil Hartman, Jay Mohr, Kirsten Dunst, Ann Magnuson, Denis Leary, and Frank Langella. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Criterion Center; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

Smoke Signals—A comic Sundance favorite about a young Native American boy who reluctantly brings his goofy friend along when he travels from his Coeur d'Alene reservation to Arizona to pick up his father's ashes. Written by Sherman Alexie and directed by Chris Eyre. Starring Adam Beach and Evan Adams. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Crown Gotham.*

Snake Eyes—Rick Santoro (Nicolas Cage) is a crooked cop in Atlantic City on fight night. At ringside he greets an old friend, Commander Kevin Dunne (Gary Sinise), a Navy officer assigned to protect the secretary of Defense, who is also attending the fight. The bout begins, Dunne gets up to check someone out, the heavyweight champ is knocked down, and the secretary, no longer protected, takes a bullet in the throat. All of this is conveyed in a single, enormously long-lasting shot. There's nothing languorous about it: director Brian De Palma captures the ambience of a big, violent, semi-coherent event. The sequence runs along on sheer nerve, and as long as it lasts, it seems to offer everything that the cinema can offer in the way of simultaneity and excitement. But this opening sets up a peculiar problem. When the shot runs out, the movie also seems to run out—that is, it devolves into a familiar and depressingly unconvincing thriller. I can't think of another movie that starts so brilliantly and ends so miserably as this one. (Denby; 8/17/98) (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; State; 72nd St. East; UA East; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Olympia Theatre; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Jackson Triplex; Movieworld; Plaza; The Movies at Bayside; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

★The Spanish Prisoner—Campbell Scott, of the serious brow and the serious cleft, plays a young inventor, Joe Ross, a self-made man uneasy among the rich and powerful yet secretly eager to join their ranks. What it is that Joe Ross has invented we never find out—"the process," it is called, some sort of technological masterpiece that will earn untold millions for Joe's company. A shadowy international businessman (Steve Martin) shows up and flatters Joe, and the trap has been set. As Joe gets more and more isolated, director David Mamet takes us deeper into fear than he ever has in the past, and that's an achievement. Hitchcock is the model here, but to become Hitchcock's equivalent, Mamet has to learn to trust the camera more than he does; he has to stop trying to control everything with language. (Denby; 4/13/98) (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Lady From Shanghai—The *noir* classic starring Rita Hayworth as the damsel-in-distress and Orson Welles as the unsuspecting Irishman who saves her. (1 hr. 27 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

There's Something About Mary—The trouble with the Farrelly brothers is that in order to get a laugh, they dump on everybody and everything. It is the value of shock, of breaking taboos, of liberating secret fears. Ted (Ben Stiller) is a high-school nerd with braces. By some miracle, Mary (Cameron Diaz) asks him to the prom. But when Ted arrives at Mary's house, he suffers an unspeakable entanglement of his most delicate parts in the zipper of his fly. After this catastrophe, Ted loses Mary, and thirteen years later he's still thinking about her. Ted sends a sleazy investigator, Healy (Matt Dillon), to spy on Mary. And of course Healy falls in love with her, too. In order to impress Mary, he tries to pass himself off as an architect and free spirit, but everything he does is just a little off. When Healy visits Mary in her apartment, he falls into a misadventure with a dreadful little dog that is onto him. What Matt Dillon does to that dog is

Photograph by Bruce Birmelin/Gramercy Pictures.

Festival

Frankie Goes to Hollywood

Ah, Frank! The first wistful look back at his films—in what will undoubtedly be a long line of tributes—is "A Salute to Sinatra," showcasing nineteen of The Voice's musicals and dramas, including *Young at Heart* (1954), above, and more serious stuff like *The Manchurian Candidate* (1962). At the Walter Reade Theater, August 21–September 8. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

one of the wildest and funniest things in recent movie comedy. While watching this episode, we may feel we're being tested in some way. Do we have the honesty to admit that the abuse of a pesky little dog is funny? And we're tested again by Mary's brother, who is retarded. If you don't laugh at him, or at a man on crutches, or at a psychopathic hitchhiker, or at an old woman's withered breasts, then you stand accused of a craven obeisance to political correctness. And although I laughed at the poor dog, I didn't laugh at these other things. The insensitivity gets one down after a while. Some of the critics write as if bad taste were an actual cause—as if a blow against p.c. were somehow a victory in itself. But anyone who falls into that trap not only loses his judgment but congratulates himself for far too little (Denby; 8/3/98) (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) *Village East; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Kingsway; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Continental; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Thief—A war widow and her little boy begin a relationship with a strange man, with profound consequences. Starring Vladimir Mashkov, Ekaterina Rednikova, and Misha Philipchuk. Directed by Pavel Chukhrai. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Cinemart.*

The Truman Show—A clever but empty movie that is the most overpraised picture of the year, *The Truman Show* is about a young man named Truman Burbank (Jim Carrey) who works as an insurance salesman in a town called Seahaven. From the day of his birth, Burbank has been surrounded by actors, his every move captured by hidden cameras. He doesn't know any of this, though he's beginning to suspect that something in his uneventful life is a bit weird. The lord of this realm is named Christof (Ed Harris), who wields absolute power from his control room. This is a profound movie for people who don't like to think, or perhaps for people who are in the media and of the media, and can't imagine any life outside it. *The Truman Show*, however, will not disturb anyone's sleep. (Denby; 6/8/98) (About 1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) *First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Unmade Beds—See Denby, pg. 52. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

War Zone—Maggie Hadleigh-West's in-their-face documentary of the street abuse endured by urban women. (1 hr. 16 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Western—Two men, one Spanish and one Russian, form an uneasy friendship and drive the west coast of France. Starring Sergi Lopez, Sacha Bourdo, and Elisabeth Vitali. Winner of the 1997 Grand Jury Prize at Cannes. (2 hrs. 1 min.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Young Girls of Rochefort—Catherine Deneuve and her sister, Françoise Dorléac, star as small-town girls (twin sisters, actually) who who dream of making it big in music. With Gene Kelly, Grover Dale, George Chakiris, and Jacques Perrin. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. (2 hrs. 4 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Your Friends & Neighbors—Six urbanites visit the dark side of intimacy. Starring Jason Patric, Nastassja Kinski, Catherine Keener, Ben Stiller, Aaron Eckhart, and Amy Brenneman. Written and directed by Neil LaBute. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Opens 8/21.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *The Beyond; Buffalo '66; The Governess; Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer 2; The Opposite of Sex; The Slums of Beverly Hills; Smoke Signals.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Out of Sight; Snake Eyes.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Closed for renovations.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *The Birds; The Lady From Shanghai; War Zone; The Young Girls of Rochefort.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *The Best Man; The Chambermaid on the Titanic; First Love, Last Rites; Nights of Cabiria; Seventh Heaven.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Unmade Beds.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Air Bud: Golden Receiver; Halloween H20; The Mask of Zorro; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap; Return to Paradise; There's Something About Mary.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Lethal Weapon 4; The Avengers; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; Saving Private Ryan.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Armageddon; Ever After.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Air Bud: Golden Receiver; The Avengers; Ever After; Halloween H20; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; The Mask of Zorro.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *The Mask of Zorro; The Negotiator; There's Something About Mary.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Armageddon; Billy's Hollywood Screen Kiss; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap; Return to Paradise; Snake Eyes; There's Something About Mary.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Saving Private Ryan.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *The Avengers; Halloween H20; Saving Private Ryan; Snake Eyes.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *The Opposite of Sex.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *How Stella Got Her Groove Back.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *The Chambermaid on the Titanic; The Parent Trap; The Slums of Beverly Hills.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Lethal Weapon 4; The Avengers.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *The Avengers; Dr. Dolittle; Ever After; The Negotiator; Small Soldiers; There's Something About Mary.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Smoke Signals.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *The Best Man.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Air Bud: Golden Receiver.*

Embassy 2-3—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Armageddon; Mafia!; Mulan.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *The Parent Trap.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *The Governess.*

State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (391-2900) *Lethal Weapon 4; Halloween H20; The Mask of Zorro; Snake Eyes.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Armageddon; Gone With the Wind.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Deep Impact; High Art; The Last Days of Disco; A Perfect Murder; Titanic; The X-Files.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Saving Private Ryan.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Snake Eyes.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *The Avengers; Ever After.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Closed for renovations.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Ever After.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Air Bud: Golden Receiver; Halloween H20; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; Return to Paradise; There's Something About Mary; The Truman Show.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Madeline; The Mask of Zorro; The Negotiator.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Saving Private Ryan.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *Lethal Weapon 4; Halloween H20; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; The Mask of Zorro; The Negotiator; Saving Private Ryan; There's Something About Mary.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Snake Eyes.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *The Slums of Beverly Hills.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Ever After; Halloween H20; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; The Mask of Zorro; The Negotiator.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Gadjo Dilo; Nights of Cabiria; Regeneration; The Spanish Prisoner; The Thief; Western.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Lethal Weapon 4; Air Bud: Golden Receiver; Armageddon; The Avengers; The Parent Trap; Return to Paradise; Saving Private Ryan; Snake Eyes; There's Something About Mary.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *How Stella Got Her Groove Back; Saving Private Ryan.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *The Avengers; Disturbing Behavior; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; Snake Eyes.*

Photograph courtesy of the Film Society of Lincoln Center.

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *The Avengers; Halloween H20; How Stella Got Her Groove Back.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *The Mask of Zorro; Snake Eyes.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *The Opposite of Sex.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; The Avengers; Dr. Dolittle; Ever After; Halloween H20; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; The Mask of Zorro; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap; Saving Private Ryan; Snake Eyes; There's Something About Mary.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Lethal Weapon 4; Air Bud: Golden Receiver; The Avengers; Dr. Dolittle; Halloween H20; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; The Mask of Zorro; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap; Small Soldiers; Snake Eyes.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Lethal Weapon 4; Air Bud: Golden Receiver; Armageddon; The Avengers; Dr. Dolittle; Halloween H20; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; Mafia!; The Mask of Zorro; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap; Saving Private Ryan; Small Soldiers; Snake Eyes; There's Something About Mary.*

Opening
Blood Lords

Wesley Snipes is a super-pumped superhero in 'Blade': a half-human, half-vampire whose sole purpose is to save the world from a secret nation of bloodthirsty villains (led by a less muscular Stephen Dorff). Opens August 21.

Photograph by Bruce Talamon/New Line Cinema.

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Armageddon; The Avengers; Ever After; Return to Paradise; Saving Private Ryan; Snake Eyes; There's Something About Mary.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Air Bud: Golden Receiver; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; Snake Eyes.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Mulan; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Air Bud: Golden Receiver; Halloween H20; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; The Mask of Zorro; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Halloween H20; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; Snake Eyes.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *The Avengers; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; Snake Eyes.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Lethal Weapon 4; Air Bud: Golden Receiver; Dr. Dolittle; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; The Mask of Zorro; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *The Avengers; Halloween H20; Saving Private Ryan; Snake Eyes; There's Something About Mary.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Boulevard and Eldert Lane, Brooklyn (277-0303) *Lethal Weapon 4; Air Bud: Golden Receiver; Armageddon; The Avengers; Dr. Dolittle; Halloween H20; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; The Mask of Zorro; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap; Saving Private Ryan; Small Soldiers; Snake Eyes.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Air Bud: Golden Receiver; The Avengers; Ever After; The Mask of Zorro; There's Something About Mary.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Air Bud: Golden Receiver; The Avengers; Halloween H20; Madeline; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap; Return to Paradise; Saving Private Ryan; Snake Eyes; There's Something About Mary.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Air Bud: Golden Receiver; The Avengers; Halloween H20; How Stella Got Her Groove Back.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; Halloween H20; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; The Mask of Zorro; The Negotiator; Return to Paradise; Saving Private Ryan; Snake Eyes; There's Something About Mary.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; The Mask of Zorro; Snake Eyes; There's Something About Mary.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap; Saving Private Ryan; There's Something About Mary.*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Air Bud: Golden Receiver; The Avengers; Halloween H20; The Mask of Zorro; Saving Private Ryan; Snake Eyes.*

Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Armageddon; Halloween H20; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; The Mask of Zorro; The Negotiator.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Armageddon; Ever After; The Parent Trap; Snake Eyes; The Thief.*

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Lethal Weapon 4; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; There's Something About Mary.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Armageddon; Halloween H20; How Stella Got Her Groove Back.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Lethal Weapon 4; Air Bud: Golden Receiver; The Avengers; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap; Saving Private Ryan; Snake Eyes; There's Something About Mary.*

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Ever After; Halloween H20; The Parent Trap; Snake Eyes.*

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *The Mask of Zorro; The Negotiator.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Lethal Weapon 4; The Avengers; Ever After; The Parent Trap; Saving Private Ryan; Snake Eyes; There's Something About Mary.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *The Avengers; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; Snake Eyes.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *Air Bud: Golden Receiver; The Avengers; Halloween H20; The Parent Trap; Saving Private Ryan.*

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Closed for renovations.*

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *The Avengers; Ever After; Halloween H20; The Parent Trap; Saving Private Ryan; Snake Eyes; There's Something About Mary.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Lethal Weapon 4; Polish Wedding; A Price Above Rubies.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Halloween H20; Snake Eyes.*

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Ever After; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; The Mask of Zorro; Snake Eyes..*

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *Saving Private Ryan.*

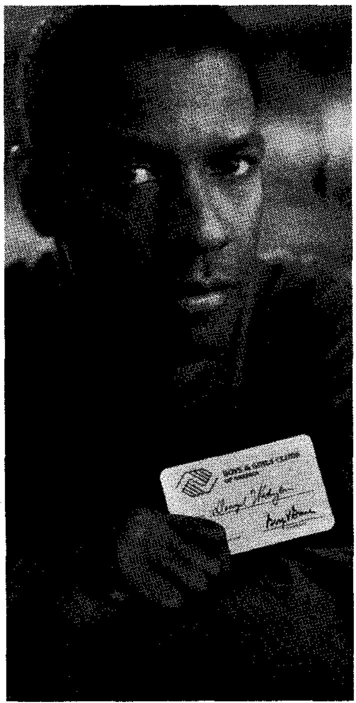
Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Air Bud: Golden Receiver; Armageddon; The Avengers; Ever After; Halloween H20; Madeline; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap; Saving Private Ryan; Snake Eyes; There's Something About Mary.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Air Bud: Golden Receiver; Halloween H20; The Mask of Zorro; Saving Private Ryan; Snake Eyes; There's Something About Mary.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; The Avengers; Ever After; Halloween H20; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; The Mask of*



Denzel Washington

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BOYS & GIRLS CLUBS
OF AMERICA

The Positive Place For Kids

Wolff *continued from page 19*

newspapers first with English-radio minimogul Chris Evans and then with P.R. impresario Matthew Freud (a Freud great-grandson). Elisabeth and Elkin have since separated and he's returned to the U.S.

The cost of appearing out of control was losing the title of heir apparent. There are reports that her mother feels Elisabeth was unfairly downgraded—and speculation that this, the succession battle, would be a power play worthy of the divorce card. (Anna Murdoch is a novelist, after all.) The new crown prince is Lachlan, the 26-year-old first son. Last month, *The New York Times Magazine* ran a profile of Lachlan, written with the cooperation of Lachlan and News Corp., that presented a breathtakingly unremarkable young man without discernible accomplishment or point of view ("What is the hook to a story about Lachlan Murdoch?" the writer asked rhetorically). Then there is younger brother James, who for a time held the unique corporate title vice-president of new media and music, and who is now being groomed to take over as publisher of the New York *Post.*

One of the most compelling, and frightening, aspects of the Murdoch story has always been that there is only one guy at the center of all this—purposefully and stoically alone. I used to see Murdoch jogging around the reservoir in Central Park (this is before he moved to Beverly Hills). I'd follow steps behind him—a small man in a too-dapper running suit—thinking how fragile he looked and how powerful he was. He is the most influential man in this most influential of businesses. Because of the rise of the Murdoch empire, virtually everyone in the media believes business justifies the product, *any* product; that control is a function of more and more control; and that the media, from newspapers to magazines to television to satellites to movies to books to the Internet, are one big ball of wax: in for a penny, in for a pound. The effects of the empire's coming apart will probably be dramatically transforming as well—not only on Murdoch himself (it's not a pretty sight watching control freaks lose control) but on the media business that has followed after Murdoch, and on the rest of us, who are his customers, after all.

While Murdoch is clearly betting on the kids as a way to keep control, it is more likely his children, as disciplined as any children with unlimited wealth, will become part of the process of losing control—along with growing old and having your wife turn on you. ▬

E-mail: michael@burnrate.com

Zorro; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap; Return to Paradise; Saving Private Ryan; Snake Eyes; There's Something About Mary.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

A Different Light—8/23: *Sweet Bird of Youth* (1962); 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"The Strange World of Bill Plympton." 8/22: *Mondo Plympton* (1997), *The Tune* (1992), and shorts. 8/23: *I Married a Strange Person* (1997) and shorts. "A Spielberg Summer." 8/22–8/23: *Jurassic Park* (1993). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-4520). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—"Michelangelo Antonioni." 8/21: *Zabriskie Point* (1969). 8/21–8/22: *The Passenger* (1975). 8/22–8/23: *The Mystery of Oberwald* (1980). 8/23 and 8/29: *Identification of a Woman* (1982). 8/28 and 8/30: *For Me, to Make a Film Is to Live* (1995). "New Filmmakers." 8/26: *Plutonium Circus* (1998). "Essential Cinema: Warren Sonbert." 8/22: *Carriage Trade* (1972). "Essential Cinema: Warhol, Watson, Weber, Whitney." 8/23: Various shorts. "Essential Cinema: Jean Vigo." 8/29: *A Propos de Nice* (1929–30) and *Conduite* (1935). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Asian American Film Festival—Through 8/23. At Sunnyside New Center Cinema (42-17 Queens Blvd.). Call 355-6160 or 925-6014 for more info.

Bryant Park Summer Film Festival—All features screen at sunset. 8/24: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). Rain dates for each: the next night. Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (512-5700); free.

Czech Center New York—8/20: *Conspirators of Pleasure* (1996). Free. 1109 Madison Ave. at 83rd St. Call 288-0830 for more info.

Donnell Media Center—"Ciné-City: New York on Film and Video." 8/20: *This Is a History of New York* (1987), *Inside Life Outside* (1988). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater) "A Salute to Frank Sinatra." 8/21–8/23: *High Society* (1956) and *Some Came Running* (1958). 8/24–8/25: *From Here to Eternity* (1953) and *The Joker Is Wild* (1957). 8/26: *Higher & Higher* (1944). 8/26–8/27: *Take Me Out to the Ball Game* (1949). 8/27: *It Happened in Brooklyn* (1947). 8/28–8/30: *Pal Joey* (1957) and *Anchors Aweigh* (1945). "Movies For Kids." 8/22–8/23: *42nd Street* (1933). Through 8/20: "Celebrating Philippine Cinema." 8/19: *Sister Stella L.* (1984) and *Child of Sorrow* (1956). 8/20: *Wild Flower* (1957) and *A Speck in the Water* (1976). Call 875-5600 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); regular screenings $8.50–$15.

French Institute—"The Pleasures of Love, Then and Now." 8/18: *Pot-Bouille* (1957) and *Amor pedestre* (1914). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 9/7: "A View from the Vaults: Recent Acquisitions and Restorations." 8/18: *The Long Day Closes* (1992). 8/18 and 8/22: *Amateur* (1994). 8/20 and 8/22: Warhol shorts. 8/20–8/21: *A Matter of Life and Death/Stairway to Heaven* (1946). 8/21 and 8/23: *Heaven & Earth* (1993) and *Mr. & Mrs. Bridge* (1990). 8/22: *Husbands and Wives* (1992). 8/24–8/25: *Vie Privée* (1962) and *Brute Force* (1947). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

Museum of Television & Radio—"TV Movies." Month of August: *Queen of the Stardust Ballroom* (1975). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $6.

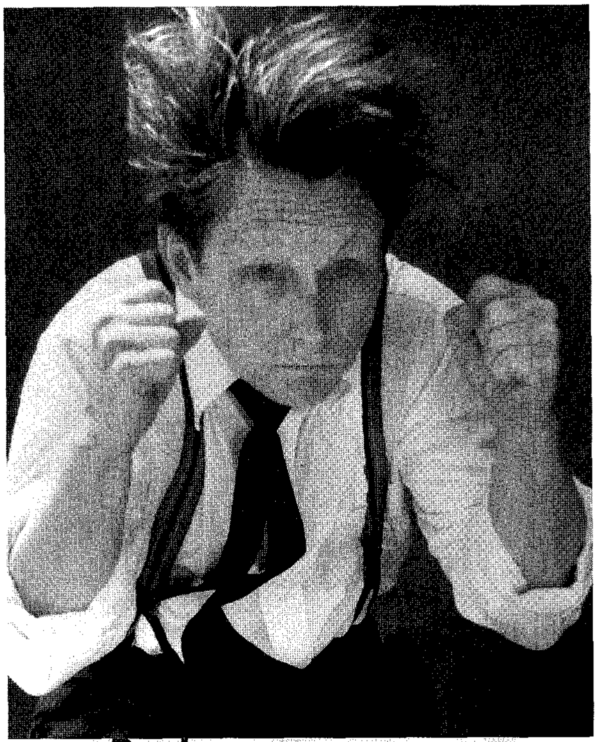
New York University—8/17–8/21: "Jazz Film Series." 8/18: *After Hours: Coleman Hawkins & Roy Eldridge*, *The Spitball Story* (1997), and *A Great Day in Harlem* (1994). 8/19–8/21: *Wild Man Blues* (1997) and *Let's Get Lost* (1989). Loeb Student Center, 566 LaGuardia Place (at W. 4th St.); $7.

The Screening Room—"Midnight Indies: 10 Great Films of the 80s and 90s." 8/21–8/22: *Pulp Fiction* (1994). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 8/22-8/23: *In the Realm of the Senses* (1977). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); $5 members, $6 nonmembers.

theater

Fringe NYC...*Deep Down*



Previews

As Fast As I Can

In *Nijinsky Speaks,* Leonard Crofoot retells the story of the renegade dancer-choreographer who was institutionalized for madness at the pinnacle of his career. Previews begin August 21 at the Harold Clurman.

Broadway

Now Playing

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue requires high-powered actors to animate it, and happily, it gets them. As Marc, Alan Alda puts to insidious use his ability to pester with polish. Victor Garber's dapper Serge harbors under the façade of a convivial man-about-town a defensive arrogance expressed with mounting bile. As Yvan, Alfred Molina is pure perfection. (Simon: 3/16/98.) $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kim Huber plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. Lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Beauty Queen of Leenane—Martin McDonagh's Drama Desk Award–winning drama about an old woman's attempts to sabotage her daughter's love life. $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Bring In 'Da Noise, Bring In 'Da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning history of African-Americans as told through tap dancing, poetry, and song. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cabaret—I question converting the Henry Miller Theatre into the Kit Kat Klub for this show, complete with poorer sight lines and tables for overpriced and distracting drinks. Otherwise, the Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for recreating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Jennifer Jason Leigh as Sally Bowles. $50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Cabaret, bar, and banquette seating available. Opened 3/19/98. *Kit Kat Klub, 124 W. 43rd St. (719-1300) Note: Because of the construction accident in Times Square, performances have been temporarily suspended.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$70. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness; minimalism prevails. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Karen Ziemba, Hinton Battle, and Tom McGowan. (Simon: 12/2/96.) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

An Evening With Jerry Herman—As the title says, this is an evening with the old Broadway hand, the man responsible for the music and lyrics to *Mame, La Cage aux Folles, Hello, Dolly!* and other lesser-known shows. Lee Roy Reams and Florence Lacey accompany him. $50–$65. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 7/28/98. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

High Society—A hybrid of the 1956 movie musical of the same name and Philip Barry's *The Philadelphia Story.* Music and lyrics by Cole Porter (with an assist from Susan Birkenhead); book by Arthur Kopit. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/23/98. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen Lion King onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Nine leads, ten years, $357 million, and almost 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gag-

Photograph by Robin Palanker.

Happening

Fringe, Part Deux

Last year, when it was all over, John Clancy ducked into the subway carrying a lumpish, light-blue duffel bag. There was more than $92,000 inside—a sum that even he, one of the artistic directors of New York's first-ever fringe festival, would not have suspected—and almost none of the bills, accumulated over the course of eleven days of alternative theater, was larger than $20. He got out at Times Square, his heart furiously bumping and rattling away, and weaved through hordes of *Phantom*-goers over to Chase, where the festival had a meager account. He scanned the room for a sympathetic teller. He laid his bag on the counter. He started to unload the contents, brick by brick. A manager approached. "Um, sir?" he asked. "How often do you plan to do this?" Clancy looked at him. "Annually," he said. "I think."

Indeed, Fringe NYC does continue this year, again with its helter-skelter mix of $11 shows from here and abroad, again with its colorful emporium of weird and nontraditional theater, again with its goings-on concentrated on or below 4th Street. Festival organizers could afford to be more selective this time around, turning away more than 300 shows, and they have found a more sophisticated way to protect their profits (nightly bank runs; armored trucks). But there are still 144 shows to choose from. And a few reasonably conventional pieces to entice the timid. Below, a few highlights from this year's marathon, running August 19 through August 30. Please note that show times and even venues vary from day to day. For schedules, tickets, and more details, call 1-888-FRINGENYC.

JENNIFER SENIOR

THE PLAY	THE THING
THE BALD SOPRANO (24 HOURS) Brat Productions, Philadelphia	As the title implies, a continuous, 24-hour version of Ionesco's 1950 farce—which, fittingly, exposes the repetitiveness of our everyday discourse and ends in exactly the same place it begins. Don't be surprised by the performers' random snacking, naps, and burbling delirium; all play and no work can make any actor a dull boy.
RUM AND VODKA Naked in the Wings, Toronto	A one-man play by Conor McPherson, the latest overaccomplished Irish laddie to colonize New York theaters with his amusing, excursive works. This one, written while McPherson was still in college, is about a a fellow who drinks so much over 72 hours that he loses everything—except, presumably, his flair for a good story.
"SO, I KILLED A FEW PEOPLE . . ." Annoyance Theatre, Chicago	Before settling into the electric chair, a serial killer is granted his final request to put on a one-man show. (Mel Brooks *must* have been the warden.)
MAIL ORDER BRIDES & OTHER ORIENTAL TAKE-AWAYS Action Theater, Singapore	An unshrinking look at the export of Asian women—particularly through the Internet, which has made bride-shopping as easy as thumbing through a J. Crew catalogue. In English.
ALICE'S EVIDENCE International Wow Company, New York	She stumbled through the looking glass; now she's on trial for being a temptress. It's Lewis Carroll with a feminist subtext, but really, what do you expect from the story whose little cake famously implores . . . ? Watch for beautiful visuals.
IF LOVE BE THE FOOD OF MUSICK Oakland	Zoë Vandermeer courageously bucks festival trends by using poetry, the Florentine spinet, and the Baroque triple harp to tell her story. It might be a bit extravagant, especially considering the subject is doomed love and madness in the eighteenth century, but at least it's not a clown show.
ONCE VAUDEVILLE/PENITENTIARY OF LOVE/CLOWNING THE BARD Philadelphia/Toronto/New York	Scary clown show; psychological clown show; clown show in which each of Shakespeare's works is performed in three minutes or less.
GOTRAHEEN Nandikar, India	A Bengali version of Arthur Miller's *A View From the Bridge*. (Why not?)
INTERPRETER OF HORROR New York	More anthropology of the workplace from Kelly Stuart, whose *Demonology* bedeviled audiences at Playwrights Horizons two years ago.
BROWN AND BLUE New York	There's really no polite way to say this. Jamie Sneider, a disciple of Holly Hughes, plays several churlish pieces of excrement. This show is one of the most anticipated of the festival, either because it will succeed or because it will fail so very noxiously. Headline writers are waiting. ("Scat!")

Photograph by Jon Stark.

gle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—You've seen the billboard. Now come see the show about romance, honor, the French Revolution, and, most important, fabric. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton adapted Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Christine Andreas, Terrence Mann, and Douglas Sills star. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/9/97. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Side Man—This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is narrated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As the play moves from 1985 to 1953 and back, we hear about his parents' courtship, his birth, and the parents' growing estrangement as he grows up. We also get glimpses of the lives of Gene's fellow sidemen, Al, Ziggy, and Jonesy, and the waitress who beds or marries some of them. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven solid actors in a fine production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed, Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 9/6. *Roundabout's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Rebecca Luker, who played a memorable Magnolia in *Show Boat*, plays the nun turned governess, and Michael Siberry plays the widower captain. $50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Twelfth Night—If only Helen Hunt could have a *normal* relationship. In *As Good As It Gets*, she indulged the cruelty and peculiar behavior of an obsessive-compulsive man; in this, one of Shakespeare's sweetest comedies, she dresses as a man, falls headlong for her master (Paul Rudd), woos another woman on his behalf (Kyra Sedgwick), and winds up the object of her affections instead. Where's steady, dependable Paul Reiser when you need him? Directed by Nicholas Hytner. $50–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 8/30. *Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

A View From the Bridge—One of the most distressing tales Arthur Miller ever told. Tony Danza stars as Eddie Carbone, the longshoreman who lusts after his niece; Caren Browning plays his long-suffering wife. Michael Mayer directs. $30–$65. Mon.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Through 9/5. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Collected Stories—Donald Margulies's almost-Pulitzer-winning play about the friendship between a protégée and her mentor—and how it transforms when the former uses intimate details of the latter's life in her first published novel. Uta Hagen and Lorca Simons star. $42.50–$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 8/13 opening. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Communicating Doors—Alan Ayckbourn's suspense thriller about a pair of unlikely heroines who travel through time and space to alter the course of their lives. The London critics loved it; the American cast (Mary-Louise Parker, Patricia Hodges, David McCallum) and director (Christopher Ashley) are first-rate. $25–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for an 8/20 opening. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave., at 13th St. (239-6200).*

Nijinski Speaks—Leonard Crofoot retells the story of the renegade dancer-choreographer who was institutionalized for madness at the pinnacle of his career. $35. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 8/21 for an 8/24 opening. *Harold Clurman Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Now Playing

The Beautiful Soul of Don Damian—Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre's dramatization of the stories of Juan Bosch, writer and former president of the Dominican Republic. Free. Times and locations vary; call *354-1293* for details. Through 8/30.

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Cymbeline—It's round two of Shakespeare in Central Park—again with a huge cast, including some film recognizables (like Liev Schreiber) and some Public Theater veterans (like Herb Foster). Free. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Through 8/30. *Delacorte Theater, Central Park (539-8750).* Tickets are same-day and first-come, first-served; pick them up at the Delacorte (nearest entrance is 81st St. and CPW) starting at 1, or at *The Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St.,* between 1 and 3.

De la Guarda: Villa Villa—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Dress in tatters; bring aspirin. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).*

Dinah Was—Before dying at age 39, Dinah Washington, who immortalized "Come Rain or Come Shine" and other hummable lovelies, earned herself a dandy moniker—"Queen of the Blues"—and become the first black woman to appear on the all-white pop charts. Lillias White tells her story in this new play with music. $25–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (307-4100).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-

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director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." $20–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—John Cameron Mitchell conceived and wrote this rock concert–cum–musical, in which a German war bride finds herself in a Kansas trailer park and achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting. Also featuring Stephen Trask and his downtown band, Cheater. $45. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $47.50–$50. Mon.–Wed. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

The Irish . . . And How They Got That Way—A reprise of Frank McCourt's irreverent, affectionate history of the Irish people. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

The Last Empress—The lush demi-opera about Queen Min, Korea's turn-of-the-century equivalent of Eva Perón, returns to Lincoln Center for a limited engagement. With English supertitles. $25–$65. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Lincoln Center's New York State Theater, 64th St. and Broadway (307-4100).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Mamaloshen—Could any man do an evening of Yiddish hummables—plus a deadpan translation of "White Christmas"—better than Mandy Patinkin? The mere sound of his voice would make Moses *ferklempt*. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Through 8/22. *Angel Orensanz Foundation Center for the Arts, 172 Norfolk St. (239-6200).*

A New Brain—Though written still with the old brain, this teetering new musical from William Finn at least manages to fall mostly forward. Here, we get a young Jewish composer-lyricist and what happens when he seems to have an inoperable brain tumor. The music and lyrics are uneven. There is a good deal of hit-or-miss humor, not all of it Finn's; the book is a collaboration with James Lapine. As director-choreographer, Graciela Daniele, fresh from *Ragtime*, goes from strength to strength; it is she, I suspect, who infused the proceedings with most of their exuberantly caroming originality. The show makes a star out of the personable and versatile Malcolm Gets. Acting or singing, bedridden and sorely beset or frantically careering about, Gets fills the stage with his winning presence. (Simon: 7/13/98.) $55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 10/11. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Nunsense A-Men!—Guess it's habit-forming. An all-male version of the Off Broadway's second-longest-running musical. Music, book, and lyrics by Dan Goggin. $30–$40. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 6/23/98. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Power Plays—A series of three one-act comedies, starring and written by Alan Arkin and Elaine May. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Opened 5/21/98. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

R & J—A four-man, prop-free version of *Romeo and Juliet* that will likely stand out among the tragedy's many newfangled interpretations. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Revenge in the Mob—The inevitable offspring of interactive comedies *Grandma Sylvia's Funeral* and *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*. A four-course meal is included, so we'll assume the carnage isn't graphic. $60. Fri. and Sat. at 8. *Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (888-MOB-BOYS).*

Previews Heavy in August

A black ex-convict and his white employer play out a whole region and era's worth of tensions in 'Deep Down,' Doug Grissom's new play set in the rural Florida of 1963. Starring Ruben Santiago-Hudson, who won a Tony for his performance in August Wilson's 'Seven Guitars'; previews begin August 21 at Intar. Call 935-9430 for tickets ($12) and more information.

Photograph by Laura Angel.

Sakina's Restaurant—Writer and performer Aasif Mandvi dramatizes the Indian immigrant experience through his tale of working in a New York restaurant. $30. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. From lost baggage to lost illusions, from Hertz to other hurts and frustrations, nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Ca*th*tilian li*th*p ge*th* a tuneful *th*ong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $42.50–$47.50; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Smoke on the Mountain—A new production of the gospel musical comedy by Connie Ray. $35–$40. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Symphonie Fantastique—Puppeteer Basil Twist dances his fabulous creations around a 500-gallon tank. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 10:30, Sun. at 5. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (647-0202).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Unzippin' My Doodah and Other National Priorities—The latest, Monica-driven installment from the Capitol Steps, Washington's popular political-comedy troupe. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:30. *John Houseman Theater, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Visiting Mr. Green—Hal Linden stars in this new comedy about a relationship between a young man and an older Jewish widower. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

You Never Can Tell—The Roundabout returns to its roots—and what it does best—with this early comedy by George Bernard Shaw. Directed by Douglas Martin. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Roundabout's Laura Pels Theatre, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Off-Off Broadway

How to Talk Dirty/True Confessions of a Go-Go Girl—A pair of one-acts: The first, written and performed by Adam Nelson, re-creates the hard-drinking, sick-joke atmosphere of an evening with Lenny Bruce; the second, written and performed by Jill Morley, describes what it's like to jiggle for dollars. A portion of the proceeds will go to God's Love We Deliver, an organization that delivers hot meals to those living with AIDS. $15 plus one-drink minimum. Thurs.–Sat. at 8; cocktails begin at 7:30. Through 8/22. *Mother, 875 Washington St., at 14th St. (459-4352).*

Larry and the Werewolf—Blood! Gore! And even a few Roman centurions. Adobe Theatre presents a five-part serial about Dick Piston, crime detective. Audiences need not attend every show to understand the plot; the actors, bless them, will begin each performance with scenes from the previous week. Written by Jeff Goode. $10. Sat. at 8 and 10. Through 8/29. *The Flea Theatre, 41 White St. (924-0077*

art

Julien Levy... "Women Travellers"

On View **Besides mounting the first exhibition of Surrealist art in New York—marking the first appearance of the work of Salvador Dalí and Joseph Cornell, among others—the art dealer Julien Levy (1906–1981) championed neo-Romanticism, magic realism, machine abstraction, and experimental photography and film in his eponymous 57th Street gallery, which opened in 1931 and closed in 1949. (He also initiated that onetime staple of art-world etiquette the cocktail opening.) "Julien Levy: Portrait of an Art Gallery" pays tribute to one of New York's most unerring and influential eyes with a selection of paintings, sculpture, and photographs—by Berenice Abbott, Marcel Duchamp, Paul Cadmus, Frida Kahlo, Man Ray, and others—that were exhibited and acquired by Levy during the thirties and forties. At the Equitable Gallery, 787 Seventh Avenue, at 51st Street; through October 31.**

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Pierre Bonnard—Drawings from the estate of the artist ranging in date from 1895 to 1945, many of which have not been previously exhibited; through 10/10. Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. (879-0500).

James Lee Byars—Four early drawings in ink on paper and a single wooden figurative sculpture; through 8/31. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

Edward Giobbi—Recent watercolor still lifes of flowers; through 8/22. Nardin, 605 Madison Ave. (486-1888).

Carol Rowan—Graphite drawings of architecture in England, Italy, New York City, and New Mexico; through 9/12. Taggart, 48 E. 73rd St. (628-4000).

Steve Wheeler—Intricately patterned color silkscreen prints that incorporate Native American iconography, Cubism, Surrealism, and Automatism, and were produced in conjunction with the artist's 1947 book *Hello Steve*; through 8/28. York, 21 E. 65th St. (772-9155).

57th Street Area

Ward Davenny—Monumental charcoal drawings of landscapes; through 9/19. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

Shirley Goldfarb—A survey of paintings by the artist (1925–1980) who began as a gestural abstractionist, then switched to a controlled, minimal style characterized by small strokes of color in mosaic-like patterns; through 9/4. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

McDermott & McGough—"Sentimental Education," a set of eight photogravures depicting the artists' clothing and studio and household belongings; through 8/31. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Robert Emmett Owen—Landscapes of New England by the American Impressionist (1878–1957); through 8/22. Spanierman, 45 E. 58th St. (832-0208).

Tony Smith—The artist's drawings and photographs of his working models and mock-ups on loan from the Tony Smith Estate; through 9/30. Seagram, 375 Park Ave. (572-7000), Mon.–Thurs. 9–5, Fri. 9–1.

George Gardner Symons—A selection of *plein-air* paintings by the American Impressionist, who worked in New York and California; through 8/29. Whalen, 24 W. 57th St. (397-9700).

Ground Rules:

In the summer, galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Brian Clarke—A stained-glass wall dedicated to Linda McCartney; through 9/12. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Paul Dickerson—Objects and drawings by an artist (1961–1997) who combined traditional art techniques with industrial materials; through 9/3. American Fine Arts, Co., 22 Wooster St. (941-0401).

Georges Schreiber/Fred Shane—Paintings and works on paper by both that offer an inside look at the Hollywood movie industry of the thirties and forties. Through 8/27. Teller, 568 Broadway (941-7335).

Richard Humann—An installation comprising 442 cast Styrofoam blocks whose arrangement on the gallery's floor represents the Talking Heads song *Psycho Killer* in Morse code; through 8/28. Fung, 537 Broadway (334-6242).

Yayoi Kusama—Works on paper from the fifties by this artist who is currently the subject of a retrospective at MOMA; through 9/30. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Ann Lovett—A mixed-media installation that uses photographs, medical diagrams, and text to explore the symbolism of the human body; through 8/28. Dorsky, 379 W. Broadway (966-6170).

Chelsea

Mike Kelley and Tony Oursler—A collaborative work titled *The Poetics Project: 1977–1997* that incorporates painted panels, video projections, sculpture, music, and drawings in a dense, mazelike installation; through 9/12. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (206-7100).

Robert Motherwell—A selection of prints made by the artist during his summers in Provincetown; through 8/30. Long, 427 W. 14th St. (337-1940).

Jenny Watson—Narrative tapestries on the subject of the artist's relationship with her mother; through 8/30. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695).

Andrea Zittel—New living environments from the artist's ongoing "A-Z" series; through 8/31. Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. (627-6000).

Other

Lillian Ball—*Support Systems,* A sculpture project for which the artist has molded silicone forms from the negative spaces of a wide array of objects, from plumbing fixtures to flotation devices; through 10/4. Queens Museum of Art satellite gallery at Bulova Corporate Center, 75–20 Astoria Blvd., Queens (718-899-0700), Mon.–Fri. 7–7, Sat. 10–4.

Jean-Claude Goldberg—Oil, acrylic, and watercolor paintings on wood and canvas depicting prewar Eastern European Jews of the Shtetl; through 8/30. Yeshiva University Museum, Benjamin N. Cardozo School of Law, 55 Fifth Ave. (960-5390), Sun.–Thurs. 9–8, Fri. 9–4.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Gat—1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441). "NO! art," with a wall-size mural by Lurie, a video and still photographs by Patterson, and conceptual cryptography by Kirves; through 9/30.

57th Street Area

Architectural League of New York—457 Madison Ave. (753-1722). "The Inflatable Moment: Pneumatics and Protest in '68," with sketches, models, furniture, sculpture, and architectural drawings by Aubert, Jungmann, Otto, Stinco, others; through 8/29.

Photograph courtesy of the Equitable Gallery.

Danese—41 E. 57th St. (223-2227). Figure drawings by Arikha, Baselitz, Bourgeois, Dine, Fischl, Neel, K. Smith, P. Smith, Thompson, Zucker, others; through 9/11.

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818), Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 12–5. "Julien Levy: Portrait of an Art Gallery," an exhibit of paintings, sculpture, and photographs that were shown by the art dealer Julien Levy (1906–1981) in his legendary 57th Street gallery, including works on loan from museum and private collections and works and ephemera from Levy's own collection; through 10/31.

French—24 W. 57th St. (247-2457). Landscapes and interiors by Adonis, Anderson, Berg, Carey, others; through 8/22.

Goodman—24 W. 57th St. (977-7160). Works by Artschwager, Baumgartner, Cragg, Penone, Weiner, others; through 8/28.

Marlborough—40 W. 57th St. (541-4900). Summer show of works by gallery artists Abakanowicz, Botero, Caro, Estes, Grooms, Kitaj, Marisol, others; through 9/4.

McGrath—20 W. 57th St. (956-3366). Sculpture by Amato, Graham, Karella, Twombly; paintings by Caracciolo, Fendrich, Meyer, Trujillo, others; through 9/5.

Pace Wildenstein—32 E. 57th St. (421-3292). Works by Flavin, Judd, Mangold, Martin, Oldenburg and Van Bruggen, Ryman, others; through 9/3.

PaineWebber—1285 Sixth Ave. (713-2885). "Histories (Re)membered: Selections from the Permanent Collection of the Bronx Museum of the Arts," including works by Bearden, Kim, Saar, Weems, Yamamoto; through 9/11.

Schmidt Bingham—41 East 57th St. (888-1122). "Camouflage" works by Buck, Caponigro, Hardy, Treiman, Uttech; through 8/28.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Gagosian—136 Wooster St. (228-2828). Works by Clemente, Rauschenberg, Ruscha, Salle, Smith, Taaffe; through 8/28.

Here—145 Sixth Ave. (647-0257). "American LIVING," with works by Acosta, Grossien, Harvey, the Lake Ivan Performance Group, Mansur, Vis, others; through 8/31.

Ingbar—568 Broadway (334-1100). "1898 Is Still Standing," celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the consolidation of greater New York; through 8/29.

Kasmin—74 Grand St. (219-3219). Works that depict map-related imagery, by Baechler, Boetti, Fuller, Turrell, Warhol, others; through 8/28.

Lee—377 Broome St. (343-3950). "Elasticity," with works by Andre, Dvorkin, Hackett, Lozano, Mondejar, Sheehan, Sweeten, Van Every, Zapf; through 8/31.

Chelsea

Billis—526 W. 26th St. (645-2621). Works by J. Beckley, Bellan-Gillen, Maier, Olds, Slavick, Weidner; through 9/4.

Rosen—525 W. 24th St. (627-6000). Recent photographic works that loosely examine issues of gender, androgyny, self-representation, and identity within the constructs of serial imagery, by Buell, Coplans, Tandberg, Tillmans; through 8/21.

Other

Empire–Fulton Ferry State Park—New Dock St. at the East River, Brooklyn. (718-596-2507). "Between the Bridges," waterfront outdoor sculpture show with works by Beall, Brown, Burke, Carroll, Culhane, Jean-Marie, Koole, Kovel, Lipman, Martens, Merrick, Murphy, Orlinsky, Sperber, Ursachi, Yeo, others; through 9/7.

Long Island University—Brooklyn Campus, Flatbush and DeKalb Aves. (879-3500). "6 Sculptors," with works by Baracz, Feinstein, Hensman, Naito, Schlatter, Weyhe; through 9/29.

Snug Harbor Cultural Center—1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-448-2500). "Ahab's Wife," a multi-discipline arts program featuring works by Driscoll, Gillespie, Sans-Arcidet, and Scott, three exhibitions of historic artworks, objects, and documents including eighteenth-and nineteenth-century prints from Herman Melville's personal collection, and a selection of scrimshaw; through 10/4.

Photography

Arsenal—64th St. and Fifth Ave., in Central Park (360-3410), Mon.–Fri. "Stepping Out: A Century of Dance in New York City Parks," dance photographs from the city's Parks Photo Archive; through 9/10.

De Lellis—47 E. 68th St. (327-1482). "Ship/Shape," photographs of nautical subjects by American and European photographers, among them Margaret Bourke-White, James Doolittle, Herbert Matter, Edward Steichen, Weegee; through 8/29.

Bob Gruen—Photographs documenting the New York City music scene of the seventies; through 8/29. Great Modern Pictures, 17 W. 24th St. (242-2581).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777, ext. 100), Tues. 11–8 (6–8 voluntary contribution), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $5.50, $4 seniors and students. "Comparative Concepts: Photographs by August Sander, Karl Blossfeldt, Albert Renger-Patzsch, and Bernd and Hilla Becher"; through 9/13.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (768-4682), Tues. 11–8 (6–8 voluntary contribution), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $5.50, $4 seniors and students. "Mathew Brady's Portraits: Images as History, Photography as Art." A retrospective of more than 100 images by the American photographer (1823?–1896) known for his Civil War photographs; through 9/6. . . . "A Bronx Family Album: The Impact of AIDS by Steve Hart"; through 9/6.

Jock Sturges—Photographs of his longtime female subjects taken over the past several years and recent work depicting the naturist beach colonies of Montalivet, France, and communes in Northern California; through 9/4. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Newseum—580 Madison Ave. (317-7596). "Flash! The Associated Press Covers the World." A celebration of AP's 150th anniversary through its most famous photographs; through 9/26.

SoHo Triad—107 Grand St. (965-9500). Photographs of New York City by Abbott, Bourke-White, Eisenstadt, Levitt, Stettner, Stieglitz, others; through 8/29.

Staley-Wise—560 Broadway (966-6223). Photographs by nine women, among them Leah Demchick, Marianne Engberg, Erica Lennard, and Marcia Lippman, that reflect their travels to exotic countries; through 9/26.

Witkin—415 W. Broadway (925-5510). "Sur La Tête," photographs that use the head as a central subject, by Boubat, Cravo Neto, Iturbide, Von Graffenried; through 8/28.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Objects of Our Time." Ceramics, furniture, textiles, wood, glass, book arts, and jewelry by 80 British artists and designers; through 9/6. . . . "Ties That Bind: Fiber Art by Ed Rossbach and Katherine Westphal From the Daphne Farago Collection." Fiber works by Charles Edmund Rossbach and his wife Katherine Westphal spanning the sixties through the nineties; through 9/6. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Cave of the Warrior." A group of rare funerary objects from an approximately 6,000-year-old burial site in the Judean desert near Jericho; through 12/6. . . . "Rare Beauty: America's Endangered Plants." Large-format photographs of endangered plants in bloom by Maryl Levine; through 10/4. . . . "Spirits in Steel: The Art of the Kalabari Masquerade." Life-size steel sculptures by Sokari Douglas Camp that were inspired by the traditional masquerades of the Kalabari people of the Eastern Niger Delta, and masks from the collections of the American Museum of Natural History and the British Museum; through 10/12. . . . "The Na-

Photography Off Road

"Women Travellers" brings together images of exotic, often inaccessible places by eleven intrepid female photographers, among them Leah Demchick (above, Costa Rica), Mai Duong, Marianne Engberg, Marcia Lippman, and Jean Pagliuso. At Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway, at Prince Street; through September 26.

Photograph by Leah Demchick.

ture of Diamonds." An exhibition exploring all aspects of the mineral, from its geological origins to its place in history, art, adornment, and literature, featuring significant gems from around the world; through 8/30. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Tomie Arai: Double Trouble"; through 8/23. . . . "1898: Rican/Struction, Multi-Layered Impressions." A multimedia installation by Juan Sanchez; through 9/27. . . . "Artist in the Marketplace: EIghteenth Annual Exhibition"; through 9/27. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3 suggested donation; $2 students; $1 senior citizens, children under 12 free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"The Dark World of Martin Lewis in Prints and Photographs." A selection of works from the years 1916 to 1962 by the American artist (1881–1962), known for his depictions of New York in the thirties; through 10/25. . . . "Masters of Color and Light: Homer, Sargent, and the American Watercolor Movement." Approximately 150 works by the American masters drawn entirely from the museum's permanent collection; through 8/23. . . . "Sally Victor, Mad Hatter: 1935–1965." Twenty-five hats designed by the legendary American milliner; through 8/23. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum Smithsonian Institution—"Under the Sun." An outdoor exhibition of solar and solar electric products; through 10/25. . . . "Opening Our Doors: Selections From the Design Resource Center." Works from the museum's four collecting departments, Drawings and Prints, Wallcoverings, Textiles, Applied Arts, and Industrial Design; through 8/30. . . . "Fountains: Splash and Spectacle." The first exhibition to explore the function and design of American and European fountains, featuring original drawings, prints, rare books, photographs, and postcards; through 10/11. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (free admission 5–9); $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"Image and Text: Orientalist Works on Paper From the Permanent Collection." Nineteenth-century paintings, prints, photographs, and illustrated books depicting the Middle East and Africa, by Jean-Léon Gérôme, Wilhelm Gentz, David Roberts, and others; through 9/5. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

El Museo del Barrio—"Beatriz Gonzalez: What an Honor to Be With You at This Historical Moment, Works 1965–1997." A retrospective of the Colombian artist's paintings, drawings, and objects; through 10/25. . . . "Ruben Torres Llorca: So Quiet in Here." An installation that explores the extremes of cultural exchange; through 10/25. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"Fuseli to Menzel: Drawings and Watercolors From the Age of Goethe." German drawings from the collection of the Munich attorney Alfred Winterstein (1895–1976), by Caspar David Friedrich, Henry Fuseli, Adolph Menzel, and others; through 9/6. . . . "Claude Monet's *Vétheuil in Summer* From the Art Gallery of Ontario, Toronto; through 10/4. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"The Art of the Motorcycle." An exhibition chronicling the evolution of motorcycle technology and design, featuring more than 100 motorcycles dating from 1894 to the present; through 9/20. . . . "Vilhelm Hammershoi (1864–1916): Danish Painter of Solitude and Light." Sixty paintings by the Danish artist known for his images of sparsely furnished interiors; through 9/7. . . . "Peggy Guggenheim: A Centennial Celebration." Paintings and sculptures from Peggy Guggenheim's collection, as well as guest books and other memorabilia from the collector's Venice house; through 9/2. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Hugo Boss Prize: 1998." Works by the award finalists Douglas Gordon, Huang Yong Ping, William Kentridge, Lee Bul, Pipilotti Rist, and Lorna Simpson; through 9/20. . . . "Fabrizio Plessi." Four large-scale video installations; through 9/20. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $8, $5 seniors and students.

Japan Society—"Shiko Munakata, the Modern Master of Woodblock Art." A retrospective of prints by Japan's greatest modern woodblock artist (1903–1975); through 9/25. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155), Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $3 suggested contribution.

Jewish Museum—"George Segal, A Retrospective: Sculptures, Paintings, Drawings." A survey of the artist's works made between 1958 and 1996; through 10/4. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Louis Comfort Tiffany at the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Decorative art objects drawn from the museum's holdings, including leaded-glass windows and lamps, blown-glass vases, furniture, metalwork, enamels, and jewelry; through 1/31. . . . "Sir Edward Burne-Jones." The first comprehensive American exhibition devoted to the paintings and decorative works of the nineteenth-century British artist (1833–1898) who was among the second generation of Pre-Raphaelites; through 9/6. . . . "The Academy of the Sword: Illustrated Fencing Books, 1500–1800." More than 25 rare books accompanied by swords, daggers, shields, and gauntlets from the museum's collection; through 8/30/99. . . . "Boccioni and Women." Watercolors, drawings, and prints from 1902 to 1915 by one of the founders of Futurism, from the bequest of Lydia Winston Malbin; through 10/18. . . . "The Direct Eye: Self-Taught Artists and Their Influence in Twentieth-Century Art." An installation of works by self-taught artists represented in the museum's collection, among them Bill Traylor and Earl Cunningham; through 10/18. . . . "The Unicorn Tapestries." A short-term exhibit of the renowned tapestries while renovations are being made to their permanent display area at the Cloisters; through 9/6. . . . "Jean Dunand." Furniture and decorative objects by the French Art Deco metalworker and lacquer artist, from the museum's own collection; through 10/25. . . . "The Paintings of Judith Rothschild: An Artist's Search." Paintings by an American artist (1921–1993) who studied with Hans Hoffmann and Stanley William Hayter and is best known for her collages; through 9/6. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Mary Ann Willson: Artist Maid." A survey of watercolors by the early-nineteenth-century American folk artist; through 9/27. . . . "Edge to Edge: Selections From the Studio Art Quilt Associates." Contemporary quilts by eighteen artists; through 9/27. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage—"Israel at 50 Years: Diverse Views by Magnum Photographers." Images by Robert Capa, Micha Bar-Am, Leonard Freed, David Seymour and others; through 9/7. . . . Permanent exhibitions of more than 2,000 photographs and 800 historical and cultural artifacts documenting the Jewish experience from the1880s to the present, and 24 films chronicling the memories of Holocaust survivors. 18 First Place, Battery Park City (968-1800), Sun.–Wed. and Fri. 9–5, Thurs. 9–8, eve of Jewish holidays 9–2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"Love Forever: Yayoi Kusama, 1958–1968." The first in-depth survey of the defining decade of the artist's career—1958 to 1968—when she lived and worked in New York, including paintings, sculptures, photographs, collages, two environmental installations, a film made by the artist, and slides documenting her performances; through 9/22. . . . "Tony Smith." A retrospective of the sculptor's work; through 9/22. . . . "Aleksandr Rodchenko." Photography, photocollages, and functional and graphic design work by one of the founders of Constructivism; through 10/6. . . . "Bonnard." The first retrospective of the French artist's paintings to be shown in New York since 1964, focusing on his interiors, still lifes, and figure paintings; through 10/13. . . . "New Concepts in Printmaking 2: Willie Cole"; through 10/13. . . . "Giacometti to Judd: Prints by Sculptors"; through 10/13. . . . "David Goldblatt: Photographs From South Africa." Photographs of houses, churches, public buildings, and other structures in South Africa; through 10/6. . . . "More Pieces for the Puzzle: Recent Additions to the Collection"; through 9/8. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Half Past Autumn: The Art of Gordon Parks." A retrospective of photographs by the photojournalist, filmmaker, novelist, poet, and musician; through 11/1. . . . "Broadway! The Great White Way in 1898." Photographs, costumes, manuscripts, and other memorabilia of New York's theater district of the 1890s; through 1/31. . . . "A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades." A survey of New York City's ethnic parades; through 10/17. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed., Thurs., Sat. 10–5, Fri. 10–8, Sun. 12–5 (summer hours through August 14); $5, $3 students and seniors.

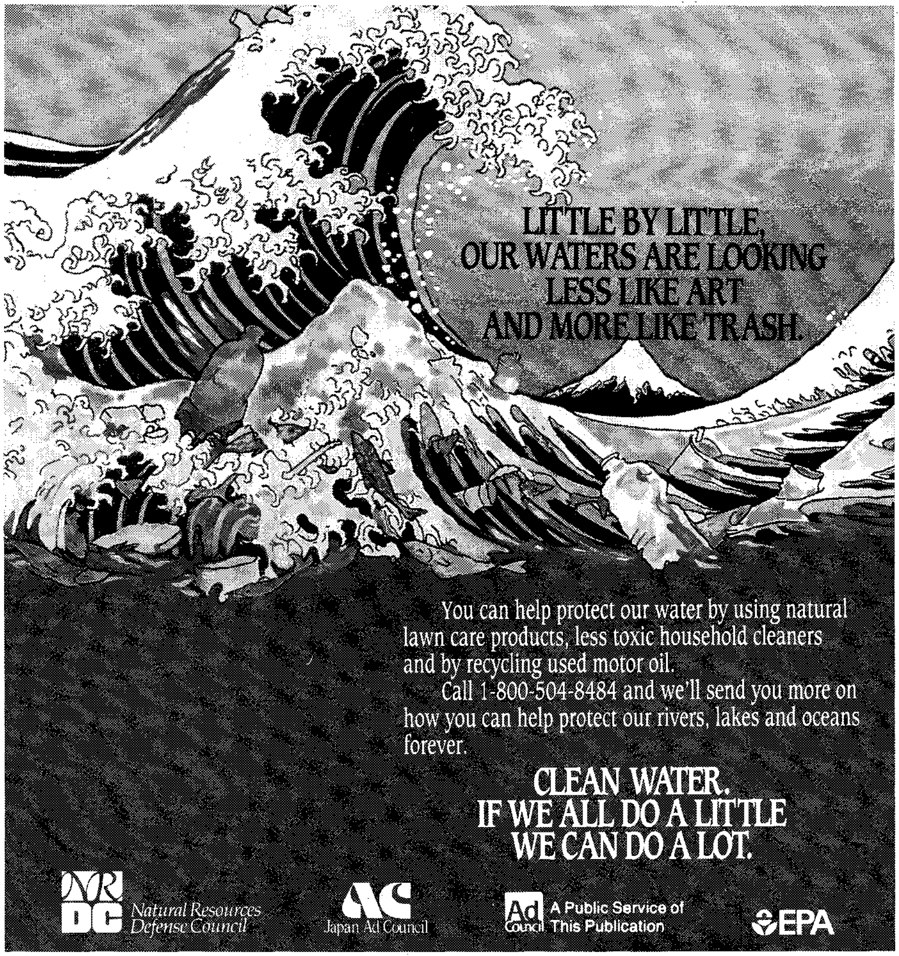
National Academy Museum and School of Fine Arts—"The Academy and American Art: History and Highlights." Works from the National Academy's collection by Church, Durand, Eakins, La Farge, Morse, others; through 8/23. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri, 12–6 (Fri. 5–6 pay what you wish); $5, $3.50 seniors and students.

National Museum of the American Indian Smithsonian Institution—George Gustav Heye Center, 1 Bowling Green (514-3888), 10–5 daily, Thurs. to 8; free.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Urban Encounters." An exhibition tracing the political activism and artistic production of the artists' collectives ABC No Rio, Bullet Space, Godzilla, the Guerilla Girls, REPOhistory, and World War III Illustrated; through 9/20. . . . "Sweet Oblivion: The Urban Landscape of Martin Wong." A retrospective of paintings by the San Francisco–based artist who first came to attention in the eighties for his paintings depicting the graffiti and street-poetry scenes of New York's Lower East Side; through 9/13. . . . "Bill Bidjocka, Los Carpinteros, Rivane Neuenschwander." Works by five young artists, three of whom collaborate as a group, from Cameroon, Brazil, and Cuba; through 9/20. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New York Public Library—"A War in Perspective, 1898–1998: Public Appeals, Memory, and the Spanish-American Conflict"; through 8/29. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"William Sidney Mount: Painter of American Life." The first major loan exhibition of paintings by the Long Island native (1807–1868) often credited as the founder of American genre painting; through 10/25. . . . "Fading Ad Campaign: Vintage Painted Signs." Photographs of painted advertisements on buildings in New York City by Frank H. Jump; through 11/1. . . . "Uniting Neighbors: The Role of Settlement Houses in New York City." Historical and contemporary photographs and artifacts documenting the history of the settlement house in New York; through 10/4. . . . "New York Landmarks, Present and Future Direction." Photographs of New York City landmarks from the new book *Landmarks of New York III* (Abrams) by Barbaralee Diamonstein-Spielvogel; through 10/4. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5;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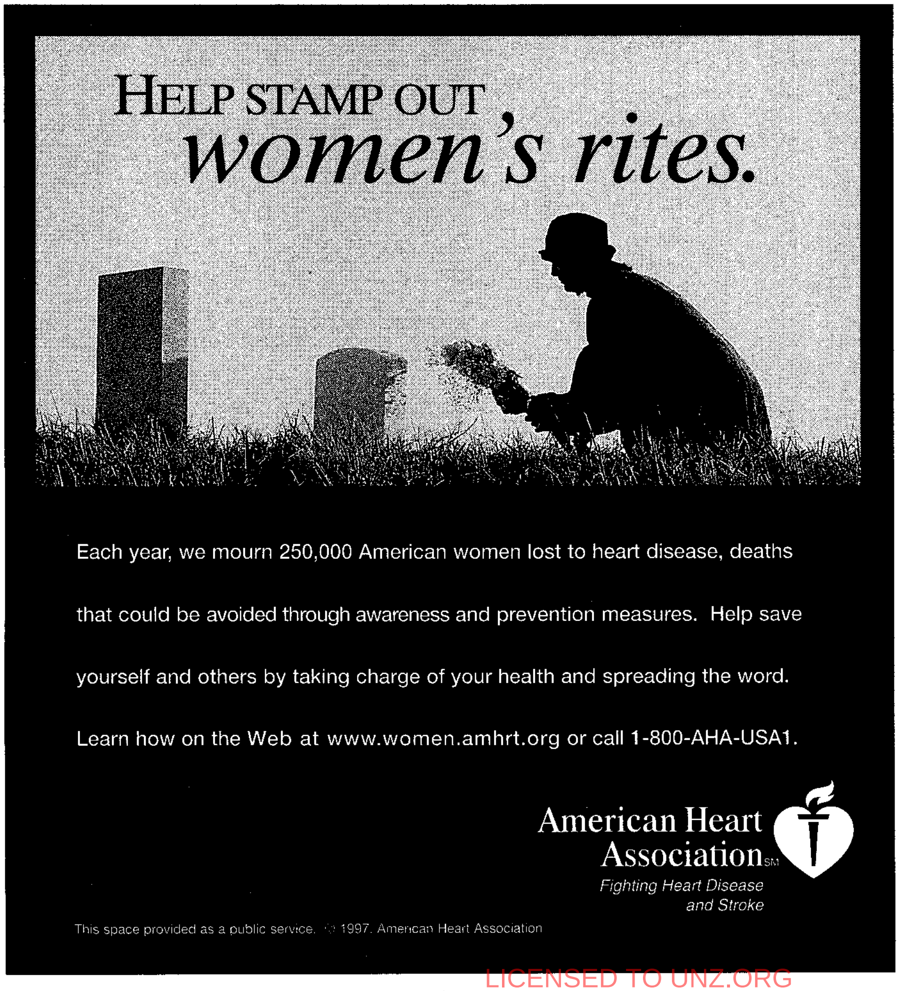
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P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Percutaneous Delights." An installation by the Vienna-based artist group Gelatin featuring pools, sprinklers, sunbathing platforms, saunas, and a refrigerated room; through 8/30. . . . "Gordon Matta-Clark: Reorganizing Structure by Drawing Through It." Works on paper, films showing the artist at work, and re-creations of site-specific installations; through 8/23. . . . "John Miller." A survey of the artist's paintings and drawings from the past nine years; through 8/30. . . . "Deep Storage." An exhibit on the theme of storing, archiving, and collecting contemporary art, with works by 40 artists; through 8/30. . . . "Sigmar Polke: Music of Unclarified Origin 1996." Forty gouaches painted for the Institute for Foreign Cultural Relations in Stuttgart, Germany in 1996; through 8/30. . . . "Mario Merz: L'Horizant de lumière traverse notre vertical du jour." A work on loan from the Vera Van Laer Gallery in Antwerp, Belgium, that comprises a large glass table on which conical glass vases filled with wine or honey have been placed; through 8/30. . . . "Projects: Gelatin, by Jean-Michel Othoniel" through 8/30. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $4 suggested donation, $2 students and seniors.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"a.k.a. Lewis Carroll." An exhibition of books and memorabilia marking the centenary of the death of the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (1832–1898), focusing on his life as a teacher, mathematician, photographer, and author; through 8/30. . . . "Settling New Scores: Music Manuscripts From the Paul Sacher Foundation." Music manuscripts, letters, and other documents from some 60 composers of this century; through 8/30. . . . "A Seal Upon Thine Heart: Glyptic Art of the Ancient Near East, ca. 2100–500 B.C." A selection of seals from the Library's collection and from the Yale Babylonian Collection, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and several private collections; through 8/16. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $6; $4 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Robert Colescott: Recent Paintings." A survey of paintings from the past ten years that explore issues of racial identity, power, and gender, by the 72-year-old African-American artist; through 9/27. . . . "Dawoud Bey." New large-scale Polaroid portraits of students from three Queens high schools; through 9/27. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Norman Lewis: Black Paintings, 1946–1977." An exhibition examining the aesthetic and metaphorical use of the color black in over 60 paintings; through 9/20. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500).

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Unknown Terrain: The Landscapes of Andrew Wyeth." The first retrospective of the artist's work to focus solely on his landscapes, inspired by his life-long environs of Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, and Cushing, Maine; through 8/30. . . . "Charles Ray." A survey of the Los Angeles-based sculptor's career since 1973; through 8/30. . . . "Richard Pousette-Dart: The Studio Within." A partial re-creation of the studio the artist worked in for more than 30 years, including 20 paintings from different periods of his career, a selection from his collection of notebooks, and poems and small artworks; through 9/13. . . . "Louise Nevelson: Structures Evolving." A selection of sculptures and works on paper from the museum's collection that highlights the artist's practice of recycling components of existing works to create new ones; through 9/13. . . . "Lisa Roberts: *Blind Side*." An installation in which a 16 mm. film operates as a sculptural element; through 10/4. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Hope Sandrow: *Water Life*." An installation that consists of underwater photographs of human figures, arrangements of seashells, and the sound of running water; through 10/9..120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

restaurants

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Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Diva—Another hip spot at the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Independent—From the minute it opened, this tavernesque TriBeCa duplex has been a favorite of the fashionable neighborhood. The creative American bistro fare includes an acclaimed roasted garlic-lemon chicken with spinach and mashed potatoes, barbecued pork ribs, and crab cakes enhanced with equal measures of cod and scallops. *179 W. Broadway (219-2010). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Paggio—After two Long Island triumphs, the owners decided to brave the restaurant battlefield that is TriBeCa. The commodious surroundings, private party room, and TV-equipped cigar room make for a comfortable place to enjoy sophisticated Italian food. Don't miss the grilled polenta with fontina cheese and porcini mushrooms sautéed with fresh herbs and truffle essence. *223 W. Broadway (334-8077). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Taliesin—This power dining room inside the Millenium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for $45.00. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. *55 Church St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

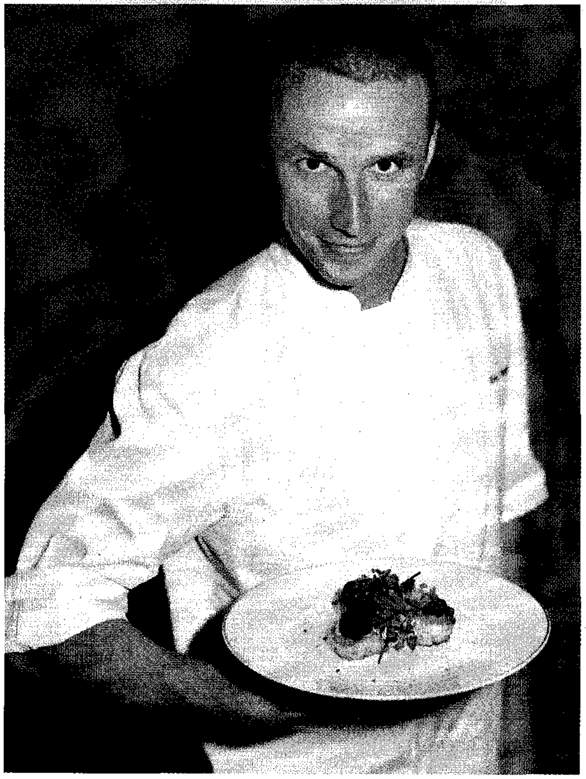
Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view

Preview

Making His Marc

Now that his surname has become synonymous with a string of sofa-strewn wine-and-cigar bars, owner Abraham Merchant ups his empire's culinary ante with La Fourchette, opening in Yorkville this weekend. Chef Marc Murphy, below, formerly of Cellar in the Sky, incorporates luxe ingredients like sweetbreads, bone marrow, and Dover sole into his evolving French menu, which he plans to reconceive every two months. Or, for $75 ($115 with wine), experience the five-course tasting menu, which changes every week. (1608 First Avenue, near 84th Street; 249-5924.)



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of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open raviolo of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Cichetti—Modeled after a typical bar in Venice, where patrons gather for a glass of wine—choose here among 50—and small snacks called *cichetti* (think Italian tapas). Sample among appetizer-size portions of rice balls, fried meatballs, frittatas, and crostini, or, should these snacks merely whet the appetite, have a full meal of pasta, chicken, fish, or beef. Perfect for pre– or post–Film Forum noshing. *220 W. Houston St. (229-0314). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Robiola—Everyone comes for the focaccia robiola, but you wouldn't go wrong with roasted baby chicken, pasta, or anything from the wood-burning oven. This is the second venture by the folks behind midtown's popular Da Ciro. *535 Hudson St. (620-3838). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

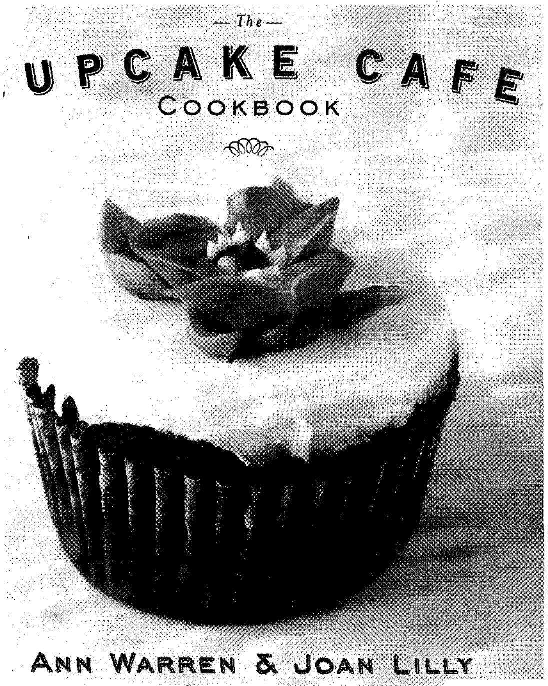
El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mad 28—This stylishly streamlined restaurant serves homemade pasta, risotti, and thin-crust pizzas that



In Print Ten years ago, long before the ballyhooed advent of Krispy Kreme, the Cupcake Café was dispensing homespun, all-natural doughnuts from a storefront that's become Hell's Kitchen's coziest breakfast nook. But the bakery's main claim to sugarcoated fame is its stunning line of profusely embellished floral cakes, which have become a birthday-party imperative. Now, in *The Cupcake Café Cookbook*, co-owner Ann Warren and her sister Joan Lilly reveal the methodology behind "dunky oaty" doughnuts, Irish soda muffins, peach coffee cake, and sweet-potato pie, not to mention the trick to rendering hydrangeas and peonies in buttercream. (Doubleday; $25.)

emerge from a wood-burning oven built into a spectacular flagstone wall. The soaring space's other focal point is the large-screen TV, which is regularly tuned to European soccer broadcasts. *72 Madison Ave., nr. 28th St. (689-2828). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Medusa—A lot of thought went into the décor at this new restaurant: The floors and bar are red travertine marble, and decorative ironwork details the sconces and door frames. The au courant Mediterranean menu includes such specialties as poppy-seed-encrusted tuna with lime sauce and rack of lamb with Chianti and grilled golden apples. *239 Park Avenue South, nr. 19th St. (477-1500). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Ribollita—This cozy little Italian restaurant is a refreshing change of pace from the new wave of posh Flatiron food halls. Open every day from noon until closing for its namesake soup, unusual pastas, and roasted meat and fish. *260 Park Ave. S., nr. 20th St. (982-0975). (I–M) AE, TM.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hangar steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music of a live band. Jacket required. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge,

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and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can often be found, unwinding. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, V*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V*

Mr. K's—After years of wining and dining Washington's politicians and their retinues, Mr. K has spun off an elegant New York branch in the soaring Art Deco environs of the old RCA building. The menu trumpets fresh, seasonal vegetables—a rarity in most Chinese restaurants—and other house specials like the Peking duck, firecracker lobster, and basil-ginger prawns. Jackets preferred. *570 Lexington Ave., at 51st St. (583-1668). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V*

The Park Restaurant—The plush surroundings in this new hotel-lobby restaurant are much fussier, but no more elegant, than the French-American fare concocted by ex–Lespinasse chef Fabrizzio Salerni. Sample dishes include porcini risotto, yellowfin-tuna tartare in wheat crust, steak-frites, and pan-roasted halibut in crispy rice paper. Piano music performed nightly, and cigar smokers have their own private lounge in which to indulge. *109 E. 56th St. (750-5656). (E) AE, MC, V*

Peacock Alley—Under talented new chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, cherubs, jazz onstage, and New American cuisine. Executive chef Neal Myers has a flair with meats and creatively prepared seafood, like pepper-crusted tuna with black bean-and-mango sauce, and crab cakes accompanied by cole slaw rolls. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V*

Turtle Bay Grill & Lounge—The kind of place where you kick back, light a stogie, and watch the game. Should hunger develop, there's sesame-seared tuna, Dijon-grilled salmon, shrimp pizza, and the like. *987 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (223-4224). (I–M) AE, MC, V*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V*

Barbetta—This elegant theater-district landmark is still owned, incredibly, by its founding family. The elaborate interior provides a peaceful background for regional specialties like fonduta, rabbit alla Piedmontese, and a variety of wild-game dishes. A $55 spring tasting menu features new fish dishes. The garden is a summertime oasis. *321 W. 46th St. (246-9171). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V*

Broadway Joe's Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V*

Coco Pazzo Teatro—Tucked away alongside the Paramount Hotel, this popular theater-district hangout is equally suited for a drink before the curtain or a leisurely meal after the show. The colorful dining room is a comfortable, informal spot for hearty dishes like Florentine steak with crispy herbed fries, and lobster with saffron pasta. *235 W. 46th St. (827-4222). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V*

Commonwealth Grill & Brewery—This Boston brewery import in Rockefeller Center attracts a riotous after-work crowd for its craft beers. The lunch and dinner menus feature American fare like grilled swordfish over lemon pasta, braised lamb shank, duck breast, and tuna, not to mention the obligatory burger. *35 W. 48th St. (977-2269). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare. Try the $19.98 prix fixe. *342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V*

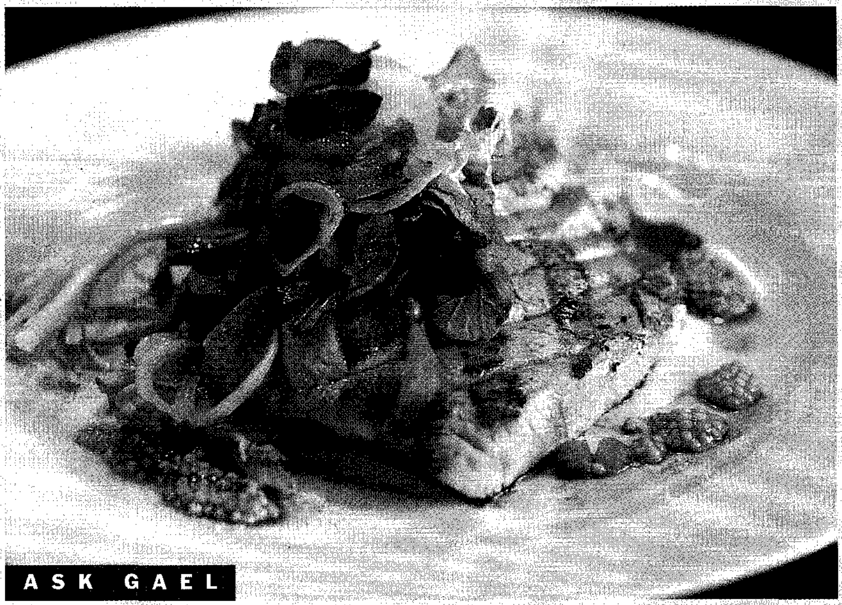
"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V*

Molyvos—This interpretive Greek restaurant a stone's throw from Carnegie Hall is a large, stylishly rustic showcase for chef Jim Botsacos's seri-



ASK GAEL

I want a new taste thrill.

If you're in luck, it will be a day when the changing menu of Gramercy Tavern offers toro cooked on the wood-burning grill as a starter at $9.50. Sitting in the front tavern itself, with its rousing frieze of vegetables painted by Robert Kushner, is a win-win game. No need to reserve an eon ahead. Just drop in; first come, first tended to. As for that tuna—sliced and draped over watercress in a shallot-and-mustard-seed vinaigrette—its unpromising beige coating suggests artless steaming. But, in fact, it's been so respectfully roasted, it's pink and just barely gelled, an epiphany. Afterward, we could barely make it through an open-face lamb sandwich with aïoli and the warm pear-and-blueberry crisp for two. Then, true to form, we rallied. Entrées, $12 to $17.50. (42 East 20th Street; 477-0777.)

Photograph by Dasha Wright Ewing.

ous Mediterranean menu. Sit at one of the tables up front for drinks and meze, or indulge larger appetites with dishes like grilled octopus, rabbit stifado, and vegetable dolmades. *871 Seventh Ave., nr. 55th St. (582-7500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes fritto misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Palio—Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous muraled bar and elegant preparations of Italian dishes like spinach-and-ricotta gnocchi with a vegetable ragout, and artichoke-and-marjoram ravioli in fresh tomato sauce. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

SeaGrill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, lobster salad with couscous in spicy lobster oil, and pepper-seared tuna steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu. Tchotchkes can be had at the "general store" souvenir stand, and cigar smokers have their own room in which to exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meat-lovers. *121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Tuscan Square—Pino Luongo's most ambitious project yet, this Rockefeller Center paean to all things Tuscan combines a rustic dining room; a downstairs marketplace complex of salad, sandwich, and pasta bars; and a retail department selling kitchenware, clothing, leather goods, and stationery. Chef Patrick Nuti's Tuscan menu offers such enticing entrées as chicken-and-ricotta meatballs and garganelli with pancetta, puréed leeks, fava beans, and baby peas. *16 W. 51st St. (977-7777). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kids' menu. All menu items are under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Deniz à la Turk—The focus in this casual East Side Turkish restaurant is on superlatively fresh fish. Nibble on appetizers like red beans in lemon and olive oil; mashed eggplant salad; and mussels stuffed with rice, pine nuts, and currants. The seafood and meat—like lamb chops, Turkish meatballs, and rib-eye steak—are char-grilled and succulent. *400 E. 57th St. (486-2255). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and elegant, this Art Deco dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen, turning out dishes like pyramid of tuna tartar and grilled tuna, and roasted lobster with vanilla bean and lemon pasta. And the artwork on the walls is by some very high-profile, and surprising, nonprofessionals. Dinner only; jacket required. *155 W. 58th St. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pondicherry—Although the entrance is situated directly next to the Paris Theatre, this new restaurant is somewhat sequestered down a flight of stairs. But the serene, comfortable environs are anything but cramped. Filmmaker Ismail Merchant is credited with contributing several recipes to chef Jean-Luc Kieffer's French-Indian menu. Some representative dishes include bouillabaisse, chicken biryani, French-Indian lamb stew, and ginger salmon. *8 W. 58th St. (750-7474). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

Campagnola—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Coco Pazzo—Pino Luongo's Upper East Side temple of Tuscan is a neighborhood spot for a particularly demanding neighborhood. For everyone else, dishes like potato ravioli with sautéed leeks and truffle oil, and breaded pork chop with mizuna salad and red onion—not to mention an award-winning wine list, definitely merit a special trip. Try the jazz brunch. *23 E. 74th St. (794-0205). (E)*

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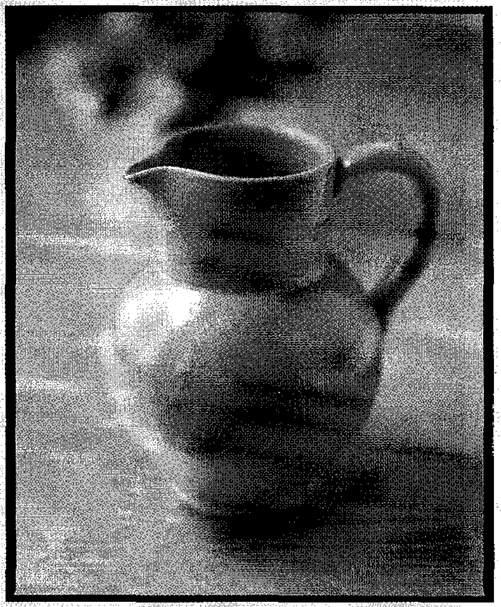
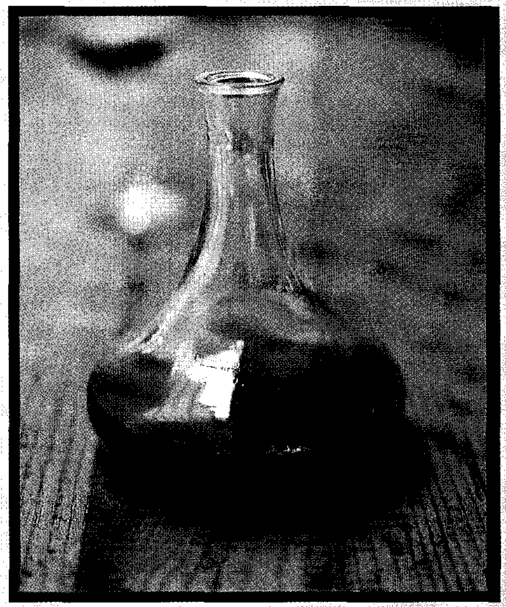
Tools

Wetting the Appetite

It's a rare restaurant these days that hasn't expanded its list of wines by the glass beyond the basic binary alternatives of house red or house white. After all, an educated consumer—one who starts with a more expensive glass and graduates to a bottle—is a preferred customer. The only downside to this trend is purely ceremonial: The pomp and circumstance of wine service (the silver bucket, the graceful swipe of the towel, the approving post-sip nod) loses its ritualistic allure. But two brand-new restaurants have found creative ways to make a production out of ordering a glass of wine. At Babbo, sommelier Philip Morace offers wine by the *quartino* (below, right), a traditional Italian measure containing a quarter-liter, which works out to a shareable glass and a half. The assortment of five reds, five whites, and one rosé changes every other day, fostering the kind of experimentation that befits a vessel that so closely resembles an apothecary's flask. The Mercer Kitchen's ceramic carafe (at left), on the other hand, could be mistaken for a milk pitcher. "People want more and more value," explains executive chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten, who imports the custom-made serving pieces from his native Alsace. The clay keeps the wine colder longer, and, as at Babbo, the pour is a more generous glass-and-a-half. But function isn't everything, as Vongerichten readily admits: "It has a look as well."





AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

540 Park @ The Regency Hotel—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a clubby, comfortable atmosphere. The regional, eclectic menu ranges from seared-tuna spring roll and chicken-fried lobster to barbecued duck and black-bean quesadilla. If the term "power breakfast" didn't originate here, it should have. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (339-4050). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from new chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like Gulf shrimp in rice paper roll, and Indian-spiced salmon tartare with mango and cucumber. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Vermicelli—The décor of this restaurant is meant to evoke a much milder version of the Vietnamese jungle, with birdcage fixtures and a bamboo bar. Try the crispy shrimp rolls, cracked lobster with a ginger-scallion-and-honey sauce, or the grilled pork chop. *1492 Second Ave., nr. 77th St. (288-8868). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Coco Opera—This West Side branch of Pino Luongo's national chain of Tuscan restaurants is perfectly situated for a meal before or after a Lincoln Center performance. House specials include sautéed veal chop with chickpeas and fried sage, and rigatoni with sun-dried tomatoes, capers, black olives, and chili peppers. *58 W. 65th St. (873-3700). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of

Photographs by Steven Freeman.

port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The $42.50 dinner prix fixe, available Sunday through Thursday, is a great deal. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouth-watering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Pearson's Texas Barbecue—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much farther than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

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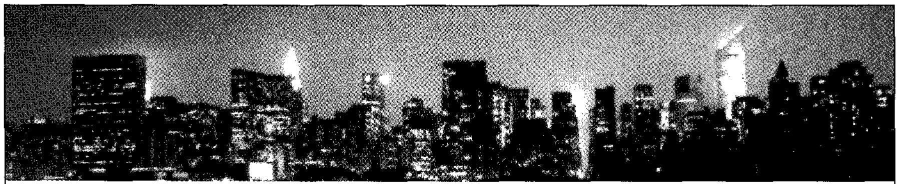

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nightlife

Geri Allen...Beastie Boys

Concerts

"Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors"—The institution's third annual fresh-air festival. All festival events marked with an asterisk (*). Through 8/30. *Various locations, Lincoln Center (875-5000). Free.*

Beastie Boys—On their new *Hello Nasty,* Diamond, Horowitz, and Yauch get down to hip-hop beats and freaky grooves. A spring teaser show at Irving Plaza found the Boys looking a little tired, and less than fully interested in being on stage. With luck, June's Tibetan Freedom Concert got their juices flowing. With A Tribe Called Quest and Money Mark. 8/21 at 7:30 P.M. *Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (307-7171).* 8/22 at 8 P.M. *Continental Airlines Arena, East Rutherford, N.J.. (212-307-7171).* 8/24 at 8 P.M. *Nassau Coliseum, Uniondale, Long Island (212-307-7171). Sold out.*

"Blues Cruise"—A weekly spin through the muddy waters of, uh, New York Harbor. 8/18: Roomful of Blues. 8/25: Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown. Boat departs at 7 and 9:30 P.M. rain or shine. *Pier 16, South Street Seaport (630-8888). $25.*

"Celebrate Brooklyn"—8/22: West Indian Calypso fusion with Rikki Jai; Designer with Therapy. *Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. at Prospect Park West (718-855-7882, ext. 52). $3 suggested contribution.*

"Concerts in the Parks"—8/18: Speedo & The Cadillacs. *Linden Park.* 8/19: Ralph Irizarry & Timbalaye. *Sunset Park, Brooklyn.* All shows at 7 P.M. *(212-360-8290). Free.*

"Dancing Galaxy"—Astral Projection and Tsuyoshi Suzuki. 8/21 at 10 P.M. *Metropolitan Pavilion, 110 W. 19th St.(343-0532) $27.*

"Dancing on the Plaza"*—8/18: Noche Flamenca. 8/20: Garrison/Gonzalez. 8/21: Donald McKayle. Shows at 5:30 P.M. *Fountain Plaza, Lincoln Center (875-5000). Free.*

"Elvis—The Concert"—The King lives—and, through the magic of modern videoconferencing technology, jams with some of his longtime backing musicians. Morbid? Maybe. Kinda hokey? Definitely. A damn good time? Undoubtedly. 8/20–8/22 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. (307-7171). $27–$62.*

"Festival Flamenco"*—With the estimable José Greco II Flamenco Dance Company. 8/18 at 8 P.M. *Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center (875-5000). Free.*

Hanson—Flaxen-haired tykes Ike, Taylor, and Zac Hanson are a sort of scaled-down, white Jackson Five. With their impeccable timing and ears for a pop hook, the boys took the country (at least the female, teenage portion of it) by storm last year with "MMMbop" and a slew of only slightly less-worthy pop-soul workouts. If their free show at Hammerstein Ballroom (an unannounced MTV taping) this spring was any indication, the full-scale arena concert should be brimming with teen-girl angst and unguided sexual energy. With Admiral Twin. 8/24 at 7:30 P.M. *Continental Arena, East Rutherford, N.J. (212-307-7171). $28.50.*

"Hudson River Festival"—8/18: Spirit Ensemble with Chief Bey & Johnny Almendra los Jovenes del Barrio with Jillian. All shows at 6 P.M. *Battery Park City, Wagner Park (945-0505). Free.*

Julio Iglesias—Like Hanson (see listing, above), Iglesias still writes the songs that make the young girls cry. Make that the middle-aged women. 8/23 at 7:30 P.M. *N.J. Performing Arts Center, Newark (888-GO-NJPAC). $30–$75.*

"Jazz on the Plaza"*—8/19: Given recent events at the U.S. embassy in Tanzania, the title of Horace Tapscott's 1997 album, *Thoughts of Dar Es-Salaam* now looks oddly prescient. (Not to suggest that Tapscott's socially conscious, Afrocentric brand of jazz has anything to do with terrorist bombs, of course.) The pianist's populist bent—he's devoted much of his life to community workshops in South Central L.A., often to the detriment of his own recording career—is well suited to Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors' radically democratic feel. 8/21: Amina Claudine Myers Trio. Shows at 6:30 P.M. *North Plaza, Lincoln Center (875-5000). Free.*

"The Roots of American Music"*—From 2 till midnight all weekend long, Lincoln Center is filled with uniquely American sounds—from the gospel shout-alongs of the Institutional Radio Choir to the updated Appalachianisms of the Burns Sisters. The mini-fest is divided into two separate, daylong programs: Saturday's "Gospel Roots" (which might also be called "Black Rural Music") and Sunday's "American Roots" (alternate title: "White Rural Sounds"). 8/22 at 2 P.M. (on the North Plaza): Essie Mae Brooks; Mother Pauline & Elder James Goins; the Gospel Christian Singers; Preacher Jack. 8/22 at 7 P.M. (in Damrosch Park): The Institutional Radio Choir; the Vance Ensemble; the Lonesome River Band; Carrie Smith. 8/23 at 2 P.M. (on the North Plaza): Priscilla Herdman; Guy Davis; Salamander Crossing. 8/23 at 6 P.M. (in Damrosch Park): Battlefield Band; Schooner Fare; the Burns Sisters; Ricky Skaggs; Kentucky Thunder. *Lincoln Center (875-5000). Free.*

Savage Garden—This eighties-happy Aussie duo took its name, inexplicably, from the vampire-world in Anne Rice novels, took the title of its big hit ("Truly, Madly, Deeply") from a movie, and borrowed some lyrics for the same from the Kinks. On the other hand, the band members display a unique fondness for the dweebily funky sonics of countrymen INXS. 8/25 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theater, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (307-7171). $25–$35.*

"Seventies Flashback"—KC & the Sunshine Band, Gloria Gaynor; Sister Sledge; the Trammps. 8/21 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach Ampitheatre, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $15–$42.*

"Smooth Jazz Cruise"—A weekly trawl leaving from the Seaport. 8/20: Angela Bofill. Boat departs at 7 and 9:30 P.M., rain or shine. *Pier 16, South Street Seaport (630-8888). $30.*

Shania Twain—She's a little bit country *and* a little bit rock and roll—but don't call the country Canuck a one-woman Osmond family. 8/22 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach Ampitheatre, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $15–$45.*

"Warm Up" Performance Series—At the greatest white-trash beach party in history—with excellent music (bluegrass, electronica, and everything in between), beer aplenty,

Performance
Testify!

Southern soul-stirrers Elder James Goins & Mother Pauline (left) and Preacher Jack (right) raise a joyful noise on day one of Lincoln Center's weekend-long "Roots of American Music" (August 22 and 23; see "Concerts").

Photographs courtesy of Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts.

even an aboveground pool—hipster twentysomethings chill out in the front yard of the best contemporary-art museum in the city. Shows start at 4 P.M. 8/22: D.J. Cam; Tee Alford; Stacey Pullen. *P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center, 22-25 Jackson Ave. at 46th St., Long Island City (718-784-2084). $5 suggested contribution.*

Clubland

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 8/19: Dave Van Ronk; Saffire. 8/20: Nicole Blackman; Melissa Ferrick. 8/21: Buster Poindexter & His Spanish Rocketship Band. 8/22: Nils Lofgren; Elliot Murphy. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—8/19: London's Hooverphonic had old-school soul afficionados grinding their teeth last year: For the group's ubiquitous hit, "2 Wicky," they sampled a sizable chunk of Isaac Hayes's rendition of "Walk on By"—making listeners think they were about to hear Black Moses launch into a super-heavy take on a Bacharach-David classic, then hitting them with a comparatively lightweight trip-hop number. Such bait-and-switch tactics notwithstanding, the group's new album, *Blue Wonder Power Milk*, is as intriguing as last year's hit was frustrating. 8/18: Patty Griffin. 8/21: Bernard Butler; Emm Gryner. 8/24: Esthero. 8/25: Shonen Knife. *6 Delancey St. (533-2111).*

Brownies—8/25: Though A Don Piper Situation is currently minus tasty sometime lead guitarist Kevin McMahon, frontman Piper's impeccable sense of melody and his rhythm section's muscular wallop remain intact. (And, as readers of *Rolling Stone* know, Piper is the hottest singer-songwriter in the country.) 8/26: Multigenerational trio Automat brings its inimitable version of Pop-with-a-capital-*P* to the grungy environs of the East Village. 8/21: Six Finger Satellite; Les Savy Fav. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—8/20: Local blues underdogs the Holmes Brothers combine southern-fried pedal-steel licks and pitch-perfect harmonies (drummer "Popsy" Dixon's heavenly falsetto would make any of the Brothers Gibb envious), to create one of the most satisfyingly out-there takes on a familiar sound. 8/21: Mason Casey. 8/22: Milo Z. 8/24: D.C. & Co. 8/25: Sheena & the Swampdogs. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house. 8/18: Ida; Sue Garner; Danielle Howle. 8/19: Melvin Van Peebles. 8/21: King Missile. 8/22: Semi-Gloss. 8/23: Jackie Beat. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Knitting Factory—The ever-expanding Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, four stages, four microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 8/18: Charles Gayle. 8/19: "Jewish Jazz Night." Paradox Trio; Hasidic New Wave. 8/20: Raphe Malik Quartet; Other Dimensions in Music. 8/23: Sonny Sharrock Tribute. 8/25: New Orleans Klezmer All Stars. *74 Leonard St. (219-3055).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues. 8/18: The Shade Tree Mechanics. 8/19: Kenny Neal. 8/20: Rod Piazza & the Mighty Flyers. 8/21: The Black Widow Band. 8/22: Dana Fuchs. 8/23: Walter "Wolfman" Washington. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUE).*

Maxwell's—After a couple of years' dormancy, New Jersey's (and perhaps the tri-state area's) finest rock club is back with a vengeance. 8/18: The Groovie Ghoulies; the Hissyfits; Drywater. 8/20: Flat Duo Jets. 8/21: The A-Bones; the Bomboras; Sit 'n' Spin. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 8/18: Varnaline; Mini King. 8/19: Natasha & the MGB. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

S.O.B.'s—8/20: Blending drum-and-bass beats and Indian film-music melodies, the album *Untouchable Outcaste Beats* took England by storm last year. It's finally been released here, and to celebrate, two of the disc's stars, Badmarsh and Shri, are playing live dates. The vibe at London's Asian-crossover danceclubs is unmatched anywhere in the world—with luck, "The Untouchable Outcaste Beats" tour will bring some of that excitement Stateside. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 8/19: Jesse Cook; Dr. Didg. 8/24: Tito Puente. 8/25: Dennis Brown. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 8/19: Tony Rich Project. 8/20: Black Bean Soup. 8/23: Bad Manners; Dem Brooklyn Bums. 8/25: Sonia Dada; The Why Store. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. Monday is the long-running drum-and-bass extravaganza "Konkrete Jungle." 8/18: It eponymous leader is, of course, long gone, but the Jerry Garcia Band forges ahead in mellow splendor. With Melvin Seals, Jackie LaBranch & Gloria Jones. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244) $.*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays in August, Charli Persip & Supersound. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $10–$30 cover; $10 minimum. 8/19–8/20: Danny Moore Quintet featuring Eric Alexander & Harold Mabern. 8/21–8/22: Don Sebesky Orchestra. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—8/18–8/23: In one of those rare old-meets-new double bills that actually make sense, latter-day mainstream master Jacky Terrasson leads a trio, opening for Phil Woods's big band. An alto giant on the order of Cannonball Adderly and Jackie McLean, Woods was—and remains—a key architect of post-Bird bop. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Talent

Free Keys

When Verve snagged pianist Geri Allen from Blue Note in the kind of bidding war unheard of in jazz, the label sent out a photo of the signing to every critic in town. Verve had something to gloat about. Allen, 41, combines the percussive karate chops of Cecil Taylor with the impressionist clusters of Herbie Hancock, allowing the free to be constrained and vice versa. This combination, plus a haunting lyricism, was captivating enough to inspire Ornette Coleman to lift his 40-year ban on pianists and include her on his *Sound Museum* records. How did Allen translate Coleman's theory of "harmolodics" onto 88 keys? She won't say exactly, but she did pick up Coleman's penchant for aphorism. "There's a certain vibration that forces of nature have," Allen says. "Ornette is like that. He's like the ocean."

Allen not only broke the pianist barrier in Ornetteland but also penetrated the male-dominated world of jazz. So does her tune "No More Mister Nice Guy" advance a feminist agenda? "No," she says emphatically. "It was actually written for a friend of mine who was taken advantage of a lot, so I decided to write this tune so that he could have a shield to protect him." Still, she does admit that at times she needed a shield of her own when dealing with some members of the jazz boys' club. "I've had problems with some young guys who were insecure, but I had nothing to learn from them anyway," she says. As she balances a hectic performance and recording schedule along with her motherly duties for 3-month-old Barbara Allen, she's taking it all in stride. "I like the role of the piano; it's an overview," she says. "Looking up high, down on something, you can see a lot." Allen will be up onstage at the Vanguard August 18 through 23, offering an overview of her Verve debut, *The Gathering*.

DAVID YAFFE

Photograph by Darryl Turner.

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Tuesdays in August feature Dave Fiuczynski. 8/21: William Hooker. 8/23: Domingo Calor. Sets at 7 P.M. and 10 P.M. *174 Orchard St. (780-0313).*

Iridium—In the cozy basement across from Lincoln center, you'll find some of the finest chow in jazzland, plus formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table-placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 8/18–8/23: Abdullah Ibrahim Trio. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. 8/18–8/22: The Ray Bryant Trio. Sets Sun., Tues.–Thurs. at 8 P.M. and 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and midnight; $10–$15 cover on weekdays, $15–$20 cover on Fri. and Sat. $10 minimum all nights. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. 8/18–8/23: Regina Carter's fiery violin work recalls a modernized version of Stephane Grappelli—a card-carrying member, say, of the Free Club, rather than of the Hot Club. After triumphal sets during the JVC Jazz Festival, she brings her quintet back downtown for a more *intime* club date. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 8/13–8/23: Mike Serrati. $5 cover; no minimum. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, this alcohol-free sub-Delancey hole-in-the-wall's got its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowed. 8/19: Judy Dunaway. 8/20: Ben Perowsky Trio. 8/21: John Hollenbeck's Claudia Quintet. 8/22: Lukas Ligeti. *107 Norfolk St. (358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 8/18–8/23: Geri Allen Sextet, with Buster Williams (see page 85). Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So. (255-4037). $.*

Zinno—Recently renovated, this pretty Italian restaurant has moved its stage into the large dining room, shifting the place's feel from restaurant-with-jazz to jazz-club-with-dining. Every Monday in August: Emme Kemp. 8/18–8/22: Kenny Kirkland. Shows Mon.–Sat. at 8 P.M. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. 8/18–8/22: Jim Norton; Godfrey; Robert Kelly; Rich Voss. Sundays: "All-Star Comedy." Tuesday–Thursday, shows at 9:30 P.M. Fri. and Sat., shows at 8, 10, and midnight. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 8/19: "Danny's Big Laughs on Broadway." 8/20–8/23: John Pinette. $12.50–$18.50 cover; two-drink minimum. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 8:30 P.M., 10:15 P.M., and 12 A.M.; and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. Through 8/23: Greg Giraldo; Mitch Hedberg; Gregg Rogell; Kevin Brennan; Macio; Jim Norton. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 8/23: Vic Di Betto, Richie Byrne, John Rizzo, Rich Ramirez, Nancy Redman, Dave Attell. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. at 9 and 11P.M. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 8/20: "Stanley." 8/21–8/22: Jeff Ross; Walli Collins; Ted Alexandro. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. 8/21–8/22: Rich Ceisler; Tom Papa; Todd Barry; Wali Collins. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

"We Rule The Planet"—A collection of comedy routines by Eric Slovin and Leo Allen. Every Thursday through 9/3 at 10:30 P.M. *Here, 145 Sixth Ave., at Spring St. (647-0202). $10.*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. Through 8/22: Lainie Kazan. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—$10 music charge; no minimum. Through 9/10: Peter Mintun. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Joining the ever-growing list of performers to offer such "tributes," singer-pianist Kathleen Landis performs the work of George Gershwin in "Things Are Looking Up." $12 minimum; jacket and tie required. *Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (940-8195).*

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? Every Tuesday and Thursday in August: Bevin Kaye in Bitch Buffet. $10–$15 cover, two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788). $.*

Eighty-Eight's—A West Village venue whose unassuming façade conceals a top-notch little theater within. $15, with a two-drink minimum. 8/20: Barbara Fasano with "The Girls of Summer." 8/18: Barbara Brussell with "Come a Little Closer." 8/21: Ruby Rims with "Le Drag Hot." Show starts at 8:30 P.M.Show starts at 8 P.M. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

Sardi's—Fridays, John Malino's combo plays jazz standards (no cover). $12 minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

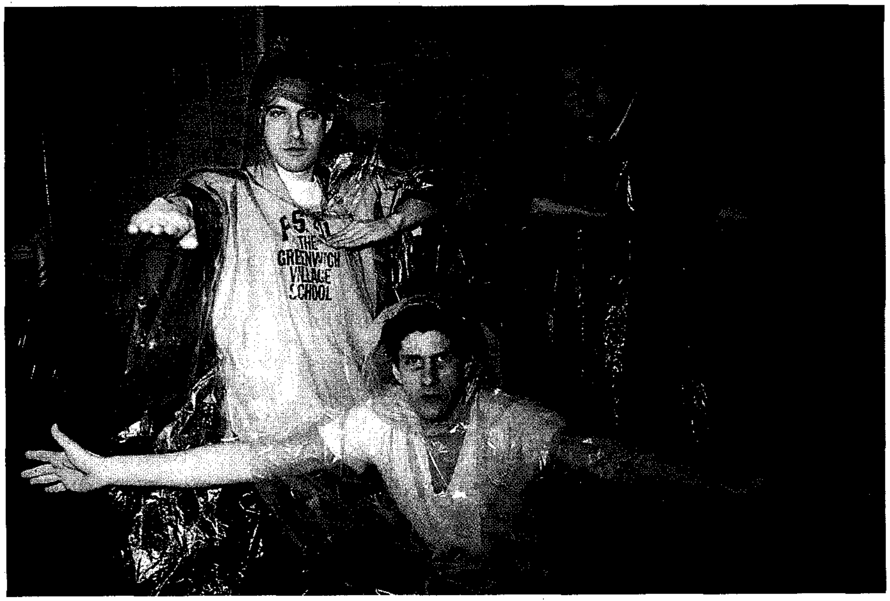
Bars

Bar 5757—At the Four Seasons Hotel. This swank mausoleum has thirteen different martinis on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it: "shaken, not stirred." *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).*

bOb—A house party in some out-of-town aunt's living room. A tribute to the city's night-crawling diversity—fashion divettes, funksters, losers, and hippie girls. Fat-lady mud wrestling on the televisions above the exit and the bar keeps the traffic at these vital transaction points light. *235 Eldridge St.*

Talent
Boys 'n' the Hoods

New York's Beastie Boys have done a lot of growing up in the past decade—replacing, for instance, the giant-inflatable-phallus stage prop of the *Licensed to Ill* era with mellowed-out Buddhist chants. Mercifully, their mission—to meld hip-hop beats and rock-and-roll 'tude with peerless skill—remains unchanged. They return home for three nights of, ahem, *mature* mayhem August 21, 22, and 24 (see "Concerts").



Photograph by Ryan Murphy.

in concert

Ragnhild Brinkhaus at the Fulton Ferry Landing

Classical Music

Tuesday, August 18

Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—Performs Beethoven's Symphony No. 2 in D Major and selections from *Prometheus*, Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante in E-flat for Winds, and Mendelssohn's Piano Concerto No. 1 in G minor, with pianist Jean-Yves Thibaudet. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500) at 8; $18–$28.*

Ragnhild Brinkhaus, Piano—Performs works by Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Rachmaninoff, Chopin, and Brahms. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-802-1827), at 8; $15–$25.*

Music Under the Trees—The Juilliard School String Orchestra performs the music of Gerald Finzi, accompanied by readings from Shakespeare's *Richard III* and the poetry of Edward Taylor, Jeffrey Silberschlag, conductor. *Battery Park, the lawn (835-2750), at 12:30; free.*

Wednesday, August 19

Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—See 8/18.

Thursday, August 20

I Solisti Veneti—Performs works by Boccherini, Vivaldi, Tartini, Donizetti, and Rossini, Claudio Scimone conducts. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $18–$38.*

Bargemusic—Performances of Schubert's *Auf dem Straum* and *Der Hirt auf dem Felson*, and Schumann's Piano Trio in G minor. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-802-1827), at 7:30; $15–$25.*

Music Under the Trees—Juilliard students—soprano Kishna Davis, baritone Eric Greene, and keyboard player Karen Schwartz—perform as part of the Conservancy for Historic Battery Park's Young Performers series. *Battery Park, the lawn (835-2750), at 12:30; free.*

Friday, August 21

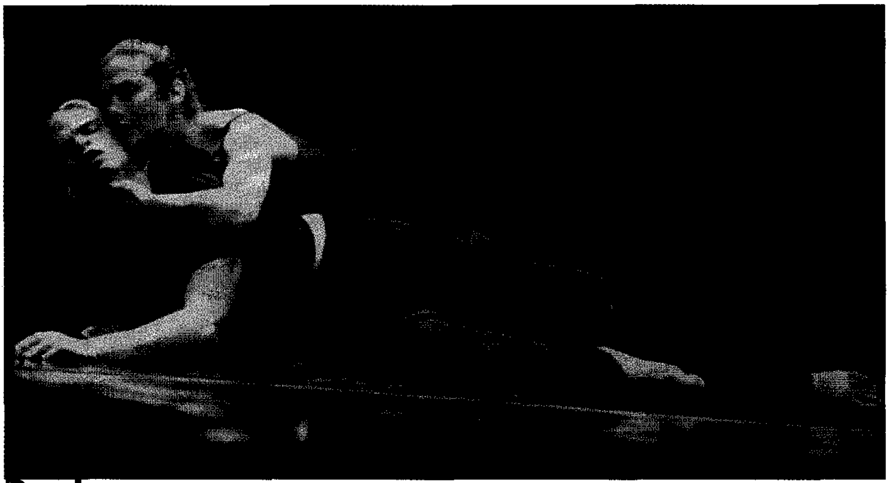
Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—Performs Strauss's Divertimento, and Mozart's Coronation Mass in C Major, with soprano Ying Huang, mezzo-soprano Susanne Mentzer, tenor Gregory Turay, bass-baritone Klaus Mertens, and the Dessoff Choirs. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20–$40.*

Summergarden—Performances of music for violin and piano by John Cage, Aaron Jay Kernis, Aaron Copland, Elliott Carter, and Jon Deak, with violinist Tom Chiu and pianist Eric Huebner. *Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 54th St. (708-9400), at 8:30; free.*

Bargemusic—Performances of Beethoven, Falla, Schumann, and Brahms. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-802-1827), at 7:30; $15–$25.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."



Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.

Previews

McKayle's Gravy

Donald McKayle has been dancing since 1947 and has worked with choreographers Martha Graham, Alvin Ailey, and Eliot Feld, among others. Now the Limón Dance Company is pulling him out of the shadows of those big names with two performances celebrating his 50 years onstage, Thursday and Friday at Lincoln Center. The program will include Heartbeats (with Mary Ford and Jonathan Riedel in "Frio en el Alma," pictured above), which McKayle created for the Limón company.

Saturday, August 22

Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—See 8/21.

Summergarden—See 8/21.

Sunday, August 23

St. Bartholomew's Choir—Continues St. Bartholomew's Summer Festival of Sacred Music with a performance of Bach's Missa in G, with members of the Fairfield Orchestra, William Trafka, conductor. *St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. and 51st St. (378-0200), at 11 A.M.; free.*

Lara Downes, Piano—Performs works by Schumann and Prokofiev. *Hotel Wales, 1295 Madison Ave., at 92nd St. (876-6000), at 6 and 8; free.*

SummerMusic '98—The Bronx Arts Ensemble performs "A Baroque Celebration," with harpsichordist Irina Rees. *Rockwood Drive Circle, Van Cortlandt Park, Bronx (718-601-7399), at 2, and McGinley Center, Fordham University, Bronx Rose Hill Campus at Southern Blvd., at 4; free.*

Bargemusic—See 8/20, at 4.

Monday, August 24

Makiko Hirata, Piano—Performs works by Bach and Chopin. *The Mansfield Hotel, 12 W. 44th St. (944-6050), at 8; free.*

Jazz

Wednesday, August 19

Horace Tapscott, Piano—The veteran of the Lionel Hampton Big Band and Pan-Afrikan Peoples Arkestra performs a solo show. *North Plaza, Lincoln Center (875-5108), at 6:30; free.*

Friday, August 21

Amina Claudine Myers Trio—Performs jazz and gospel music. *North Plaza, Lincoln Center (875-5108), at 6:30; free.*

Sunday, August 23

Randy Weston, Piano—Performs a concert of African-influenced jazz, with pipa player Min Xiao-Fen. *Brooklyn Museum of Art, 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000), at 3; $8.*

Dance

José Greco II Flamenco Dance Company—Performs traditional flamenco dance and music, 8/18 at 8. *Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center (875-5108); free.*

Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo—The cross-dressing all-male ballet troupe performs classics such as "Les Lac des Cygnes" and an excerpt from "La Vivandiere," as well as the New York premiere of "Stars & Stripes Forever," set to the music of John Philip Sousa. 8/18–8/22 at 8, 8/23 at 7:30. *The Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave. (242-0800); $35.*

José Limón Dance Company—Performs *Dancing the Dream*, a tribute to choreographer Donald McKayle, 8/20 and 8/21 at 8. *Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center (875-5108); free.*

Celebrate Brooklyn! Festival—African-modern fusion troupe Forces of Nature performs a program of original works, 8/21 at 8. *Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. and Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (718-855-7882); free.*

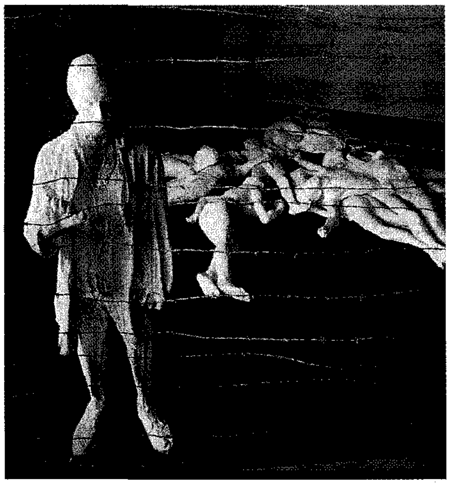
the mix

Hampton Classic...Steamy Summer Readings

John Leonard's TV Notes

Any Day Now (8/18; 9 to 10 P.M.; Lifetime) launches a Tuesday-night block of new series on Lifetime, with Lorraine Toussaint as a high-powered Washington attorney who returns to Birmingham, Alabama, to bury her lawyer father, a hero of the sixties civil-rights movement, take over his practice, and renew her shattered relationship with Annie Potts, her best friend from childhood. In interpolated black-and-white scenes from the sixties, Shari Dyon Perry plays the young, prim Lorraine and Mae Middleton the young tomboy Annie. The first hour, in the slow, meditative manner of *I'll Fly Away,* is quite affecting. This black-white friendship was supposed to have been the hope of the movement. Grown to womanhood, what will it mean?

Maggie (8/18; 10 to 10:30 P.M.; Lifetime) sends Ann Cusack to a wisecracking therapist after nineteen years of marriage to an inattentive cardiologist (John Getz), constant bickering with the usual teenage daughter who as usual hates her life, an embarrassing crush on the veterinarian (John Slattery) with whom she interns in hope of a new career, and a 40th birthday that comes with the sort of fantasies that Ally McBeal may have popularized for dozens of new shows. Some good jokes, particularly those involving rabbits, ducks and Warner Bros.



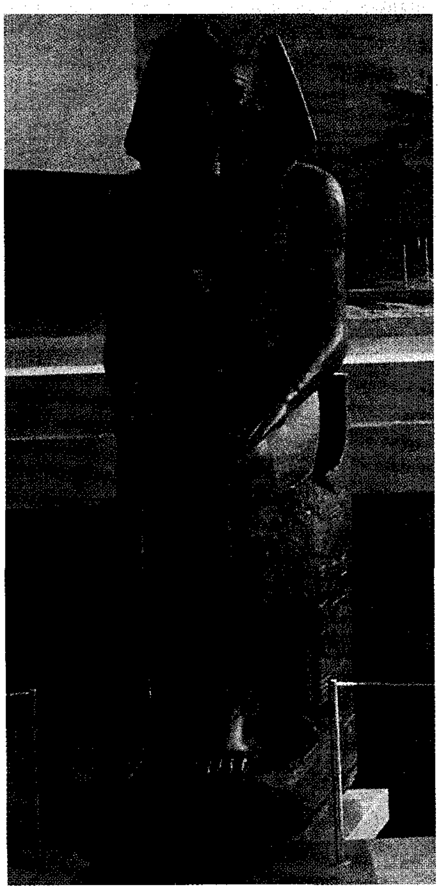
Oh Baby (8/18; 10:30 to 11 P.M.; Lifetime) sends Cynthia Stevenson to the sperm bank to get pregnant, in spite of the demands of her executive job at a software company, the failure to commit on the part of her boyfriend (Daniel Hugh Kelly), and the smart-ass advice of her best friend (and twice-divorced single mother, and company shrink) Joanna Gleason. On the other hand, there's her mother, who remembers: "We didn't have lives; we just had children—and those wonderful sedatives." The gimmick here is that Cynthia, when she isn't directly addressing the camera, watches her life on a TV monitor, capable of slo-mo, fast-forward, and instant replay, not to mention creative editing for *McBeal*-like rewrites.

Endless Harmony: The Beach Boys Story (8/23; 9 to 11 P.M.; VH1), from the Stephanie Bennett who gave us *The Chuck Berry Story: Hail, Hail Rock 'n' Roll,* is a two-part documentary on the famous casualties of Surf 'n' Turf—from what happened up through *Pet Sounds* to what happened after the Beatles. Gaudy colors and saddening sounds.

Radio Highlights

New York & Company—Weekdays at 2 P.M. 8/18: Ernst Jorgensen, author of *Elvis Presley: A Life in Music.* 8/19: Jeffery Deaver on *The Coffin Dancer.* 8/20: Dani Shapiro and her memoir, *Slow Motion.* WNYC, 820 AM.

On View **There's no reason to go guideless on your quest for enrichment when more than 40 of New York's most intriguing institutions from the Met to the zoo are offering "Insider's Hour" tours with the price of admission. Call 800-915-9931 for the rundown of participating purveyors of city culture.**



City Folk—8/18: Songs about Elvis. 8/19-8/20: Van Morrison. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Mountain Stage—8/21 at 2 P.M.: Live performances by the Cowboy Junkies, Duke Robillard, Josh Rouse. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Casper Citron—Saturdays at 10 P.M. 8/22: Oliver Sacks, author of *Island of the Colorblind;* Jeffrey Kluger of *Time* magazine on the outbreak of *E. coli* in Alpine, Wyoming; Barbara Rudolph on *Disconnected.* WOR, 710 AM.

Max Schmid's Golden Age of Radio—Sundays at 7:30 P.M. 8/23: "Affairs of Anatol," from Orson Welles's classic "Mercury Theatre on the Air." WBAI, 99.5 FM.

The Infinite Mind—Sundays at 3 P.M. 8/23: A discussion of the evolution of the brain with Dr. Steven Pinker, author of *How the Mind Works,* and evolutionary psychiatrist Dr. Randolph Ness. WNYC, 820 AM.

The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show—Sundays at 9:30 A.M., 8 P.M, and 8:30 P.M. 8/23: Roy Blount Jr., author of *Be Sweet.* WPAT, 930 AM.

The Written Word

"Delight in August"—8/19, 8/24, and 8/26 at 8 P.M.: Erotic readings by lascivious luminaries like Jonathan Ames, Laurie Stone, and Binnie Kirshenbaum. The Flea Theater, 41 White St. (226-0051); the first two evenings are free, the last is $5.

Michele Wolf—8/17 at 7: Reading from *Conversations During Sleep.* Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (362-8835); free.

Marie Ponsot—8/18 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *The Bird Catcher* in Union Square Park (253-0810); free.

Mark Senak—8/18 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *A Fragile Circle.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Constantine Contongenis, Dean Kostos, Eleni Sikelianos, Emanuel Xavier—8/19 at 6 P.M.: Reading their poetry in Union Square Park (253-0810); free.

Lawrence Schimel—8/19 at 7 P.M.: Reading in Spanish from *Mi Novio es un Duende.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Richard Peck—8/19 at 7 P.M.: Discussing *London Holiday.* Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St.

Photographs: left to right, courtesy of the Jewish Museum; Fred George; American Museum of Natural History.

(595-6859); free.

Carl Hancock Rux—8/19 at 7 P.M.: The writer, singer, and poet in performance. Union Square Park (253-0810); free.

Sarah Jones—8/20 at 7 P.M.: Reading her poetry in Union Square Park (253-0810); free.

Realness and Rhythms Poetry Series—8/20 at 7 P.M.: With Noberto Stuart, Yvette Leaphart, Tim Driscoll, Tristan Taormino, Steven Cordova, Margarita Alcantera, and Regie Cabico. A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Gerald Meyer—8/20 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from his new book, *Vito Marcantonio—Radical Politician 1902–1954.* Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (420-1322); free.

Dani Shapiro—8/20 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Slow Motion.* Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Matthew Rohrer and John Yau—8/22 at 5 P.M.: Reading from *A Hummock in the Malookas* and *Radiant Silhouette,* respectively. Brooklyn Museum of Art, 200 Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000); $4–$6.

James Brady—8/25 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Gin Lane: A Novel of Southampton.* Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Jonathan Ames—8/26 at 7 P.M.: Reading from his new book, *The Extra Man.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850).

Happening
Summer Lovin'

There's only one reason you'd want to make a late-summer evening any hotter than it already is. With that end in mind, the Bat Theater Company inaugurates "Delight in August": three nights of hormonal readings by New York's leading purveyors of erotica, at the Flea Theater. See "The Written Word."

Lectures and Panels

Career Nights at the School of Visual Arts—6:30 P.M.: An overview of various creative careers intended to demystify the process of finding employment in the arts. 8/17: "Advertising for Civilians: An Introduction to Business." 8/18: "Understanding Illustration and Cartooning." 8/26: "Understanding Photography." 209 E. 23rd St., fifth floor, Rm. 502 (592-2010); free.

Davy Jones—8/25 at 6:30 P.M.: The Monkee discusses his life and career as a pop star. For registration and meeting place, call 655-0077; $27–$38.

Events

Hudson River Festival—Through 9/1: A celebration with dance, music, theater, film screenings, and art in Battery Park. Performers include the Paul Taylor Dance Company, Elliot Feld's Ballet Tech, the Morgan Scott Ballet Company, and the Tommy Dorsey and Duke Ellington orchestras. Call 945-0505 for additional information; free.

Tours

The Insider's Hour—Ongoing: To make the cultural wonders of New York City more accessible and easier to enjoy, institutions like the New York Botanical Garden, Lincoln Center, the Bronx Zoo, the Guggenheim, and dozens more offer these guided tours. Call 800-915-9931 for more information; free with admission.

A Hudson Valley Afternoon—8/21 at 7 P.M.: Visits to Union Church and Kykuit, the former home of four generations of Rockefellers, which houses art by Picasso, Moore, and Calder. Meet at the Staten Island Institute of Arts and Sciences, 75 Stuyvesant Pl. (718-727-1135, ext. 15); $45–$50.

The East Village—8/21 at 7 P.M.: Explore the area made famous by radicals and immigrants alike, and sip a mug of ale at a "Monastery" pub. Meet at the cube at Astor Pl. (370-4214); $10 plus snack money.

Chelsea—8/22 at 11 A.M: A journey through the legends and lore of this ever-changing neighborhood. Meet in front of the Chelsea Hotel, 222 W. 23rd St. (935-1090); $15.

Glorious Gramercy Park—8/23 at 2 P.M.: Get to know this beautiful, exclusive neighborhood that was once a swamp. See the former homes of Edwin Booth, John Garfield, and Margaret Hamilton. Meet in front of the Gramercy Park Hotel, 52 Gramercy Park North, at 21st St. (969-8262); $10.

Brooklyn Heights—8/23 at 2: Explore New York City's first landmarked district and its more than 600 structures built before the Civil War. Meet at the Clark St. IRT by the St. George Hotel between Clark and Henry Sts. (969-8262); $10.

Central Park: Trees, Grass & the Working Class—8/23 at 1 P.M.: Explore the relationship between the park and Joseph Papp, Robert Moses, John Lennon, the gay- and women's-rights movements, and more. Meet in front of the U.S.S. *Maine* monument at the Columbus Circle entrance to the park (718-492-0069); $10.

The Fulton Fish Market—8/24 at 6 A.M.: Get up early and experience the magic of the market's old sea-commerce buildings with architectural preservationist Stephen Gottlieb. The tour ends with a visit to the Titanic Memorial Lighthouse, built in 1913. Call 996-1100 for further information and reservations; $20.

Celebrities of New York—Saturdays and Sundays at 10:30 A.M. on the West Side, and 2 P.M. on the East Side: Discover the homes of the stars and the countless cinematic sites of the city. Call 683-4133 for more information and meeting places; $15.

Behind the Scenes at the Waldorf-Astoria—Every Wednesday and Sunday at 9 A.M.: Discover the history and architecture of New York's Art Deco landmark hotel, where Guy Lombardo celebrated New Year's in style and Cole Porter wrote his tunes. Call 872-4790 for further information; $25.

Exhibitions

"Seinfeld's Diner"—Through 8/1/99: The set of the famous diner frequented by Jerry, Kramer, Elaine, and George will be on display along with props and costumes. The American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077); $4.50–$8.50.

"Las Twines"—Through 9/19: A media installation about twin girls by Pepon Osorio. Osorio will be on hand to discuss the work, which will be shown in a storefront in the Hunts Point section of the South Bronx. 858 Southern Blvd. (718-588-1936); free.

"The Making of a First Lady"—Through 8/23: A 30-piece collection of images featuring Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis and John Kennedy that chronicles their lives from anonymity to superstardom. The Atrium at Citicorp Center, 153 E. 53rd St. (559-6758); free.

"Murray Cukier: By Land and Sea"—Through 12/31: An exhibition of model ships and airplanes at the South Street Seaport Museum's Port Life Gallery, 209 Water St. (748-8600); museum admission is $3–$6.

Rodin at Rockefeller Center—Through 8/31: A public exhibit of eight masterpieces, including *The Thinker.* Channel Gardens, bet. Fifth Ave. and Rockefeller Plaza, at 50th St. (632-3975); free.

"Landmarks of New York"—Through 8/23: An exhibition of photographs by Barbaralee Diamonstein coinciding with the release of *Landmarks of New York III,* which documents more than 1,000 historic sites. The New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); $5.

"Proudly We Served"—Through 9/5: Photographs, artifacts, and models commemorating 200 years of service by African-American veterans. Intrepid Sea Air Space Museum, Pier 86, W. 46th St. (957-7055); $10.

Chinese Calligraphy—Through 8/30: An exhibit of calligraphy from the Seal script to the Hsin style, with works by Li Chen Hing. St. John's University, 800 Utopia Parkway, Jamaica (718-990-1526); free.

"A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades"—Through 1/10/99: Mini-floats, paraphernalia, and photographs celebrating cultural identity in New York. City Partners Gallery at the Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. Call 534-1672 for more information; $5 suggested contribution.

"The New Metropolis: New York, 1898–1998"—Through 12/1: A yearlong exhibition commemorating the consolidation of the five boroughs to form New York City. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5.

Hall of Biodiversity—Ongoing: Devoted to the variety and interdependence of Earth's living things and their critical importance to human survival, the hall includes a dramatic global tour of nine biomes and a diorama of the Central African Republic's rain forest. At the American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); $8 suggested contribution.

"America's Concentration Camps: Remembering the Japanese-American Experience"—Through 1/5/99: An exhibition that tells the story of this shameful chapter in American history through the eyes of the incarcerated. Photographs, mementos, and home videos contributed by some of the 120,313 people who were held in the camps—two thirds of whom were American citizens—will be on display, along with maps and statistics from each camp. Ellis Island Immigration Museum, New York Harbor. Call 363-3200 for directions to the museum and more information; $5.

Illustration by Mark Zingarelli.

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Solutions to last week's puzzles

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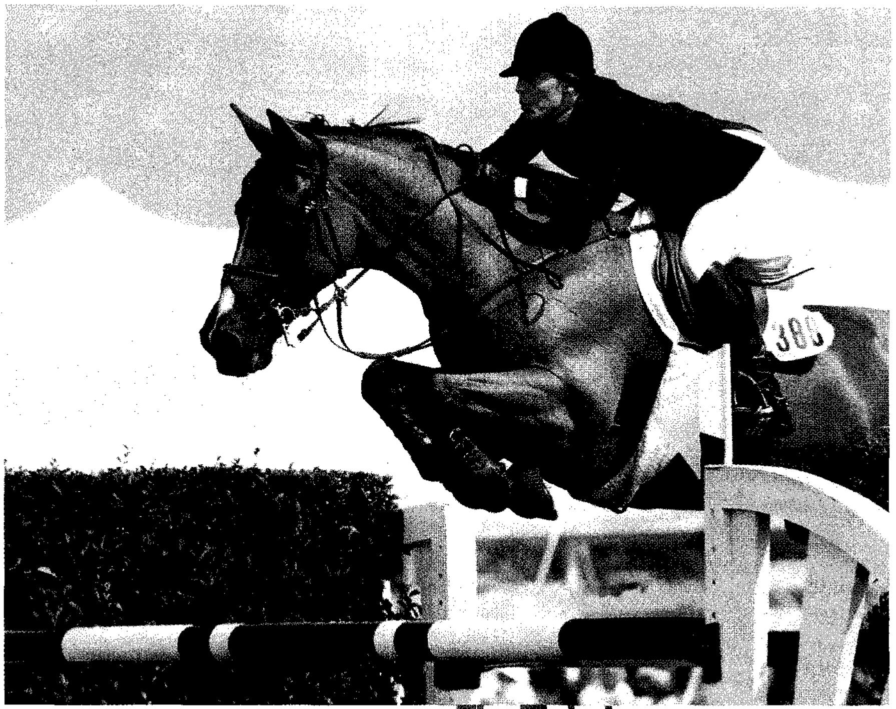


The Ticket
Saddle-Brained

Other than the Indy 500, few sporting events capture the spirit of a place better than the Hampton Classic. The annual Bridgehampton gathering of equestrians and upper-crusties is to the horsey set what Oscars night is to Hollywood. See "Sports."

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—"Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) visits a new Website each weekday. This week: Keep it legal with an online lawyer locator; revive "The Moose" and that wacky Cicely gang at A&E's *Northern Exposure* site; get some tender love from the King (in plywood); donate supplies to city schools through PENCIL's "Resource Bank"; then get your fill of media gossip—no matter how obscure. And while you're visiting us at www.nymag.com, take a look at all our other great stuff, like selected articles from the current issue and a searchable "Cue" section, plus daily picks of New York events in "Vanessa Takes Manhattan," "First Words" for bibliophiles, a daily deal from Angie Maximo in "Cheap Thrills," and our helpful Subscriber Service Center.

Sports

The 1998 Hampton Classic—8/23–8/30: Bridgehampton is once again home to one of the more prestigious outdoor hunter/jumper horse shows in the country. Olympic veterans and world champions will be featured, so giddy-up. Call 516-537-3177 for information.

Bronx Tennis Classic—Through 8/23: Lovely Crotona Park is the site for this U.S. Open warm-up. And unlike at the Open, admission is free. Call 718-786-7110 for information.

New York Historical Ride—8/21 at 10 P.M.: Hop on your bicycles and join Time's Up! to ride around olde New Amsterdam. Admission is free; meet at the fountain at City Hall Park. Call 802-8222 for information.

Run for the Reservoir—8/22 at 9:30 A.M.: A 5M brought to you by the friendly folks at the NYRRC. The race is on the roads in Central Park, as opposed to the under-construction path that surrounds this race's namesake. Call 860-4455 for fee and other information.

The 1998 Artists & Writers Softball Game—8/22 at 3 P.M.:The slim possibility of watching Mort Zuckerman slide into anything makes this 50-year-old East Hampton schmoozefest almost worthwhile. That, and the fact that the ticket proceeds ($8 for adults; children under 10 are free) benefit three local charities. At Herrick Park, East Hampton. Call 649-4042 for information.

Arturo Gatti vs. Ivan Robinson—8/22 at 11 P.M. (HBO): Bally's Park Place in Atlantic City hosts Jersey City's own Arturo Gatti (29-2, 24 KOs) as he takes on Ivan Robinson (25-2, 10 KOs) in a ten-round lightweight bout. Middleweights Fernando Vargas and José Rivera make up the undercard.

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
METROSTARS						DC FSNY 7:30PM	
YANKEES	KC MSG 7:30PM	KC MSG 7:30PM	MIN MSG 7:30PM	MIN WB 8:00PM	TEX WB 8:30PM	TEX MSG 8:30PM	TEX MSG 8:00PM
METS		COL UPN 7:30PM	COL FSNY 7:00PM	STL FSNY 7:00PM	STL WOR 7:30PM	ARI FOX 1:15PM	ARI FOX 1:30PM
LIBERTY	CLE ESPN 8:00PM		DET 7:30PM				
	8/17	8/18	8/19	8/20	8/21	8/22	8/23

Photograph by James Leslie Parker.

kids

Toe Tap...Fringe Fest

Children's Events

Midsummer Madness—Setting the giddy tone for FringeJR—the family version of the larger Fringe-NYC—kids are invited to parade in wacky outfits of their choice (from their personal collections) to kick off the Lower East Side–based theatrical festival, 8/21. Would-be paraders should arrive at 1; the short jaunt around the East Village leaves the **CONNELLY THEATER** at 2. To get an idea of the kind of shows that will be staged: *The Hero, The Villain, The Empress & Her Dog,* by the Boston-based Rough & Tumble Theater, is entirely in gibberish; audiences need to peek through tiny holes to see *Evil Cave Boy,* performed by Mariana Fuchs; and a genie wafts from a bottle in Flying Carpet Theater's *1001 Nights*—to the tune of some live calypso music. Plenty of interesting milling about is also part of the point—look out for a roving thirteen-foot robot whose agenda is fighting the forces of evil. Admission to performances, staged in several neighborhood venues, are $11, with the exception of free events. Through 8/30. Free workshops (with a suggested donation) are given every weekday, many of them in exotic circus-related arts such as juggling and balloon twisting. For further information, and heaps more theatrical offerings, call 420-8877 or access the Website www.fringe.org.

cue

Barbara Ensor	*Kids*
Patricia Falvo	*Movies*
Brian Farnham	*Sports*
Nick Meyer	*In Concert*
Ariel Levy	*Books* *Events* *Radio*
John Leonard	*Television*
Edith Newhall	*Art*
Robin Raisfeld	*Restaurants*
Stephanie Saulmon	*Online*
Jennifer Senior	*Theater*
Ethan Smith	*Nightlife*

Games People Played—When we've tried to reconstruct games from our youth, at least one crucial rule always seems to elude us. "Your Grandparents' Games," at the **STATEN ISLAND CHILDREN'S MUSEUM,** calls on local seniors with longer memories than ours to explain exactly how hopscotch was played once upon a time, along with details on more esoteric pre-Nintendo activities such as bocci and charades. 8/22 and 8/23 from 1 to 4. Snug Harbor Cultural Center, 1000 Richmond Terrace (273-2060). Free with $4 museum admission.

Arts in the Parks—There's more to park performers than three-card monte and the shell game. **THE CITY PARKS FOUNDATION'S** Arts in the Parks series features children's performers from across the tri-state area, offering puppet shows, magic, storytelling, and even a little vaudeville. What's more, they'll practically come to you. Acts will appear at eighteen different playgrounds in the five boroughs at approximately 10:30 A.M. throughout the summer. For a schedule of events, call 360-1399.●

Singular or Plural—Parents of one can agonize en masse about whether to have a second child—or whether not to. As part of an ongoing series of New Mommies Network luncheons, Jo Leonard, Parent Education director at St Luke's/Roosevelt Hospital, will make some observations after lunch has been served, and warm up a general discussion. Despite the moniker of these twice-weekly nosh-ins around the city, dads are welcome, too. 8/18 at 6:30 at **ARTEPASTA,** 106 W. 73rd St.; $30 per person includes dinner. Reservations required (769-3846). Children are not invited to this particular lunch—though more frequently at these luncheons they are warmly welcomed.●

Ground Rules:

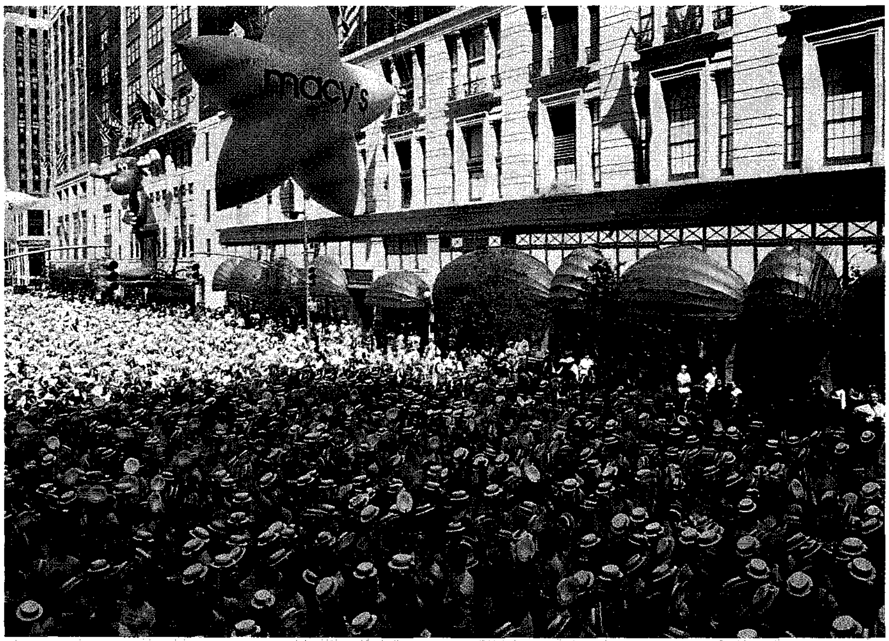
● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

"Kid City"—The centerpiece of Kid City, an exhibit that now has a permanent home at **THE NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY,** is a street corner at 82nd St. and Broadway. The former row of two-story buildings has been re-created as it was in 1901. Kids can open doors, peer into mailboxes, handle items in the stores and apartments—and learn about the differences between the lives of children who live there today (where there is now a Gymboree, a McDonald's, and a Barnes & Noble) and those who lived there at the beginning of the century. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400). Regular admission is $5 for adults, $3 for students and seniors.

Fun With the Fishes—It's only natural that the performing dolphins, seals, and other frisky fish life at the Coney Island **AQUARIUM FOR WILDLIFE CONSERVATION** would choose somewhat unusual summer partners. Every weekend in August from 11 to 4, the aquarium will compete with the freaks with its own set of Elvis impersonators, hula-hoop dancers, live music, and aquatic-themed trivia contests. Through 8/30. W. 8th St. and the Boardwalk, Brooklyn (718-265-FISH); $8.75, $4.50 for kids and seniors, free for children under 2.

Come This Way—*New York Number One,* a big mama of a pilot ship whose job is to dispatch harbor pilots to guide boats into New York Harbor during the winter, is at **THE INTREPID SEA AIR SPACE MUSEUM** for Sandy Hook Pilots Weekend, a kind of show-and-tell—sure to be rich in harbor lore. 8/22 and 8/23, 10 to 4. Pier 86, W. 46th St. and Twelfth Ave. (245-0072). General admission is $10; discounts are given to children, veterans, and people who are disabled or on active U.S. military duty. Children under 2 are admitted free.●



Happening
Shoe In

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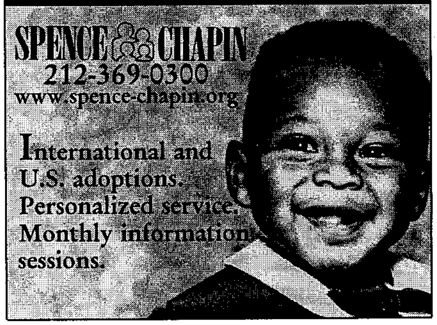

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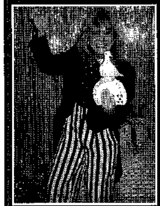

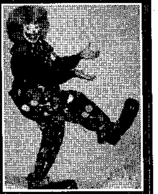

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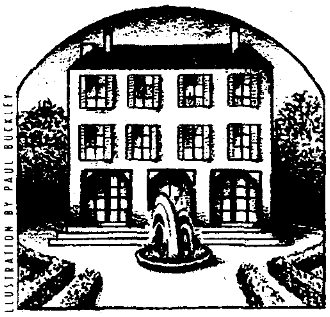
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Strictly Personals

Strictly Personals is a weekly feature. **Cost is $37.00 per line,** two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $35.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders accepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of $50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line is open for 4 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), call 212-779-7500, fax 212-779-2449 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. **New York Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

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Denise Winston
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310-276-0072 BEVERLY HILLS

A Caring, Cerebral, Dynamic CEO—Communicative, handsome, all-around nice guy, romantic, great sense of humor. Loves nature, fitness, travel. 5'10", lean, 43, affectionate. Seeks kind woman under 37, empathic, family-oriented. Thoughtful note/phone/photo necessary. 4806 ✉ ☎

I Am A Separated Jewish Male—Father of three, 45 years young, 5'10", slim, Wall Street executive. I like music, art, running and going to the beach. I have no idea who I am looking for - I just want to meet a woman who is nice. 4766 ✉

A Man For All Reasons—Sexy Jewish man, 41, 5'8", in great shape - successful advertising writer with appealing qualities inside and out. Into yoga, karate, meditation, hiking, biking, theater, honest communication and exotic adventures. Looking for a Jewish woman - attractive, fit, nonsmoking, 25-34, who can relate. Note/photo, preferred. 4761 ✉ ☎

GQ Type—Businessman, single white male, nonsmoker, 39. Owns lovely home in Westchester. Seeks single female under 37. Photo a must. 4799 ✉

European, Jewish, Young Lady—Divorced without burdens, cosmopolitan, bright and intuitive, warm, beautiful and elegant (inside and out), sensual. Blond, blue-eyed, tall, slender. Enjoys beaches, mountains, golf, cinema, classical music, art, romantic getaways, socializing. Seeks soul mate, 48-60, who is kind, with sense of humor, happy with life - a professional with similar interests, who is also seeking a supportive, caring partner to share it all. Financially independent and used to moving in international spheres, I would easily relocate with that special person. 4808 ✉

Long Legs And Hair—Arty, pretty, fun, 5'7", fit, 47, therapist, seeks kind, sexy, successful man for relationship. 4780 ✉

Beverly Hills - Manhattan Model—Attorney/investor, stunning, chic, slim, long blond hair, great legs, killer smile, dazzling wit, Upper East Side. Loves arts, restaurants, travel, theater, film, cabarets, horses. Seeks tall, lean, handsome, clean-shaven, patrician, highly successful, generous, monogamous, marriage-minded, jet-set upper-echelon gentleman, 35-65. 4755 ✉ ☎

Long Stem, American Beauty—With model's face and figure, 5'9", brunette, Jewish, early 50s, enjoys music, the arts, beach, sports, laughter, fine dining and travel. Seeks accomplished, tall, sensitive Jewish man with similar interests, for monogamous relationship. Please send note/photo. 4809 ✉

Beautiful—Brown-skinned, Ivy League Latin advertising professional is looking to meet an intelligent, good-humored, traditional but open-minded, 40-50ish male companion. My interests include theater, travel, museums, film, exercise, dining, dancing and the company of close friends and family. I'm 5'6", with a slender figure, nice smile and pretty voice. My friends describe me as bright, charming, energetic, gracious, refined, open-hearted and able to maintain a positive perspective on life. You would be described as attractive (race unimportant), emotionally available, financially solvent, with a warm heart and an appreciation for the arts. If you are willing to take your time to know another, and are not in a mad rush for romance, please take the time to write me a note with photo if possible. 4762 ✉

Free Convertible With Marriage—Bergen County single Jewish male (nonreligious), 40, never married - John Travolta look-alike - seeks witty, pretty and slim female, 27-36, to help steer along life's long and winding road. Likes movies to Motown, pizza to Picasso, kids to Koontz, stock market to salad bars. Creative card/photo, please. 4772 ✉

Fun-Loving, Generous, Optimistic—Kind-hearted, smart, 27-year-old Asian-American businesswoman looking for a loving partner. You are a tall (I'm 5'6"), ambitious, attractive man, 25-35, with a heart of gold. Photo/note. 4775 ✉

Cathy Seeks Heathcliff—Okay, I'm really seeking a hip version of Edgar Linton. I'm 30, seriously beautiful/seriously successful, with a wild sense of humor and real ethics. He should be 34-49, real charm, first-rate education/serious wealth, health and a heart growing warmer and spirit brighter daily. In short, someone like me. MDs preferred but not a must. Note/photo (of you, not Harrison Ford). 4785 ✉

Good-Looking—Divorced Jewish male, 56, seeks younger woman for a lasting, honest relationship. Photo a must. 4783 ✉

Handsome Jewish Executive—48, 5'10", smart, gym-fit, wealthy, green eyes, fun to be with, seeks a very pretty, slim, sexy soul mate, 30something, for love, marriage, etc. Photo, please. 4807 ✉

City Nights/Country Weekends—Casual chic entrepreneuse, very attractive, 48, hazel eyes, 5'4", alluring, kind, fit and trim, Jewish (nonreligious). Seeks witty, very classy, charismatic guy, 50s-60s, preferably Manhattanite, perhaps with established family, to enjoy the arts, tennis, golf and easy times. Pix, please. 4774 ✉

Good Men Are Hard To Find—Good women even harder. Never done this before, but we live in progressive times. Gentleman, class act, one-of-a-kind, divorced, passionate, affectionate, very successful, tall, athletic, good-looking, knows how to nurture and treat a woman to make her feel like a woman. Looking for a woman in her 40s, who knows how to love, live and share life. Please respond with recent full-length photo and home number; will exchange photo. 4776 ✉

Looking For Ms. Right—Not Ms. Tonight. This northwest New Jersey business owner in Morris County is ready for marriage and kids...but let's talk first! I'm 47, 5'7", good-looking, successful, active, outgoing, Italian, fun-loving. You're a warm, smart, down-to-earth, pretty, funny, independent yet traditional woman, 30-40, with a desire to start a family. We'll enjoy great conversations, travel, dining, movies...and, of course, a committed, lasting relationship. Handwritten note/current photo a must. 4793 ✉

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SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

NY Girl—Attractive and fun, Jewish, dark hair, blue eyes, late 30s, seeks single white Jewish male, 36-44, who is tall, professional, commitment-minded, and who wouldn't normally respond to these. Photo, please. 4630 ✉ ☎

MD With Cat—Loves outdoors, animals, children, skiing, cycling, cooking, music, movies, gardening, etc. Handsome, informal, funny, communicative, 48. Seeks intelligent, attractive woman, 35-41, to share life and have children. Note/photo. 4797 ✉ ☎

Jersey Girl, 28-34, Sought—By single white male, 34, tall, handsome, athletic, self-employed health care professional. Enjoys travel, Jersey shore, dining out, movies, sports. Note/photo, please. 4802 ✉

Retired Professor—60s, affluent, tall, slim, Irish, liberal Catholic, reads a lot, owns beach house but no car, Brooklyn. Seeks 50s, retired lady. 4750 ✉

An Attractive, Classy Widow—Seeks 70ish gentleman, financially secure. Please live in Manhattan. The best is yet to be. Recent photo/note. 4786 ✉

Attractive, Tall, Fit—Sweet, educated man, 35, brown/blue, seeks attractive, classy woman. Photo preferred. 4754 ✉ ☎

Single White Female—Pretty professional, 5'3", 110 lbs, brown hair, brown eyes, sincere, in search of easygoing, single white male, 33-48, with similar qualities, good sense of humor, and who likes to talk. Photo appreciated. 4765 ✉

Newport-Bound?—Summers Newport; winters FL. Handsome, successful businessman, 52 (looks 42), seeks single white female, 25-45, classy, intelligent, beautiful in/out and ready to ride off into sunset. Photo, phone and bio, please, to: POB 952, Newport, RI 02840

Playful, Pretty, Leggy, Alluring—Native Californian, single Jewish lady, 5'6", 120, with charm, spunk and sparkle, moving to NYC again. Desires happy, fun, funny, kind, genuine, romantic Jewish mensch, 40-53, nonsmoker. 4805 ✉ ☎

Adventurous, Ravishing Lady—Needs 45-55, tall, trim, business owner/professional male, for travel, culture, and long term commitment. Photo. 4810 ✉

Got The Gown, The Gift—Not the guy. Don't want to take just anybody to my niece's late-September bat mitzvah. I'm 41, slim, brunette, cute, witty, divorced, smart, honest, a writer and wacky enough to place this ad. If nothing else, you'll have a fun story of how you were a Jewish Sir Galahad for a night. Photo/note. 4781 ✉ ☎

Male 51, Looks 40—Seeks bisexual female for good times. Note/photo 4811 ✉

Jerry Seinfeld—Look-alike - only taller and better-looking. 37-year-old French-American business owner, elegant, thoughtful and somewhat nonconformist, seeks Manhattan woman, 25-32, who is creative, refined, iconoclast, and enjoys Hal Hartley films. Photo, please. 4803 ✉

Summer Fling Don't Mean A Thing—But a real relationship... Single white male, 37, with a passion for ideas and travel, seeks bright, pretty, nonsmoking, single white female, 30-35, who (almost) knows what she wants. Professional Manhattanite preferred. Picture a plus. 4792 ✉

Pretty, Slim, Divorced White Female—34, 5'6", 120 lbs - seeks fit, professional, tall, handsome male, 34-40. Take a chance! 4746 ✉ ☎

Totally Baffled—We are both attractive (I'm pretty - you're handsome), tall, fit, warm, witty, smart and secure, 47-55... So why aren't we together? Photo. 4763 ✉

Bearded/Bearish—Architect/photographer - 68, loves good music, movies, cats, puns. Wants to share museums, concerts with a nonsmoking Manhattan woman. 4756 ✉ ☎

Sherman's March—Nice Jewish boy, MD, 40ish, handsome, fit. Hates laughing, skiing, candlelight. Seeks casual, lovely older belle. Photo. Atlanta. 4770 ✉

Handsome, Fit, Secure—35, white male professional seeks smart, pretty, feminine "soul mate". She is sensible, compassionate, spiritual and honest. She may enjoy sports - also, has a down-to-earth appreciation for the finer things. Flexible on race/religion. Note/photo. 4801 ✉ ☎

Divorced Male—Successful attorney, 47, seeks romance and companionship with female, 35-45. Enjoys traveling and life's simple pleasures. 4771 ✉ ☎

Gay White Male—Attractive, 60s, Paul Newman type, in-shape, 5'11", 165 lbs, financially secure, seeks same for relationship that makes sense, and sensitive. Photo and sincerity a must. 4779 ✉

Seeks Special Gentleman—Over 45, for attractive, accomplished blond. 4758 ✉

Asian Beauty Sought—By a handsome, blue-eyed professional man, 41, 5'8", active, athletic, responsible, idealistic and thoughtful. I love the beach, skiing, traveling, and I also cook and give a great massage. Please be fun, stylish, confident and reliable, and be willing to be spoiled. Note/photo, please. 4782 ✉

Nice Guy—Divorced NYPD sergeant, 36, 6'1", 210 lbs, red hair (what's left of it), enjoys antiques, gardening, book stores. Looking for brains over beauty, but will settle for both. 4789 ✉

CEO With Brains And Beauty—Very pretty, Jewish, 35-year-old Manhattan business owner seeks Jewish soul mate, 32-45, who enjoys the beach, Vermont, fine dining, skiing and the arts. 4773 ✉ ☎

Single, Professional Hispanic Male—33, 5'10", 190, seeks single female, 23-37, with great personality and sense of humor. Photo. 4778 ✉

Tall, Handsome, Charming—Gentleman, 46, intuitive, witty, perceptive, pinstriped, fit and Jewish, who loves ballet and jazz, seeks relationship with beautiful, bright, upscale, personable, fascinating, available, athletic, very fit woman with great legs, 35-50. Photo. 4804 ✉ ☎

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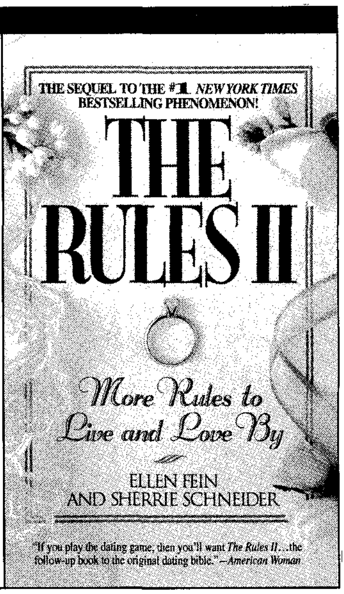
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ELLEN FEIN AND SHERRIE SCHNEIDER
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41-Year-Old Jewish Male—6', well-built, sensitive and caring, in search of 28-33-year-old, independent, working, attractive Jewish female, nonsmoking, no drugs, who is looking to build a long-term relationship with love and trust. Please respond with letter and photo. 4760 ✉

Take Me From Work To Play—5'9", 39-year-old, hazel-eyed female seeks tall, under-50 man. Great sense of humor, athletic, movie lover are pluses. 4791 ✉

Whimsical Adventuress—In Vermont, many interests. Trim, attractive, 5'4", auburn hair, just turned 60, PhD, with pilot's license - seeks honest but light-hearted gentleman (55-70) for lifetime companionship and travel off the beaten path. Nonsmoker preferred. 4790 ✉

Athletic Lawyer—Handsome, blond/blue, 48, athletic build, enjoys tennis, biking, classical music, museums, seeking attractive, athletic woman, 30-42, nonsmoker; photo/note. 4812 ✉

Never Say Never—Can terrific people meet this way? Beautiful, slim, leggy, blond, blue-eyed East Side widow, early 60s, seeks quality, elegant, adventurous man. Share my wonderful life and this story could have a happy ending. 4759 ✉

Attractive, Warm, Tall—Educated male, wealthy international financier, mid 40s, seeks pleasant, bright, educated, attractive, slim female, 25-40, with keen sense of humor and adventure, for trip to Far East and much more. Letter/photo. 4748 ✉

Physician, 44—Fit single dad looking for fit female, 30s. Photo/phone please. 4751 ✉

Handsome Italian MD—And TV/radio personality, seeks healthy, nonsmoking, attractive woman, 25-38, who is happy with herself and life. Note/photo. 4757 ✉

Blond, Stylish—Professional female, 47, wishes to meet highly successful male, 43-55, Jewish. Interests include travel, golf, movies, city/country. Note/photo. 4777 ✉

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Stop Shopping!—Tall, earthy female seeks committed relationship with intelligent, sensual man, 50 plus. 4798 ✉ ☎

Love Needs A Heart—Successful, kind, 6'2", fit Jewish man seeks 27-35, female counterpart. Photo, please. 4796 ✉

Westchester Woman—5'9", blond hair, blue eyes, successful, voluptuous entrepreneur, early 40s. I've had the career and had the kids, and now I want to have fun. Photo a must. 4800 ✉

Warm, Sincere, Affectionate—Attractive, Jewish, Ivy-educated (with MBA) male - marketing/sales professional, seeks caring, outgoing woman, late 20s or 30s, who's beautiful inside and out, fun-to-be-with and easy to talk to. I enjoy music, movies, travel, theater, tennis and art; seek someone to share activities, conversation and special times. Note/photo. 4753 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Vibrant Widow In Westchester—Sensual 60s, blond, blue-eyed, fit, shapely, artistic, articulate, loving - enjoy sports (golf), music, art, travel, dining, dancing, laughter. Seek romantic man of substance, with similar interests and family values, 60s-73. Note/photo, please. 4795 ✉

Beautiful, Successful Woman—Enjoys dining out, working out, travel, tennis, skiing, golf, theater. Seeking man, 35-50, for romance and possibly more. Photo a must. Handwritten response, please. 4749 ✉

The Answer To Your Dreams By Day—And fantasies by night (or vice versa) might be this young 60ish redhead lover of arts. You're a secure man, 60-70. Note/photo. You'll not be disappointed. 4784 ✉

SEND
A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Blond Beauty—Slim, lively Ivy grad, into the arts and yoga, seeks tall, 35-plus man who has his act together. Note/photo/phone. 4787 ✉ ☎

Dancer And Dance Teacher—Former attorney, slim, attractive redhead, 44, financially secure, have lived in four major US cities - now ready to stay put. Seeking warm, relaxed, intelligent guy, in good shape, 35-50, nonsmoker, who enjoys the arts and the outdoors. Note/photo/phone, please. 4794 ✉ ☎

Professional Male, Late 50s—5'8", 175, enjoys wine, food, travel, theater, the arts and sports. Seeks attractive, single/divorced/widowed white female, 45-55, to share joint interests and develop new ones. Must be warm, loving, caring. It's what's inside your heart that matters most. 4767 ✉ ☎

Assortments

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NYC Connection Dating—The Service For Educated Prof'ls, 25-45. **212-398-3511**

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MARY ANN MADDEN #920

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

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THE VOLKSWAGEN CORONARY

MONICA FROM MATTEL

Above, names for '99. Competitors are invited to conjure the name of *one* new product to be introduced in the coming year by an existing company.

Results of Competition 917, in which you were asked for the opening sentence of a book one would not go on reading.

Report: In order to achieve the deeply bad, we must aim at "good," or sit in the gutter but aim at the stars. Ad astra per sewage, so to say. Hot topics: Ishmael and its variants. "It was a dark and stormy knight." Twins. Siamese twins. The examined life: Proustian details of the extravagantly usual. Those little-town blues. Grossout physical problems. Gothic governesses. Announcing the murderer, right off the—you know—bat. We wouldn't give any of these shelf room, would you? Thought not. And see that you don't.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

This is the story of a man of Nazareth.
Frank Klick, Chicago, Ill.

"What to wear?"
O. A. Fastman, Flushing, N.Y.

So what if Len had run off with a fawning slut whose body had never known the changes wrought by childbirth, time, life itself, Sonya thought, her soulful eyes aflame as she bent to pick up another of his stinking disgusting socks he always left where he dropped them: Let him go, for she would be a writer!
Erin Fox, N.Y.C.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

The good news was that this time she took the cats.
Michael I. Petilli, Norwalk, Conn.

The Leboutillier plantation had withstood a hundred years of tornadoes, famine, hurricanes and drought, but would it be able to withstand the avarice of Marcel Leboutillier?
Bruce Karp, Hackensack, N.J.

Tragedy always makes me hungry.
Hank Volker, Boca Raton, Fla.

And Honorable Mention to:

Delivered to us for all time of hard ice and smooth stone, Owen was a curler born.
John N. Pavlou, Purdys, N.Y.
sp. ment.: Steve Weiss, Scottsdale, Ariz.

Heather hated violence of any kind, and cockfighting was no exception.
Gene Schinto, Shelburne, Vt.

Leaning over the parapets of Schoembrun, Count Otto von Bismarck reflected that if he succeeded in uniting the German principalities they would represent a permanent threat to France in the west and the czar to the east.
Michael E. Levin, N.Y.C.

Come with me, won't you?—on a trip to the other side of your mind.
Tim Hanley, N.Y.C.

Some families seem to get along all right and are pretty much the same, while others seem to have a lot of different problems all the time; but there is a third kind of family that falls between the other two, and that's the sort Delia Dalton fell in with after her arrival in Joplin by train.
Charles Harris, Macon, Ga.;
L. Soth, Northfield, Minn.

I could almost hear the thought forming in her little cat brain.
Allan E. Thaler, Milford, Conn.

"By the way, what was the name of that mortician?" said Millie from across the crowded room.
Reed E. Harvey, Fairfax, Calif.

Thoughts of Genevieve stick in my mind like epoxy on a clean, nonporous surface.
David Rozenson, Newton, Mass.

Was it my imagination, or was there a faint pink cast to the water in the pool that stormy October morning?
Howard Slenk, Grand Rapids, Mich.

"Gulp," said Melissa as she pulled the plug, suddenly realizing that "gulp" and "plug" were not only anagrams, they were palindromes of each other.
Edmund Conti, Summit, N.J.

Across Fifth, in the park, it was spring and it was green, hopelessly green.
Larry Laiken, N.Y.C.

"Sometimes the essence of truth glows like a blue marble," thought Mulberry; but what did he know—he was just a dumb cop from the future.
Andy Gordon, West Hollywood, Calif.

As worldly and educated as Tara is, it is amazing that she has a nasty habit of saying "Me and Jeff."
Mike Volkman, Albany, N.Y.

"Of all the holidays," Eleanor said wistfully, "I think I like Arbor Day the best."
Louis B. Raffel, Northbrook, Ill.

He wanted his women smart, which is why he always asked them right off the bat who wrote *Moby-Dick.*
Teresa Heines, Niskayuna, N.Y.

The dreaded turkey plague had arrived, and Ruth thought twice about canceling the Rothschilds for dinner.
Tom Miller, Sawyerville, Ala.

The first time he tasted human flesh, he said it was just like chicken.
Thomas Alpren, Shorewood, Wisc.

Although he didn't know it at the time, Tony Polito had just eaten his last bowl of calamari.
Carol White, East Hampton, N.Y.

"Fuggedaboudit!"—but Carmine wasn't sure he'd ever forget about the boss's being whacked.
Charles Trivier, Blackshear, Ga.

Though only a few months out of law school, Lauren found herself involved in the case of a lifetime.
Bradford Louison, Raynham, Mass.
sp. ment.: Yvonne M. Klein, Westmount, Que.

The 911 operator interrupted the babbling caller: "If you don't know the address, stay on the line and we'll try to trace the call."
Henry E. Landy, Miami, Fla.

A hipster's wail floated over St. Marks Place as I stumbled off the bus and drank in that vision of karmic truth.
J. Bickart, N.Y.C.

My pain was a part of the macadam that led to her door.
David I. Warren, Chagrin Falls, Ohio

Donald and Stacey's marriage was based on just two tenses: the accusative and the imperative.
Raymond E. Benenson, Niskayuna, N.Y.

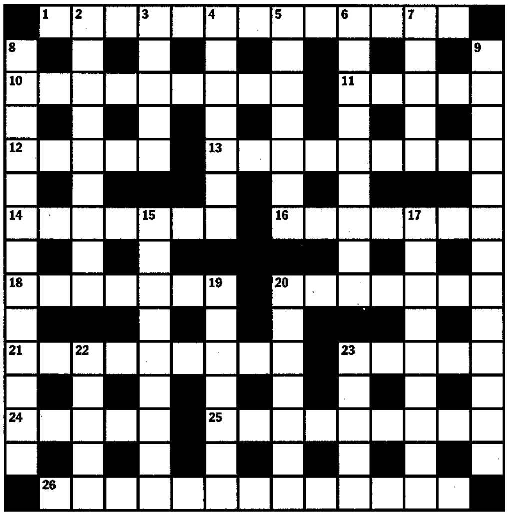
After an impossible evening with Conrad—the lost *Rusalka* tickets, the inane Bourgogne—James decided to reinvent himself.
Jim Czajka, N.Y.C.

She knew that a chain saw would awaken his internecine personality—she gift-wrapped it.
W. T. McLaughlin, Louisville, Ky.

Rules: Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTRY ONLY** to Competition Number 920, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999. E-mail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **WITH STREET ADDRESS.** Entries must be received by August 28. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the October 5 issue.

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS
1 Duplicate gold leaves for getting your money back or . . . (6,2,5)
10 . . . losing the lot by giving some fruit to people. (9)
11 Copper takes his turn with a piece of armour. (5)
12 Lady Macbeth called N stupid. (5)
13 N complete with bag? (9)
14 N, one of MI. (7)
16 Tangling with me's where the action is. (3,4)
18 Play N—it's a glorious day. (7)
20 Power sources: Romeo's N's were gutted. (7)
21 Wicked lying tout—but he didn't do it. (3,6)
23 Too bright for N of celebration Antony demanded. (5)
24 Take courage from Kofi Annan. (5)
25 What Annie had to do gives negative indication to a horse (say) swallowing an anaesthetic. (3,3,3)
26 Character of false one insane with lust and sin. (14)



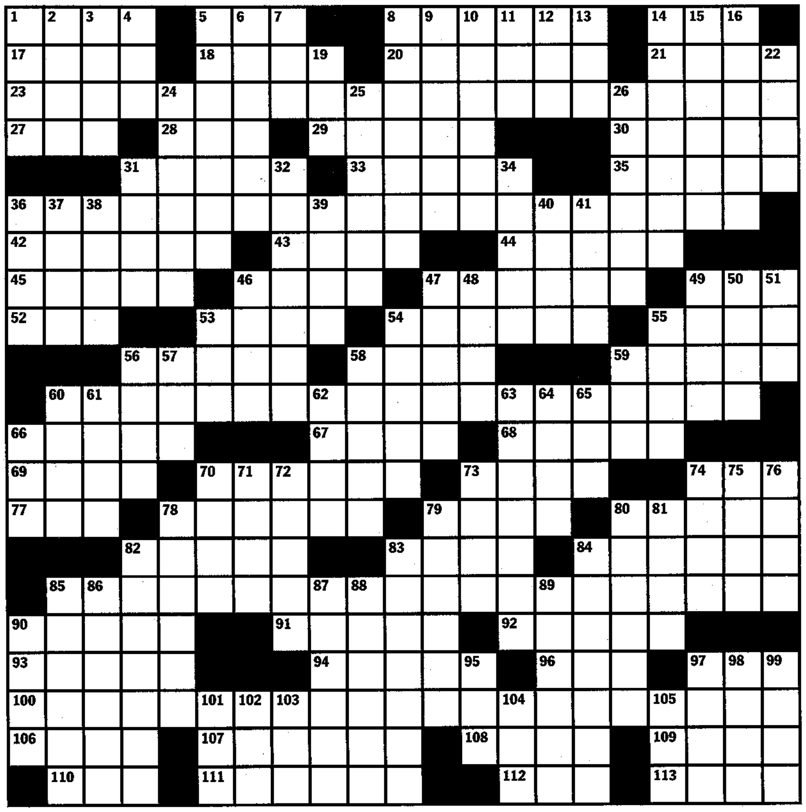
NOTE: *N* has the same meaning in all clues.

DOWN
2 Start to speak about one spirit. (9)
3 Like N, maybe going to bat, born with defect. (5)
4 Relation in formation of ozone may be a parasite. (7)
5 River home for fellow with a big yawn. (7)
6 The French forsaking a relation, ex-naval type, with indifference. (9)
7 Object to change of N. (5)
8 Pa, formerly a professional, to take part in centre of triumph. (13)
9 Point to cover a motorway maxim: I didn't really mean that. (4,2,1,6)
15 During "A Passage to New Zealand" a complaint is made. (9)
17 Girl was up in revolt at N with a broomstick? (9)
19 No sign of 26 with information to go with quartz. (7)
20 N of pogrom, very clear. (7)
22 Athenian doctor is in the money. (5)
23 "He hangs in shades the orange bright like golden lamps in a —— N" (Marvell). (5)

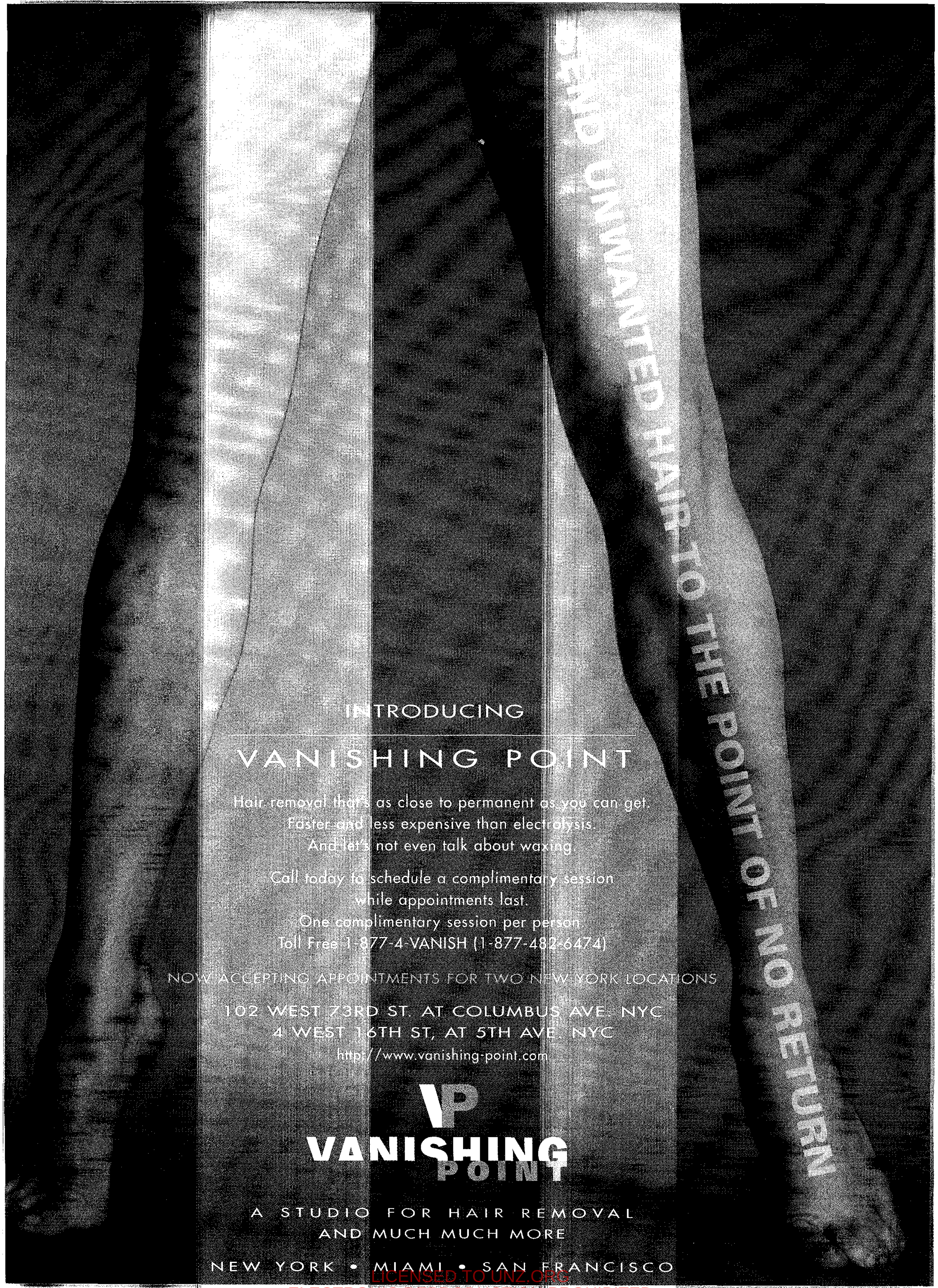
"*Jeopardy!* Outtakes": 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS
1 Partner of hearty
5 Heart scan, for short
8 Biblical mountain
14 Shouts of pain
17 Welsh leader Glendower, foe of Henry IV
18 Unsophisticated one
20 Thrift-shop transaction
21 Russian river or range
23 FISSION
27 Superannuated
28 Lacking a middle name: abbr.
29 In a spin
30 Sweet river of song
31 Sparkled
33 Like —— (probably)
35 Sheepish sound
36 TUESDAY
42 Copland and Burr
43 Honey bunch
44 Railroad magnate Chauncey ——
45 Throng
46 Ibn ——
47 Scorched the surface
49 Code on an envelope
52 Brief approvals
53 Feudal underling
54 Left unplanted
55 Spike the punch
56 In an early stage
58 Defraud
59 Baffling problem
60 DECEIT
66 Fine-grained rock
67 Obsolete wedding-vow word
68 Offbeat language form
69 "Das Kapital" author, with 113-Across
70 Telegraphed
73 Hat projection
74 Top layer of soil
77 Little devil
78 Labor-union chapters
79 "Poker Flat" creator Harte
80 Chauffeured
82 Skin stick-on
83 Part of Q.E.D.
84 Overwhelm with noise
85 ILLITERATE
90 River at Lyon
91 —— as a beet
92 Tooth application
93 Nile dam
94 Type of closet
96 Sgt., e.g.
97 The lot
100 GEOMETRY
106 Overly dry
107 Early TV production company
108 Affirm
109 Of the same family
110 A.D.A. member's degree
111 —— or a famine
112 Calculate the total
113 See 69-Across

DOWN
1 Santa's laugh
2 G.I. no-show
3 Lascivious
4 Finale
5 Captivates with love
6 Pertaining to dogs
7 Rock-band job
8 Crime statistics
9 Take umbrage at
10 —— as molasses
11 Use a gavel
12 Rarebit ingredient
13 Knockout count
14 Drainage
15 Scribe
16 Pago Pago resident
19 South of Ga.
22 On loan
24 Available
25 Cleared a cassette
26 Patted on
31 TV-reception woe
32 Trade ban
34 Kind of wave
36 Texas city
37 Listen!
38 Son of Aphrodite
39 Egg: Fr.
40 Pianist Peter
41 Emit, as lava
46 Transmit
47 Like brine
48 Wapitis
49 Pitts of old films
50 Rival of L.L. Cool J
51 —— se
53 Sweet girl of song
54 Penalized financially
55 Weaver's need
56 Holler
57 Metallurgist's study
58 Didrikson, et al.
59 Not an amateur
60 Kapow!
61 Angel's instrument
62 Straw vote
63 Telephone bug
64 Blue-pencil
65 Draw a bead on
66 Go schussing
70 Chanel's nickname
71 ". . . more than one way to skin ——"
72 Wood for rafts
73 Fiber food
74 Larger than a love seat
75 Done with
76 Disavow
78 Folklore tale
79 Hotel suite
80 Creditor's opposite
81 Infrequently found
82 Gives a contribution
83 Barely managed, as an income
84 Lack of harmony
85 Back from the laundry
86 One of the Sterns
87 Island off Naples
88 Fishermen's baskets
89 Speared in a joust
90 Serrated tools
95 Advised vitamin amt.
97 "—— silly question . . ."
98 Refuge for Simba
99 Bobcat
101 Gilbert & Sullivan princess
102 Phone-button 3
103 Between Mao and tung
104 Second Mrs. Sinatra
105 Neighbor of Laos, familiarly



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 90.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